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THE Atlantic

ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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A close-up, front-facing view of a BMW 320i. The car's headlights are on, casting a bright glow. The BMW kidney grille is visible on the right side of the frame. The car is dark-colored, and the background is dark, making the illuminated parts of the car stand out.

ANNOUNCING THE 55TH STRAIGHT YEAR BMW HASN'T HAD TO REDISCOVER THE THRILL OF PERFORMANCE.

The automotive industry is busy proclaiming, with maximum media fanfare, that The Thrill Is Back.

Conspicuously absent from the festivities is the BMW 320i. Which enjoys a certain advantage over those cars currently welcoming back performance.

The advantage of never having bade it farewell.

PERFORMANCE THROUGH REFINEMENT, NOT REDISCOVERY.

The 320i's engine is the basis of those now competing successfully on the International Grand Prix circuit, engineered for both heady responsiveness and the grueling test of endurance runs.

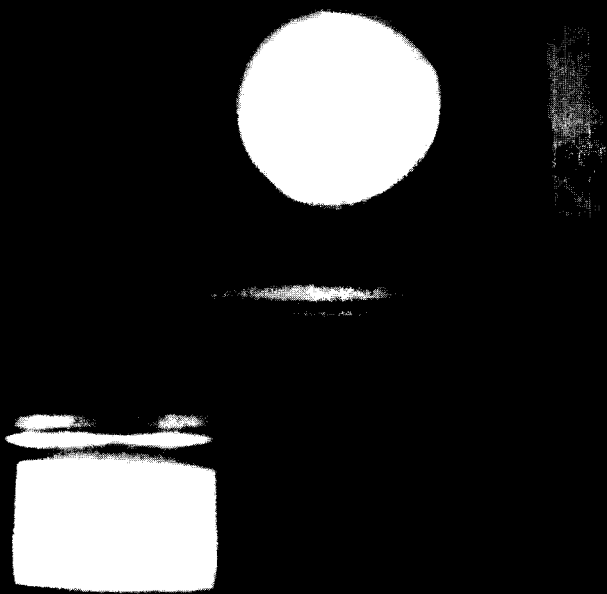
Its steering and suspension are fine enough for the quick, reflex

corrections that driving conditions of all kinds make necessary. And both are complemented by a gear-box whose "jeweled action and surgical accuracy invite you to play stickshift concertos" (Car and Driver).

In fact, the story of BMW is a story of refinement—uninterrupted refinement supported by a higher proportional investment in research

*Based on average retail selling price. Your selling price may vary according to the condition of your car and whether you sell it privately or to a dealer. *See your BMW dealer for complete details.
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and development than any other European car maker. Placing between the 320i and various rivals a distance unlikely to be made up in the current model year, the magic of marketing notwithstanding.

REDISCOVER THE THRILL OF SOLVENCY.

The BMW 320i also outdistances most other cars, not to mention

many investments, in sheer preservation of capital.

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THE Atlantic

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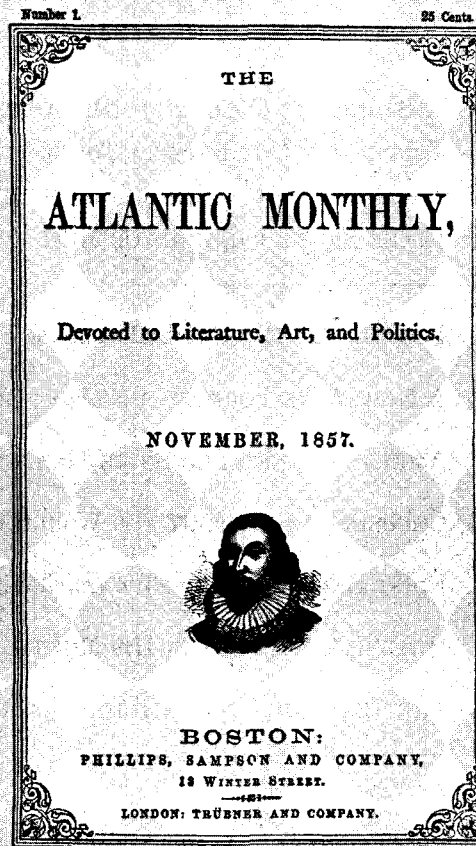
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Cover illustration by Chris Hopkins/Willardson + White



THE ATLANTIC— ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

"In Politics, the Atlantic will be the organ of no party or clique, but will honestly endeavor to be the exponent of what its conductors believe to be the American idea. It will deal frankly with persons and with parties, endeavoring always to keep in view that moral element which transcends all persons and parties, and which alone makes the basis of a true and lasting national prosperity. It will not rank itself with any sect of *anties*, but with that body of men which is in favor of Freedom, National Progress, and Honor, whether public or private."

—*The founders, including James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the first issue, November, 1857*

". . . here is a whole commercial society suddenly wrecked . . . values sink to the bottom . . . great money-corporations fall to pieces . . . as soon as we get one dollar, we run in debt for ten. We must have fine houses, fine horses, fine millinery, fine upholstery, troops of servants, and give costly dinners, and attend magnificent balls. . . . When the time comes—as come it will—for paying for all this glorious frippery, we collapse, we wither . . . we sink into the sand."

—*Parke Godwin on the state of the nation's economy, November, 1857*

"So far our government has done nothing effective with its forests . . . but is like a rich and foolish spend-thrift who has inherited a magnificent estate in perfect order, and then has left his rich fields and meadows, forests and parks, to be sold and plundered and wasted at will, depending on their inexhaustible abundance. Now it is plain that the forests are not inexhaustible, and that quick measures must be taken if ruin is to be avoided."

—John Muir, August, 1897

"Man lives *by* habits, indeed, but what he lives *for* is thrills and excitements. . . . From time immemorial wars have been, especially for non-combatants, the supremely thrilling excitement. Heavy and dragging at its end, at its outset every war means an explosion of imaginative energy. The dams of routine burst, and boundless prospects open. . . . This is the constitution of human nature which we have to work against. The plain truth is that people *want* war. They want it anyhow; for itself; and apart from each and every possible consequence. It is the final bouquet of life's fireworks."

—William James, December, 1904

"For [*The Atlantic*] in its migrations . . . has managed somehow to carry with it more intangible properties than editorial and business staffs and office furniture. The more it changes, runs the comfortable French proverb, the more it remains the same thing. Permanence in transiency! Its dwelling has ever been in the light of setting suns and of rising and falling literary and political rockets."

—Bliss Perry, the seventh editor, in the seventy-fifth anniversary issue, November, 1932

"The Jewish settlement in Palestine has been established with success, in respect to its immediate aims. . . . There is one exception to this satisfactory issue of the experiment. The Arabs in Palestine are dissatisfied. . . . In one instance there was . . . a suggestion that the Jewish agencies should refuse to attend any conference to which dissentient Arabs were to be admitted. This attitude, if maintained, is signing the death warrant of the Jewish Home in Palestine—perhaps not today, but in the near future. In the region of large political affairs, the test of success is twofold—namely, survival power and compromise."

—Alfred North Whitehead, March, 1939

"Unless the cause of peace based on law gathers behind it the force and zeal of a religion, it hardly can hope to succeed."

—Albert Einstein, November, 1947

" . . . we must give up the notion that the choice is between one world, in which the Russians are our partners, and two worlds, in which we must annihilate the Russians or they must annihilate us."

—Walter Lippmann, February, 1948

" . . . I have tried to make it clear that it is wrong to use immoral means to attain moral ends. But now I must affirm that it is just as wrong, or even more, to use moral means to preserve immoral ends."

—Martin Luther King, Jr., August, 1963

"Even among the 'architects' of our Vietnam commitment, there has been persistent confusion. . . . Was it, for instance, a civil war, in which case counterinsurgency might suffice? . . . Who was the aggressor—and the 'real enemy'? The Viet Cong? Hanoi? Peking? Moscow? International Communism? . . . And confused throughout . . . was the question of American objectives. . . . As the difficulties and costs have mounted, so has the definition of the stakes. . . . And once you have *said* that the American Experiment itself stands or falls on the Vietnam outcome, you have thereby created a national stake far beyond any earlier stakes."

—James C. Thomson, Jr., April, 1968

"Tell me about the broader family to come, the comparative insignificance of broken bonds, the glory of the more encompassing commitments ahead, the good sense of stepping forward from provincialism, from home, marriage, family—my island—and I'll listen and may one day believe. But I'd expect also to go on believing that true morality is remembering (Malraux said this once), making visible the tradition that gives you your form . . . don't patronize the past, don't mock."

—Benjamin DeMott, November, 1976

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IQ AND THE MEDIA

In your August issue, Professor R. J. Herrnstein reports his "experience with the *Times* . . . in early 1979. . . . When *Science* published a psychologist's statistical analysis of Burt's data, concluding that it revealed traces of deliberate fraud, *The New York Times* reported the story. . . . shortly thereafter, *Science* published a rejoinder by a statistician, reducing the psychologist's analysis to shambles. . . ." ("IQ Testing and the Media"). Herrnstein leaves the reader with the false impression that the psychologist's analysis of Burt's data had been refuted by one statistician and that the media had failed to correct the earlier story, which was now misleading. It is Herrnstein's account that has misled your readers. There were no further developments for the media to report.

On September 29, 1978, in a lead article in *Science*, University of Iowa psychologist Professor Donald D. Dorfman analyzed the "data" from Burt's 1961 publication, which played such a central role in Herrnstein's 1973 book, *IQ in the Meritocracy*. In Dorfman's excellent analysis, Burt "is shown beyond reasonable doubt to have fabricated data on IQ and social class." On April 20, 1979, *Science* published separate rejoinders to Dorfman by two statisticians, not one, along with Dorfman's rebuttal to them both. On September 21, 1979, *Science* published a further rejoinder, this time written jointly by the same two statisticians. Finally, on October 12, 1979, *Science* published Dorfman's rebuttal to their second rejoinder. Contrary to Herrnstein's account, it was the statisticians' attacks, not the psychologist's analysis, that were reduced to "shambles" on both occasions. To this day, Dorfman's analysis of Burt's fraud remains unrefuted.

Herrnstein also reports that the inconsistencies in Burt's data were "first noted in a 1974 article by Arthur Jensen." On the contrary, it was Professor Leon Kamin who was the first to bring this scandal into the open, in a public lecture at Princeton University in March of 1972 and afterward at a series of colloquia at other eastern schools. Then, on

March 23, 1973, at the Atlanta conference of the Southern Regional Council, on "Human Intelligence, Social Science and Social Policy," Kamin presented a detailed exposition, which was published in the April, May/June, and July, 1973, issues of *South Today*.

JERRY HIRSCH
Champaign, Ill.

In his article, R. J. Herrnstein claims that my analyses of Burt's data, published in *Science*, were reduced to a shambles by a statistician's rejoinder. A proper evaluation of my analyses and arguments requires a good knowledge of the frailties of psychological data and of Burt's many publications on intelligence. The statistician (a colleague), having little expertise in psychology and even less acquaintance with Burt's writings, misunderstood my arguments and misconstrued my analyses. The confusion was pointed out in my rebuttal (*Science*, 4/20/79 and 10/13/79).

I find it curious that Herrnstein refers to IQ testing as his field, and that he attacks opponents for lacking "genuine psychometric expertise," for gathering "little or no data of their own," and for rarely publishing "their arguments in the technical literature." I have news for readers of *The Atlantic* and for the media: Professor Herrnstein has never published a single article on IQ in a technical journal in his entire career—not a single article. The Harvard professor has written a few short comments on IQ for technical journals, but he publishes articles on IQ only in popular magazines. Even his widely publicized book, *IQ in the Meritocracy*, did not grow out of a technical publication. "This book grew out of an article entitled 'I.Q.,' published in *The Atlantic Monthly* magazine in September 1971," wrote Herrnstein in his acknowledgments for that book.

DONALD D. DORFMAN
Iowa City, Iowa

As someone familiar with the history of psychology, Herrnstein knows it is misleading to compare the stories of Heber and Burt. Burt's influence on psychology, especially British psychology, was enormous. Heber's loss of credibil-

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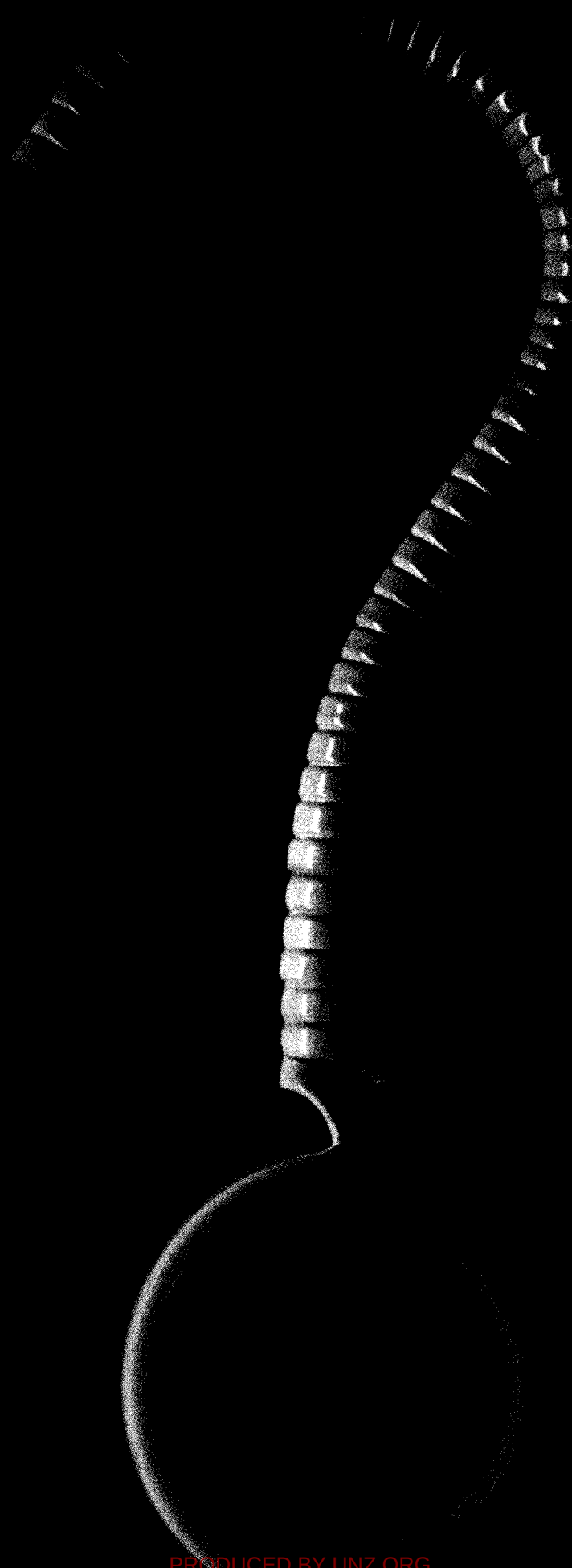
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Where is the Bell System going?

Nothing has done so much to change the world we live in as the telephone.

Yet the basic operating principles of the Bell System itself have changed very little over the past hundred years.

It was all because we had a single overriding goal: universal service. Dependable service at reasonable rates for everyone who wanted it.

And in order to achieve this goal, telephone exchanges were established as exclusive franchises and were permitted to operate without competition. But the government strictly regulated our rates and profits.

Today, 96% of the nation's homes have phone service.

So now America and the Bell System can change old goals for new ones.

The regulators and legislators of this country are looking more to the marketplace and competition—rather than regulation—to decide who will provide competitive services and equipment and how they will be priced.

The biggest force behind this change has been new technology

which has changed the very nature of telecommunications.

We are on the threshold of a new era. The Information Age. The technology of communications has gradually merged with that of computers. And the marriage of these two technologies offers the potential for an impressive array of new customer services.

However, the blending of these two technologies has also blurred the boundaries between a traditionally regulated business—communications—and the unregulated data-processing industry.

This circumstance has led to some major rethinking of public policies on telecommunications.

Policies to which the Bell System must conform.

And in order to conform, the Bell System must change.

To begin with, the Bell telephone companies will have to be separated from their parent company, AT&T. Among other things, these local operating companies will continue to provide basic local service under state regulation, and they'll serve as the gateway to the new Information Age.

Because it is being thrust into a marketplace that is intensely competitive, AT&T—the parent company—is also going to change. The task of bringing these changes about is an enormous one. But we are determined to make the transition a smooth one.

AT&T will continue to create and provide new products and services to meet your changing needs. And Western Electric, Bell Labs and Long Lines will continue to remain vital parts of AT&T.

We want to keep our customers, shareowners and employees informed every step of the way. So along with your local Bell telephone company, we'll be talking with you in ads like this about varying aspects of the coming changes.

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Each ad will have a number to call: 1 800 555-5000.

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Let's talk.



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ity pales in comparison with Burt's and is much less newsworthy.

BRUCE HENDERSON
Cullowhee, N.C.

As a special educator, I fully realize the importance of IQ testing in determining proper individualized instruction; however, the test results are often used to illustrate inferior genetic stock of disadvantaged groups, and unfairly represent the potential of those who go on to achieve a fair measure of academic success.

J. MICHAEL BRAMWELL
New York, N.Y.

Living here in Arkansas, I had a ring-side seat for the recent "creation science" resurrection of the old monkey-trial view of our origins. So I was struck by a similarity between it and the suppression of data favoring IQ testing reported by R. J. Herrnstein.

The former case is clearly a reaction to Darwin, who stripped us of our fancied prestige as superior and thus privileged beings. The refusal even to consider pro-IQ-testing data appears to be the intel-

lectual equivalent: a reaction to Freud and psychology, which have informed us that we do not have much control over our minds.

NANCY A. MILLER
Fayetteville, Ark.

We accept the fact that people are not equal in physical ability. What type of logic then says that all people must be equal mentally? The real problem lies in our attitude about those differences.

BRUCE K. ALCORN
Winona Lake, Ind.

I read with great interest R. J. Herrnstein's candid analysis of the reactions in the American media to the vexing question of IQ testing and the respective influences of environment and heredity. In Britain in recent years, the case for inherited intelligence is passed over or ignored, not only in sections of the press but also by assorted educational soothsayers, sociologists, liberal do-gooders, and not a few politicians. The destruction of the British grammar schools, with their high academic standards, has

been one shocking result of this misguided and willfully perverse thinking by propagandists for egalitarianism and the equally pernicious anti-intellectualism that has characterized the educational scene here in recent decades.

By a sad irony, the demise of intelligence-testing in the schools—and the wiping out of many fine secondary schools—has most harmed children from humble homes, whose native talents are all too easily missed in the larger world of the non-selective and very large high schools that have mushroomed here at the behest of the reformers—most of whom not only dismiss the evidence relating to inherited intelligence but would almost seem to reject the very existence of superior abilities!

JOHN LOCKHART
London, England

R. J. Herrnstein replies:

Professors Hirsch and Dorfman take exception to one of my examples of one-sidedness in the media, but they may have missed the point. Professor Dorfman published an article in Science magazine in 1978 that claimed, and in-



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deed seemed, to prove that Cyril Burt falsified data, deliberately and painstakingly. By 1978, however, Burt's data were already under grave suspicion; most scientists had stopped citing them several years before. But Burt's critics were not sure whether he was guilty of actual fraud, as opposed to sloppiness, inadvertence, or exaggerations of sample sizes. Dorfman's article appeared to many readers to close the Burt story decisively by showing highly improbable internal patterns in his data. A statistician's rebuttal, some months later, did not vindicate Burt; it just showed that Dorfman's analysis was not decisive. In his rejoinder, Dorfman defended his original claim, but the exchanges in Science magazine left me, and others, approximately where we started—suspicious of Burt's data, but not sure what to make of them. No matter who is right about who finally won the argument, no honest journalist would leave the argument out of the story altogether, which is what the Times did, and which is why I included it in my article.

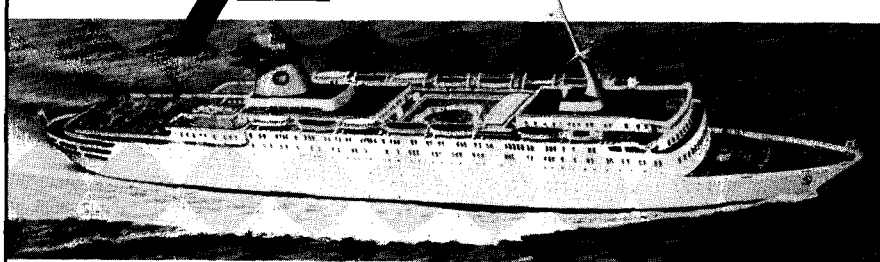
I have never characterized myself as a psychometrician, but since Dorfman raised the issue, I will not avoid it. I have written about intelligence-testing at a non-technical level in three books and in numerous articles, including some published in learned journals, and I have taught the subject at Harvard, on and off, since 1970. I have done research on its history and follow its technical literature with interest. My writings on the subject have generally been favorably reviewed in scholarly publications. When my recent article pointed out that leading psychometricians get inexcusably little exposure in the popular media, I was not coyly referring to myself.

If, as Professor Hirsch writes, it was Leon Kamin, not Arthur Jensen, who first published on defects in Burt's data, I stand corrected. Kamin and Jensen were both scrutinizing Burt's data in the early 1970s. Possibly Jensen, who had often cited Burt, was inspired to do so by the knowledge that Kamin was on the trail, but his analysis turned up in 1974, in Behavior Genetics, a far more widely circulated journal than South Today. Because the fall of so lofty a figure as Cyril Burt is tragic, some of us were slow to accept the evidence of flaws in his character, but others seemed to leap with unseemly haste to the worst possible conclusions. Whatever the truth about Burt, removing his data changes noth-

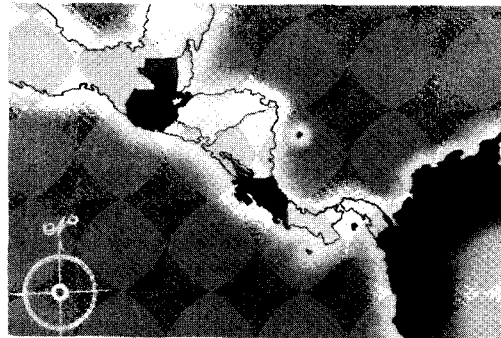
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ing of importance, for all of his major
findings have been confirmed repeat-
edly.

In contrast, the claims for Heber's
Milwaukee Project—raising IQs by 30 or
more points—were unique. That, Mr.
Henderson, is why I said the Heber story
is more important than the Burt story,
and why the extensive press coverage of
the latter and the utter silence about the
former is an example of media one-
sidedness.

REDUCING CRIME

Judge Richard Neely ("The Politics of
Crime," August *Atlantic*) clearly did
little or no serious research for his article
and is wholly unfamiliar with the exten-
sive literature concerning the causes of
crime and the factors that affect crime
rates.

First, the results of the victimization
surveys conducted by the U.S. Bureau
of the Census for the Bureau of Justice
Statistics suggest that crime rates, in
general, have remained relatively stable
for the past ten years—the period cov-
ered by the surveys. What has increased
is the rate at which crimes are reported
to the FBI by way of local police depart-
ments.

Second, "the presence of the police"
has little relationship to the incidence of
crime, regardless of the size of the com-
munity. This has been demonstrated by
innumerable studies, but the most fa-
mous was an experiment conducted in
Kansas City, Missouri, in 1972 (G. L.
Kelling, et al., *The Kansas City Preven-
tive Patrol Experiment*, Washington,
D.C., Police Foundation, 1974; and J. P.
Levine, "The Ineffectiveness of Adding
Police to Prevent Crime," *Public Policy*
Vol. 4 [1975], pp. 523-545).

Third, "most accused criminals" do not
"go free [from courtrooms] because the
system cannot afford to have it any other
way." True, cases are frequently re-
solved through plea bargains, and aboli-
tion of this alternative would surely
overwhelm the criminal-court system.
But the situation is far more complex
than Judge Neely suggests. Plea bar-
gains are sometimes used because the
police and prosecutors have insufficient
evidence, sometimes because witnesses
are reluctant to testify, and sometimes
because the case is then resolved far
more expeditiously but just as effective-
ly. In a few cases, this results in the sub-

jugation of justice. More frequently,
multiple and lesser charges against the
accused are dropped in favor of the sin-
gle most serious charge for which there
is the best evidence.

Judge Neely's article is a prime exam-
ple of the self-serving, politically moti-
vated, unsubstantiated lobbying efforts
that he deplores throughout his article.

PHILLIP WINDELL
Portland, Ore.

While he worries about the cost of in-
vestigating and prosecuting public
officials, Judge Neely ignores the cost
of confining all the more commonplace
offenders he believes would be impris-
oned were his proposals for court reform
adopted. Over a thirty-year mortgage, a
single prison cell costs \$270,000, plus
about \$15,000 annually for operating ex-
penses. Thus, assuming no inflation, it
would cost \$720,000 just to keep that sin-
gle cell occupied for thirty years. Fur-
ther, even when funds for large-scale
prison construction are available, con-
struction sites often are not. For exam-
ple, New Jersey, for several years, has
had the funds to build new prisons. But
every time the state proposed to build in
an area, local groups mounted successful
campaigns to keep prisons out of their
neighborhoods. Many people want new
prisons, but most people want them
somewhere else.

Judge Neely also overlooks the fact
that, unlike the easily deterred, predom-
inantly middle-class drunk drivers he
cites, many of the offenders presumably
affected by his suggestions have little to
lose by going to prison. Thus, felons are
not likely to be deterred by the threat of
imprisonment, especially when the like-
lihood of being caught in the first place
remains so low. For these offenders, the
benefits of crime simply outweigh the
potential costs. That is not true of drunk
drivers.

Judge Neely's assertion that criminal
courts generate public revenue is simply
bizarre. Traffic courts and courts that
adjudicate building-code violations and
the like may be self-supporting, but the
courts that dispose of cases of murder,
rape, arson, armed robbery, and larceny
(including thefts of public service) do not
generate revenue for the public trea-
sury.

Finally, Judge Neely asserts that New
York has not expanded its criminal
courts because its judges are also "em-
powered" to hear civil cases and because

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the city consequently would be bankrupted by prompt disposal of the civil cases in which it is a defendant. He is misinformed. The fact is that judges in New York are assigned to specific court parts, where they hear specific types of cases, either criminal or civil. Judges assigned to criminal parts of New York courts are "empowered" to hear civil cases, just as they are "empowered" to perform marriages. But if assigned to a criminal part, they are as unlikely to hear civil suits against New York City as they are to marry anyone but their own spouses.

JAMES J. FYFE
Washington, D.C.

Judge Richard Neely's unfortunate polemic perpetuates a series of criminal-justice-system myths. He would like us to believe that the purchase of more policemen, prosecutors, and judges will effectively lower crime rates. Rather, it will simply perpetuate the staggering inefficiency that already pervades American courts. More dangerous, however, is his reassertion of the myth that higher incarceration rates reduce crime. The Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida imprison at four times the rate of the Northeast and upper Midwest. They are not as a result safer places to live.

Americans will dedicate more dollars to court reform when they perceive a clear interest on the part of the courts in providing an efficient system of justice. Judge Neely's suspicious (and silly) search for powerful vested interests who abhor court reform is an excellent example of why additional money will not be forthcoming.

ROBIN C. FORD
Sea Island, Ga.

Richard Neely's prescription for reducing crime rests on assumptions about deterrence and incapacitation that are, at the very least, controversial. For the sake of argument, let us agree that increasing the rates of convictions based on trials and prison sentences will reduce the overall level of felonies. However, Neely fails to alert your readers to an elementary figure: if the number of prison sentences were doubled, the prison rate, based on arrests, would increase from approximately 4 percent to 8 percent. The overall deterrent effect of this increase is unlikely to reduce serious crime to Neely's acceptable figure of one-fifth the present level.

Justice Neely briefly mentions financial limits as a check on the effectiveness of the criminal-justice system but blithely assumes that we could double the number of "cops and courts." What about prisons? The American state and federal prison systems are now caught in an unprecedented overcrowding crisis that has been building up since 1974. If the number of prisoners were doubled, the additional 300,000 would increase our taxes by about \$4 billion every year. The capital costs to build 300,000 prison beds at \$50,000 each would require \$15 billion.

Even assuming that strapped state governments could double the prisons, questions still remain about the length of prison terms, whether sentence disparity will be allowed to continue, and whether a new cadre of criminal predators will simply replace the imprisoned felons.

There may be real short-term solutions to the problem of serious crime. Neely does a double disservice by suggesting that the solutions are easy and by posing the possibility of a crime-control political lobby that would not turn demagogic.

MARVIN ZALMAN
Detroit, Mich.

Richard Neely replies:

I am intimately familiar with the results of the victimization surveys Phillip Windell cites in his letter. In some places, Washington, D.C., among the most notable, crime rates have actually declined in the past several years, but in other areas, such as St. Louis, Missouri, crime rates have increased. Crime is obviously a function of numerous factors, but I think it is fair to say that both urbanization and family disintegration are high contributors. In West Virginia, where we have the lowest crime rate in the United States, and where I doubt there has been much change in the tendency to report crime, I know from personal experience that our crime rate has been increasing.

I have looked very carefully at the various studies that have attempted to correlate the presence of police with the level of crime. I think that two studies at the extremes demonstrate the dimensions of the problem. During the 1960s, the New York City Transit Authority doubled the number of transit police available on the subways and placed all of the increased manpower on the trains

between the hours of 4 P.M. and about 5 A.M. The result was the almost total elimination of violent crime in the subways for a period that extended from the early 1960s until the early 1970s. Now, for some unknown reason, the rate of crime is again increasing in the subway system, and I am not sufficiently close to the problem to understand why. However, the history of the Transit Authority Police indicates that there is some correlation between patrolling and criminal activity.

At the other extreme is a study conducted in a rural county of South Carolina where the local sheriff's department was doubled on an experimental basis, and in that context there was absolutely no effect whatsoever on the crime rate. The lesson to be learned, I believe, is that in those circumstances where police are relied upon as the primary deterrent to criminal activity, an increase in the police does have a significant deterrent effect; however, in those areas where family, neighbors, and other informal social relationships (or just the peace-loving nature of the population) are relied upon to keep the crime rate down, an increase in police has no beneficial effect because the police were spread so thinly to begin with.

I regret that I implied in my article that accused criminals go free because the system cannot have it any other way, in the sense that economic considerations are always the cause of inadequate prosecution. In my forthcoming book, Why Courts Don't Work, I go into much greater detail with regard to the problems of insufficient evidence, witness reluctance, and constitutional infirmities.

CREATIONISM RECONSIDERED

Stephen Jay Gould ("Creationism: Genesis vs. Geology," September Atlantic) asserts: "The [biblical] flood story is central to all creationist systems." Maybe so, maybe not, but:

(1) Most biblical scholars, I think, would agree that the Bible is not to be used either to support or to attack the findings of science. As the old saying has it, "Scripture teaches us how to go to heaven, not how the heavens go."

(2) "Creationism" is defined in modern dictionaries as belief not only that God created the universe but also that all forms of being within it must be ascribed

to his direct and instantaneous power. This is not the term, therefore, to describe the stand of those, myself included, who acknowledge an all-powerful Creator, but at the same time grant the divine use of secondary causes, not excluding the process of evolution, in developing new species.

(3) Unfortunately, the word "evolution" means to many a universe where God is unnecessary, and probably doesn't even exist. With a capital E (like the N in Nature), Evolution becomes to the unthinking a solution to the riddle of the universe, an explanation whereby what is merely a "process" is able to create life that organizes non-living matter and reproduces itself; to produce animals of amazing capabilities; and to bring forth finally us human beings, spiritually gifted with intellect and free will. All this, we are told, is not God's work but that of Evolution alone, operating mindlessly and blindly over billions of years.

Truly, such faith is also blind—and mindless!

REV. MSGR. ARCHIBALD B. MCLEES
St. Albans, N.Y.

Gould uses some very questionable logic. He writes that "Creationism reveals its nonscientific character in two ways," one being that "its central tenets cannot be tested." The same objection can be raised against much scientific dogma about evolution, and if Darwin were alive he would raise many of the same objections. There has been no explanation, in evolutionary terms, of the extinction of the dinosaurs about 135 million years ago, after they had been supreme for over 100 million years. The development of man (and woman) over the past 50,000 years presents an evolutionary explosion that cannot be measured by anything that occurred in millions of preceding years. No one can explain the sudden enlargement of the human brain, or its capacity to create the idea of divinity as an explanation for things and events it could not understand or find a "test" for.

In his very narrow perception of what "creativity" is all about, Gould restricts himself to one example of what the more extreme fundamentalists propose: the flood. On the other side of the coin is the history of the successive ice ages that overtook the northern hemisphere of the earth; or what caused the Pliocene drought, or the reversal of the earth's magnetic field; or why the continental

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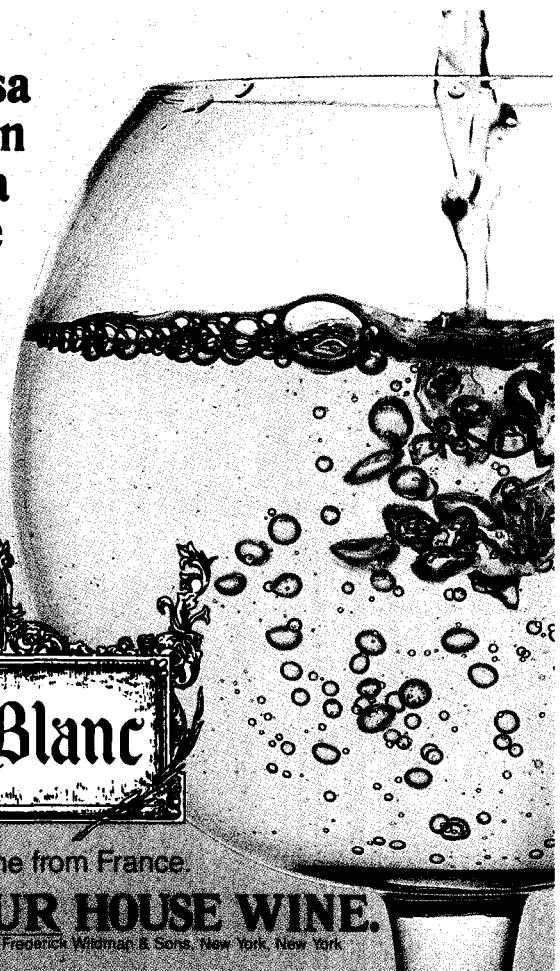
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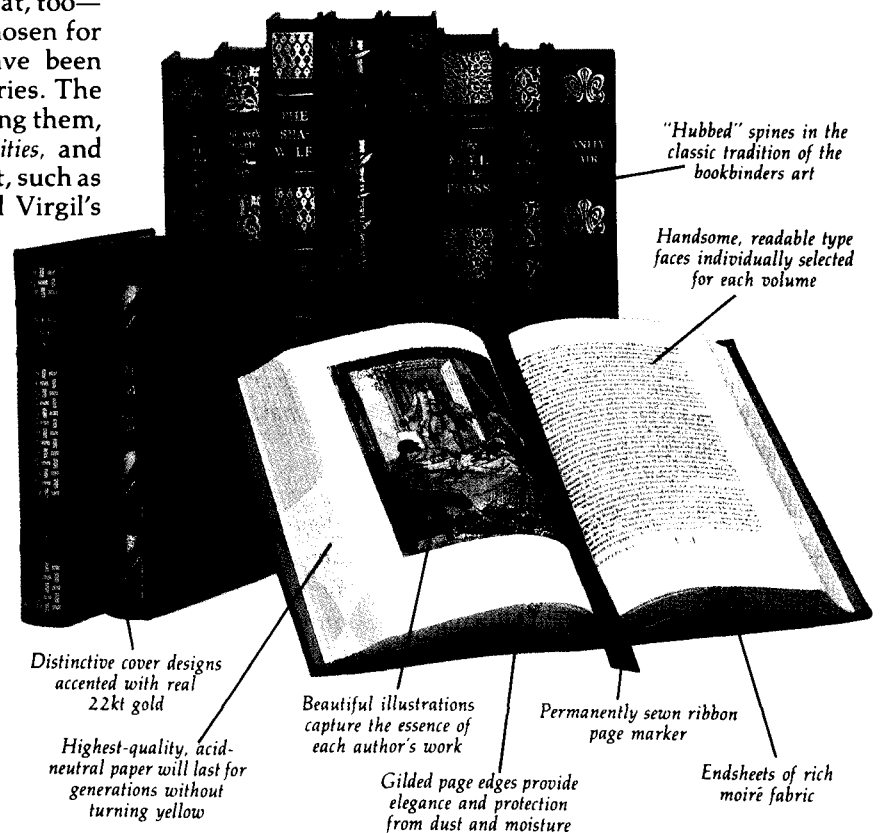
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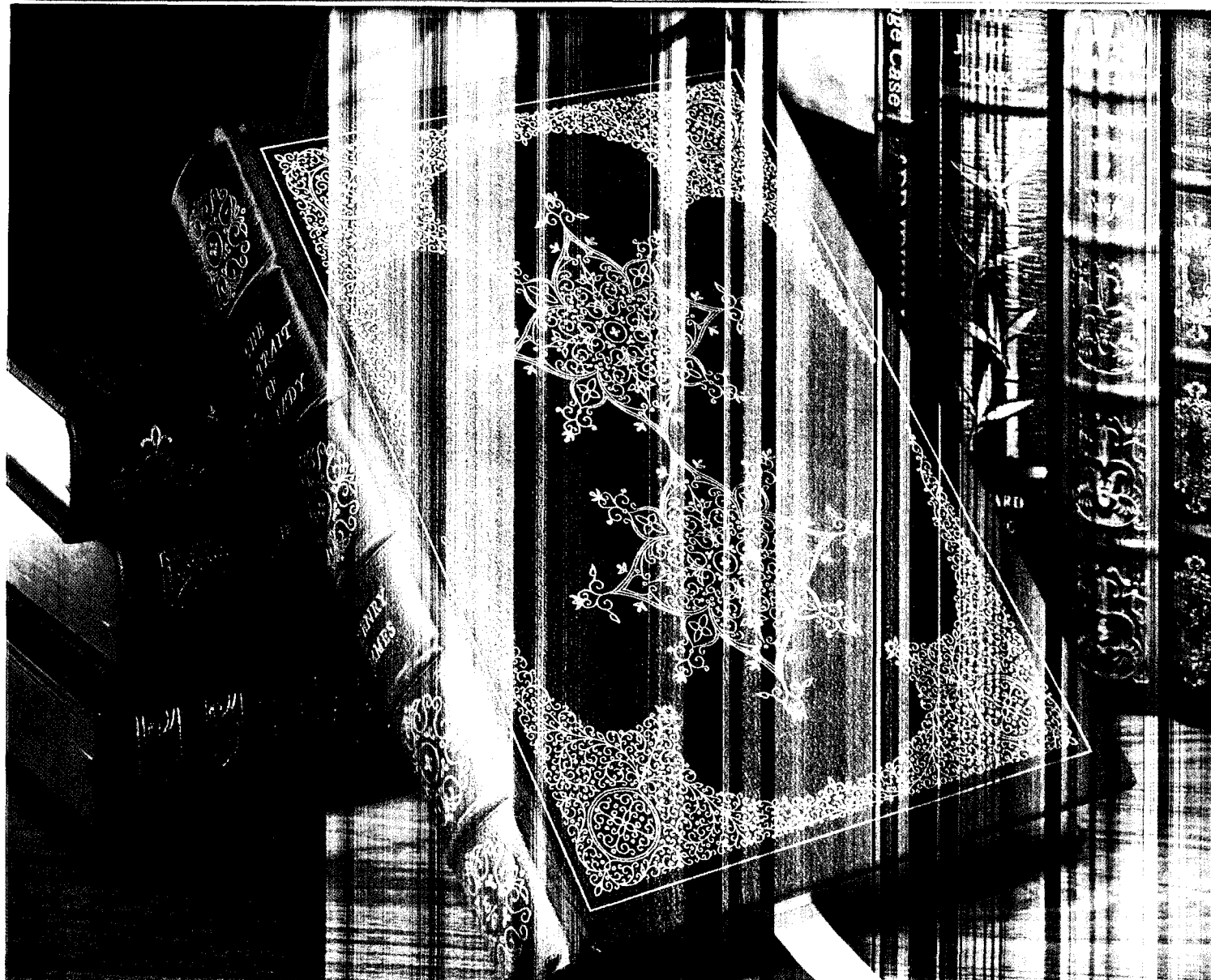
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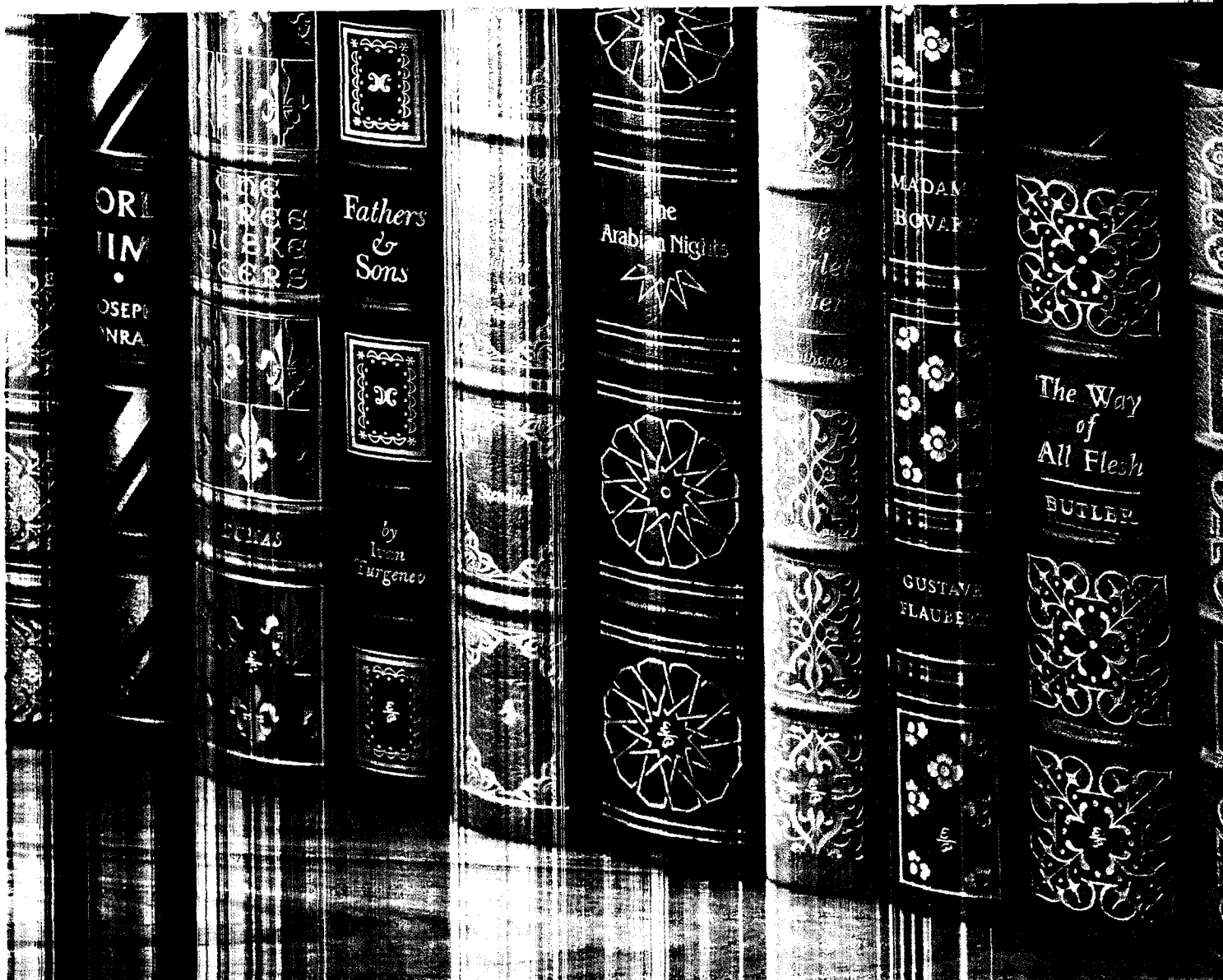
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shifts took place. The newer, "big bang" theory of the creation of the universe predicts that eventually the billions of galaxies will collapse into an atom of incomprehensible density from which a new explosion will take place. In Gould's words, this hypothesis cannot be accepted because it cannot be tested; nor can any of the other phenomena that took place on the earth be "tested."

JOHN R. MCAUSLAND
Parkville, Md.

I greatly enjoyed and appreciated your September, 1982, issue, especially Stephen Jay Gould's "Creationism: Genesis vs. Geology." Regarding Genesis, perhaps not every scientist but certainly every theologian, biblical scholar, indeed, every preacher worth his salt, knows or should know that the opening chapters of that ancient Hebrew document were written not by God but by finite, fallible, pre-scientific Israelite theologians; and thus that—though excellent theology—those antique cosmogonies (Genesis 2, followed much later by Genesis 1) are in no way science or history in the modern sense of those terms.

CHARLES DICKINSON
Cambridge, Mass.

Stephen Jay Gould replies:

Creationism, as a political phenomenon in America today, has been defined by its supporters as strict biblical literalism. The Arkansas trial, the basis of my article, resulted in rejection of a law that would have enforced equal time in public school science curricula for pure fundamentalism. The law, in fact, explicitly required that a worldwide Noachian flood be taught as science. Thus, in response to Dickinson, I certainly know (and suspect all scientists do) that Genesis was not written by God. And, in response to McLees, I would be quite happy to accept a more ecumenical definition of creationism. I merely used the word in its current political context, as defined by my adversaries.

McAusland's letter primarily displays his ignorance of basic facts in the history of life. Dinosaurs became extinct 65, not 135, million years ago, and we have no evidence for any change at all in human brain size during the past 50,000 years. The enormous changes in culture during this time have been achieved largely without modification of the human body—a testimony to the remark-

able capacity and flexibility of the human mind. I don't see what ice ages and magnetic-field reversals have in common with the Noachian deluge. The two scientific phenomena rest on abundant data and have been tested and accepted. They were not assumed a priori, but arose as surprising and controversial hypotheses, later affirmed by abundant evidence. Creationists ask us to teach the flood for no reason beyond its description in Genesis and some supposed evidence based on special pleading that theologically trained scientists rejected more than 150 years ago.

TRUTH ABOUT THE PIANO

I have had a love affair with pianos all my life. I sell them, tune them, and play them. And I never stop learning more about them.

Michael Lenehan ("The Quality of the Instrument," August *Atlantic*) discovered for himself and for his readers the truth about the Steinway piano—its humanity. It is the only fully human piano, and that is precisely why it is inexplicable, inconsistent, glorious, faithful, capricious, astute, and loving. It is light and darkness, beauty and agony, life and death. It is the only piano capable of expressing the human spirit. Were Mr. Lenehan not to have discovered this, anything he might have said would have fallen short. He is to be commended for his sensitivity and insight.

PHILIP SCHOONMAKER
Boston, Mass.

What a delight to follow the metamorphosis of Steinway K 2571 from raw lumber to resonant perfection. Mr. Lenehan's fascination with the Steinway is certainly shared by anyone who has had the pleasure of playing such a lovingly crafted instrument.

L. FLICK HATCHER
Houston, Tex.

Twenty-one pages about a Steinway, and I read every one of them. Thank God for *The Atlantic*.

MARGARET TOMPKINS
Richfield, Pa.

Michael Lenehan's composition would have carried twice the resonance had it been half as long.

OSCAR M. OSTLUND, JR.
Williamsport, Pa.

EISENHOWER'S D-DAY DOUBTS

Your reviewer Jack Beatty ("A Study in Fear and Courage," August *Atlantic*) claims that the Allies' failure to invade France in 1943 rather than a year later cost many lives on D-Day, prolonged the war, and indirectly led to the death of millions of Jews who were awaiting rescue in concentration camps. This claim may or may not be true.

However, he also claims that General Eisenhower himself was so dubious about a 1944 landing that even as his armada of ships left for Normandy, he was writing these remarkable lines:

Our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have failed to gain a satisfactory foothold and I have withdrawn the troops. My decision to attack at this time and place were based on the best information available. The troops, the air and navy did all that bravery and devotion to duty could do. If any blame or fault attaches to the attempt it is mine alone.

Remarkable, indeed. But why would Eisenhower admit defeat even before his troops had fired a shot?

He wouldn't. For what Mr. Beatty fails to make clear is that this message, far from pointing to indecision or despondency on Ike's part, revealed just the opposite. The fact is, this highly damaging prediction was never uttered. It was written by Eisenhower on the morning of D-Day. He carried it in his breast pocket, ready to use if the invasion failed. So Eisenhower, in common with every politician on the eve of every election, simply hoped for the best while he prepared for the worst—with a concession speech as well as a victory speech.

For Mr. Beatty to use words that Eisenhower failed to use as evidence of his doubts over the Allies' resolution is not just sloppy history, it's intentional fallacy.

ROBERT RAMSAY
Toronto, Ontario

Jack Beatty replies:

I cited the passage as evidence not of "indecision" or despondency but merely of doubt, and also to illustrate Eisenhower's character. Mr. Ramsay points out that Eisenhower never issued this statement, and perhaps I ought to have made that clear in my review.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE ONE NEXT TO YOU

OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that almost half of all automobile occupant fatalities and many serious injuries might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because most injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior or out of the car. Belts reduce this risk.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and, therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are

afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, accident data have proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing serious injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life.

Another common myth: holding a small child in your arms will provide the child with sufficient protection during a crash. The safety experts disagree. They point

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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON COLONY TO THE WORLD

In its relationships with some countries, the United States is acquiring a status that is less imperial than neo-colonial



CLASSICAL COLONIALISM is marked by six distinguishing features. First, an imperial mother country controls the colonial economy. Second, the colony is used as a source of raw materials and as a market for finished goods. Third, the mother country manipulates the monetary system of the colonial country (a practice continued by England well into this century and manifested by England's occasional, if not periodic, devaluation of the pound as the most effective way of taxing the subject people). Fourth, colonial troops are traditionally subject to the call of the mother country. Fifth, the colonial country often has no control over national borders, or over immigration. Sixth, a mother tongue is imposed upon subject or colonial people (as in the case of Portuguese in Brazil, Spanish in most of the rest of South America, English and French in various African countries, and, in a less successful effort, English upon the Boers in South Africa).

The United States is not a colony of any other country. Yet, in many respects, its relationship to other countries of the world—with individual nations in some cases, and with collectives or groupings in others—is taking on the characteristics of a colonialism that is

different in form and historical identification from the colonialism of the past, but that is very much the same in substance.

Control over the American economy by non-American powers is growing. In 1980, a subcommittee of the House of Representatives Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce held hearings on the matter of direct foreign investment in the United States. Direct investment is defined as that which gives control over business or finance to the investors, either through direct ownership or through control of stock holdings. This direct investment in the United States's enterprises, although not yet significant, increased sixfold between 1970 and 1981. Direct investment totaled \$13 billion in 1970, and had increased to \$89 billion by 1981. Foreign investment in the U.S. was 17 percent as great in

1970 as U.S. investment abroad, 39 percent as great in 1981. Foreign direct investment in the U.S. increased by 336 percent between 1973 and 1981, compared with an increase of only 124 percent for U.S. investments abroad.

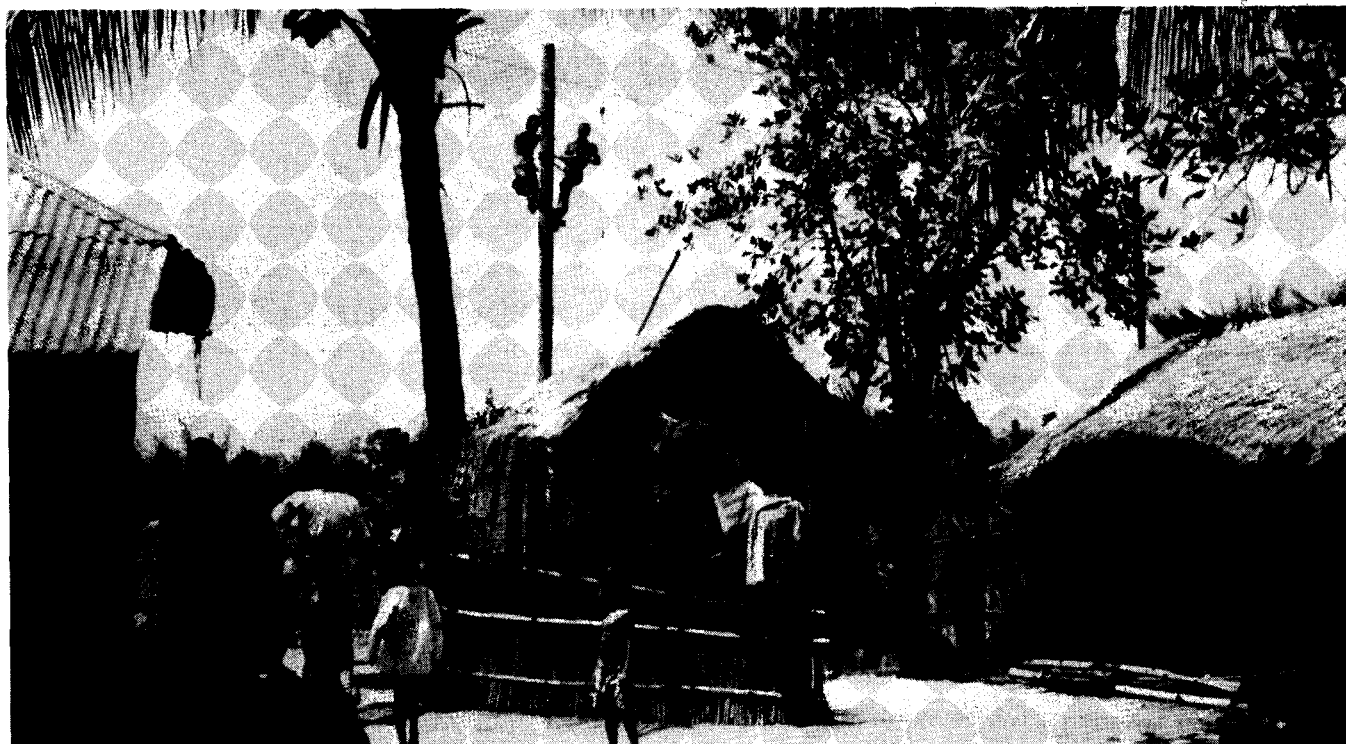
The concentration of the investment is as important as the amount. Japanese investments accounted for the largest percentage increase in direct investments, and a shift has occurred in the industrial composition of foreign direct investment: although manufacturing—principally oil and automobiles—maintains the lead, trade, both wholesale and retail, has developed steadily, with investments in such companies as Grand Union, Libby, Stouffer, and Beech-Nut. A growing trend can be seen toward investment in manufacturing industries in the Southeast. Nor is the initiative all on the part of investors. Communities and governments in the United States have been searching for foreign investments—offering favorable tax treatment, facilities financed through the issue of tax-exempt government bonds, and other enticements. One of the members of Congress convicted in the ABSCAM project was tempted in part by the prospect of bringing foreign investments into his home state. Foreign investments have significance beyond questions of equity, taxes, and economics. For example, the U.S. government's action, in the sixties, to prevent the export of U.S. technology, such as forbidding the sale of advanced computers to France (when France was suspected of intending to use the computers to help build a nuclear bomb), could have been undercut or circumvented if the technology had been controlled by a multinational corporation with direct investments in U.S. companies.

The Reagan Administration's more re-



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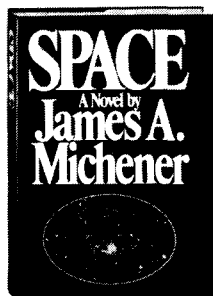
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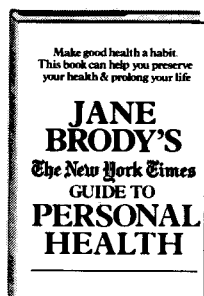
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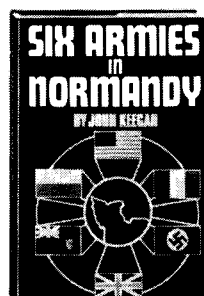
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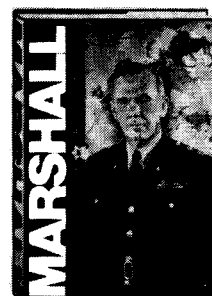
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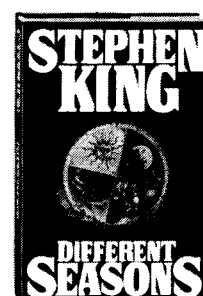
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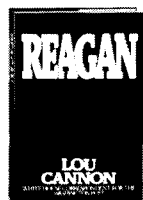
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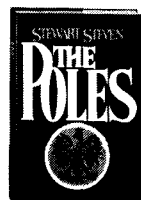
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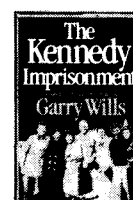
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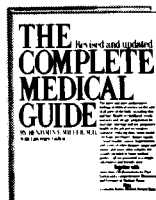
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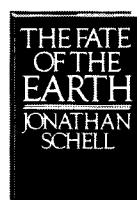
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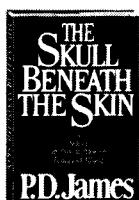
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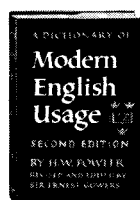
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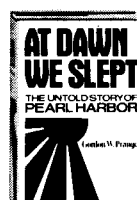
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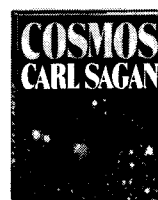
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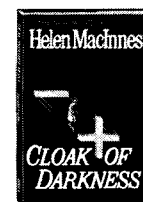
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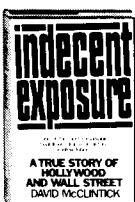
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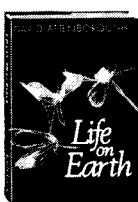
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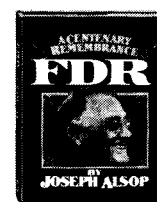
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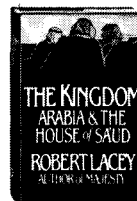
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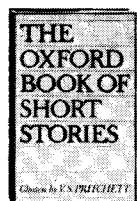
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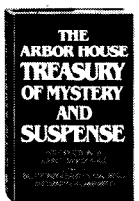
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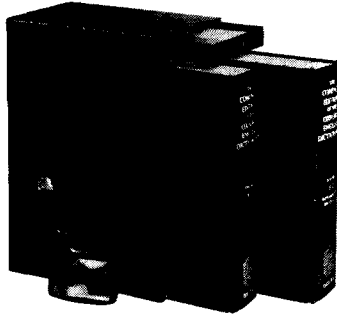
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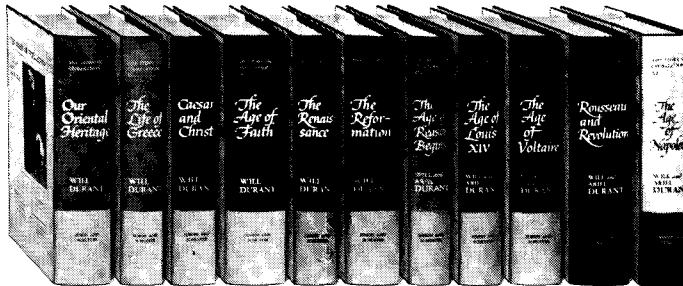
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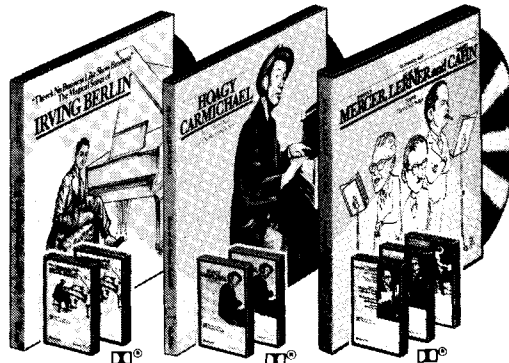
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cent effort, to prevent the use of U.S. technology in building the gas pipeline from Russia to Western Europe, will apparently fail, because the critical patents and technology are controlled by multinational corporations. The United States does restrict direct foreign investments to some extent, in minerals, communications, air transport, nuclear energy, and inland shipping activities, although foreigners are generally permitted to purchase non-controlling interests in voting stock in companies operating in these restricted fields. During the 1950s and 1960s, the United States government intervened to discourage the building of automobile, truck, and tire factories in Russia on grounds that the Soviet military might be aided by such facilities.

The danger of foreign control over U.S. economic interests was made clear by the president of a major oil company who said in an appearance before a congressional committee that he had allocated to this country a larger share of his company's production during the oil embargo than would have been warranted on the basis of each country's share of business before the embargo. Had he not been an American, or had his company not been controlled by Americans, he might have had more difficulty making a decision favoring the United States.

THE SECOND CHARACTERISTIC of colonialism is beginning to mark U.S. trade relationships as our role as a supplier of raw materials and a purchaser of manufactured goods grows. The British established and maintained such a trade relationship during our colonial period, and opposition to that relationship was one of the grievances that led to the American Revolution. Today, however, we ship timber to Japan and import fiberboard; we ship scrap metal to Japan and import automobiles; we ship coal to Germany and import steel.

The third characteristic of colonial status, absence of full control over the domestic monetary system, is all too manifest—witness inflation and America's highly unfavorable balance of trade. Formal acknowledgment of this took place during the Nixon Administration, when the dollar was devalued and allowed to float, subject to the pressures of the international money markets. Dollar instability might be even worse if other countries did not have large dollar holdings and therefore an interest in eco-

nomie stability. But as dollar holdings of OPEC countries continue to increase, so does the possibility that the dollar may be manipulated—especially if the OPEC countries do base OPEC prices on a basket of currencies, as they have threatened to do, rather than on the dollar exclusively.

The fourth evidence of the neo-colonial status of the United States is that U.S. military forces are now expected to defend other nations. In fact, the U.S. is under contract by treaty to defend a number of other countries, notably West Germany and Japan. And within the past three decades, without clear contract or treaty obligations, our military forces have defended the South Koreans and the South Vietnamese. The Eisenhower Doctrine set in place moral and political pressure to commit U.S. military forces in the Middle East in response to requests from governments that believe themselves threatened by Communist takeover. Is not the role of U.S. troops in these instances comparable to that of colonial troops? But in this instance, the countries calling on the colonial troops do not even pay the costs, except marginally in the cases of West Germany and Japan.

Under these conditions, our foreign military policies can be imposed from outside. This is a clear example of what Charles de Gaulle defined as a state of dependency or colonialism. De Gaulle's point was that a first-class nation should never allow a foreign policy or a military policy to be imposed upon it, and that whenever a foreign policy or foreign commitment (in De Gaulle's case, French involvement in Algeria) begins to weaken a nation, either physically or morally, that foreign policy has to be rejected.

A fifth sign of neo-colonialism is our growing loss of control over our own borders and over immigration. The most recent examples involve illegal immigration from South and Central American countries, including an influx of refugees and deportees from Cuba. (The shipping of criminals and other undesirable persons—such as those whom Castro has been accused of sending to the United States—has a strong precedent in the British practice of sending criminals to colonial Georgia and later to Australia.) Estimates as to the number of illegal immigrants from these countries reach as high as one million a year.

Failure to control illegal immigration

from Mexico is defended by some on the grounds that strict enforcement of immigration laws, more vigorous and thorough patrol of the border, harsher penalties, and quick deportation would "provoke" Mexico and lead to unrest among Mexican-Americans already in the United States. Such actions might indeed be provocative, but that possibility does not eliminate the reality that many persons are moving into the United States without legal right.

The sixth manifestation of neo-colonialism—perhaps the most subtle—is the challenge to the status of the English language in the United States. We have seen both a practical and a legal submission to demands that at least some parts of the country become bilingual or multilingual. Bilingualism is being pushed in the name of civil rights, or good citizenship, and of economic and cultural equality. Yet that runs contrary to historical evidence of the dangers of bilingualism in a country (examples being the divisions caused by the French-English split in Canada and the French-Flemish split in Belgium), and contrary to the warnings of anthropologists such as Margaret Mead, who has written:

Bilingualism, and especially bilingualism developed in some compensatory effort to absorb immigrants, increase social mobility, equalize inequalities, as a step toward openness and membership in the world, can be a trap. It becomes, as so many analyses of past and recent experiments in relationships between majority and minority languages have shown, a worse trap if there is no literacy in the mother tongue. . . .

One might give an additional warning, against the growing emphasis upon tourism with cheap dollars (when the dollar is cheap) as an added inducement for foreigners to visit the United States and thus help redress the balance of payments. When the official tourist board of the United States (a new department the federal government may have begun to contemplate) arranges to have airplanes from foreign countries met by dancing girls and bands, we will know that it is later than we thought.

—Eugene J. McCarthy

Eugene J. McCarthy, a former senator from Minnesota, is the author of many books, including The Limits of Power, America Revisited, and The Ultimate Tyranny.

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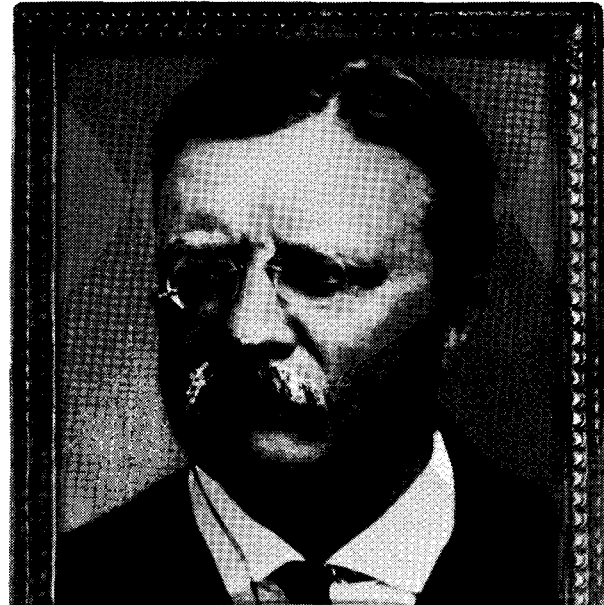
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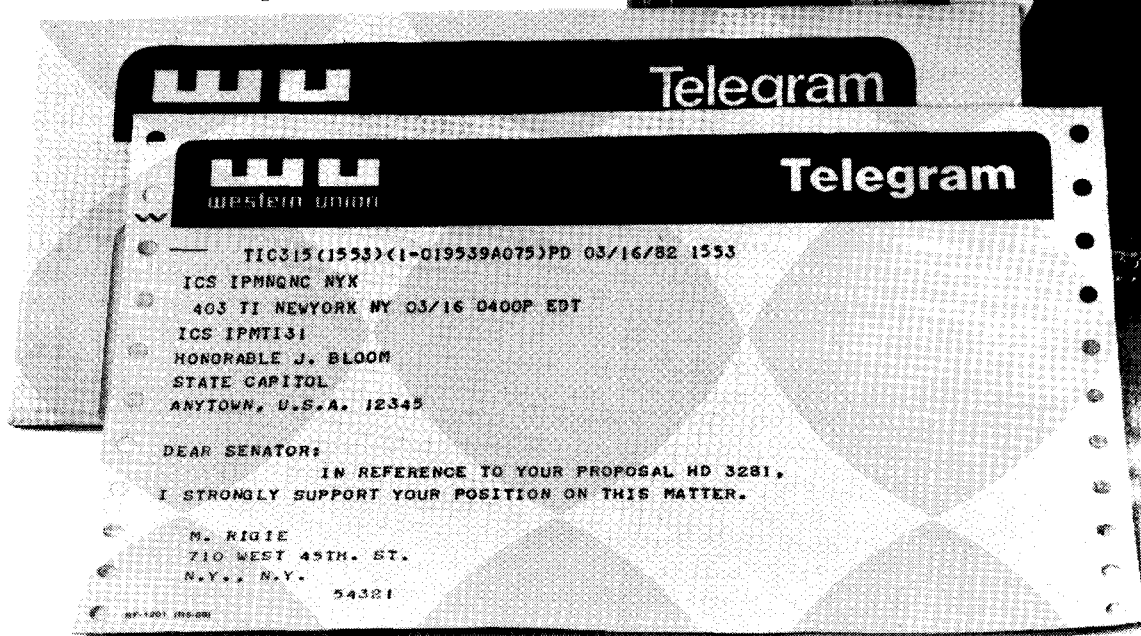
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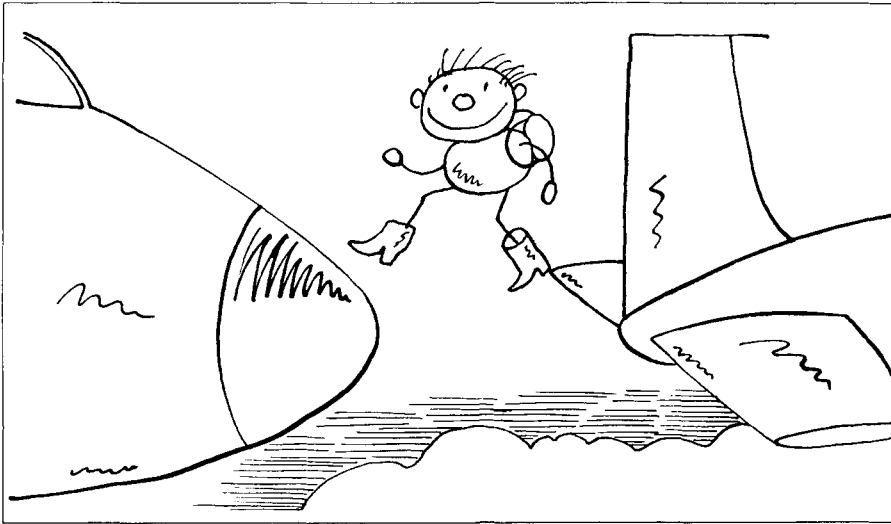


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TRAVEL ON NOT BEING A TOURIST



“YOU ARE RIGHT I think in not particularly caring to see any special country, and in longing generally for something European,” Henry James advised his friend John La Farge, an American painter who was proposing to go abroad. Writing from Venice in the fall of 1869, James at twenty-six was on his second European tour, and already an old hand. He was “not a regular tourist,” he assured La Farge, but a student of European customs and manners, a worldly traveler in a civilization he found more admirable than his own.

To be a “regular tourist”: there are few more shameful identities. “Every Englishman abroad, until it is proved to the contrary, likes to consider himself a traveller and not a tourist,” Evelyn Waugh observed, in *A Bachelor Abroad*. Aldous Huxley distinguished between the “genuine traveller”—“He is insatiably curious, he loves what is unfamiliar for the sake of its unfamiliarity, he takes pleasure in every manifestation of beauty”—and the tourist, who drags himself through Europe out of sheer snobbery, “because the best people do it.” “Remember,” Philip Herriton counsels his sister-in-law in E. M. Forster’s *Where Angels Fear to Tread*, “that it is only by going off the track that you get to know the country. . . . And don’t, let me beg you, go with that awful tourist idea that

Italy’s only a museum of antiquities and art.”

If tourists had a bad name then, imagine how James or Waugh would regard the tour groups thronging the streets of every European capital these days, the restaurants with their *menús turísticos*, the gigantic, glassed-in tour buses encircling every monument and museum like pioneer wagons drawn around a campfire. These hapless tourists, too, are “longing generally for something European,” but so pervasive is their presence, the American literary critic Paul Fussell argues in his recent book, *Abroad*, that the experience James had in mind is beyond recovery. “I am assuming that travel is now impossible and that tourism is all we have left,” Fussell declares. The excitement of crossing the Atlantic on an ocean liner; the chance to discover foreign lands on one’s own, without a horde of tourists crowding the scene; the quest for self-discovery that once animated journeys through unfamiliar terrain: these are gone forever, Fussell contends, made obsolete by a jet-age technology that has robbed us of our capacity to experience the world. “We are all tourists now, and there is no escape.” Mass travel has spoiled the adventure from the start, Fussell insists. “Moving through the airport—or increasingly, being moved, on a literal endless belt—the tourist arrives at his next non-place, the airplane interior. The vapid non-allusive cheerfulness of its decor betrays its design and manufacture as Southern Californian. Locked in this flying cigar where distance is expressed in hours instead of miles or kilometers, the tourist is in touch only with the uniform furniture and fittings and exper-

iences the environment through which the whole non-place is proceeding only as he is obliged to fasten or loosen his seat belt.”

Yes, yes, it’s true, the modern airport is a soulless institution. But what traveler is so jaded that he doesn’t quicken upon hearing the loudspeaker’s trilingual announcement of departing flights to Rome and Amsterdam, London and Tel Aviv? Lights on the board suspended high above the departure lounge pulse in the shadowy terminal; gigantic 747s trundle past, their curved humps looming up in the tinted windows; the rows of airline counters—Malev, Finnair, Royal Air Maroc—conjure up exotic foreign lands. And even the planes themselves, however cramped and bland, have a certain romantic aura. The drinks arrive, the meal is served, the movie comes on; cigarettes glow in the dark as in a nightclub, and a serenity descends over the docile rows of passengers. There is an exaltation in departure—whether on the deck of a ship gliding past the Statue of Liberty or curled up by the window of a jet, the tourist no less than the traveler is leaving behind one life and beginning another, even if only for a few weeks. As the sky lightens and the immigration cards are passed out, one feels a nervous, elated suspense that quickens upon landing. (On Alitalia, an airline with a reputation for nonchalance, the bump of the wheels on the tarmac invariably elicits a burst of applause.)

Nor are the airports, as Fussell complains, identical; each bears the stamp of its national characteristics. As one passes through the terminal at Rome’s Fiumicino, patrons are lined up at the zinc bar drinking espresso out of demitasse cups, and the bottles behind the counter have an unfamiliar look. The espresso machines shine platinum in the early-morning light. At London’s Heathrow, the black taxicabs pull up, the red double-decker buses wait out front. Arriving in Copenhagen late one night to catch a connecting flight, I headed for the bar and found a smorgasbord arrayed on a buffet table: platters heaped with cold cuts, a tureen of meatballs, slivers of duck and wedges of pâté. Gulping down slivovitz from a long-stemmed glass, I listened to the guttural, sing-song intonation of a Danish voice announcing flights. I was in Europe.

Even the ordinary tourist on his two-week holiday to the Continent isn’t immune to such epiphanies. The moment

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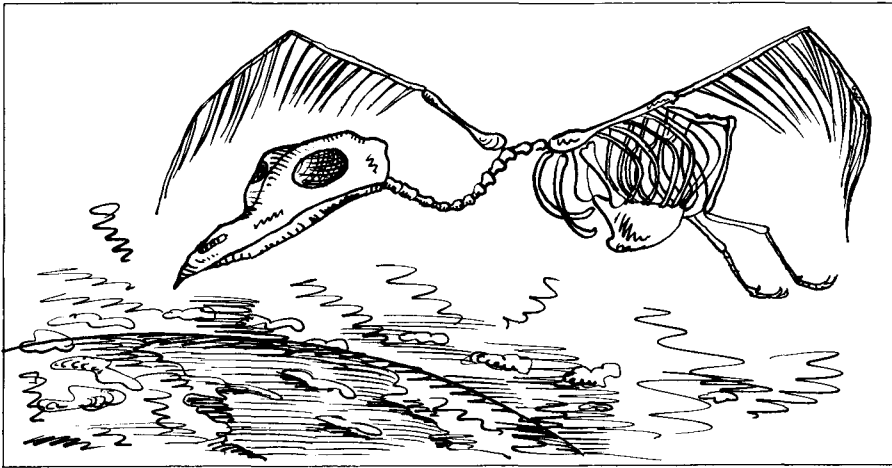
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one sets out from one's hotel, groggy from jet lag and lost within a block, the feel of Europe—I can think of no more exact way to describe it—accosts one's senses. The streets have a certain odor—of rotting vegetables, petrol, some indistinct emanation of age. The windows are crammed with lavish displays—pastries and meringues, shapely bottles of oil and vinegar, leather-bound books and dusty prints. The signs on the awnings over the cafés are in a foreign language—*bière, tabac, trattoria*. The menus in their glass cases promise exotic meals. In the restaurant where one sits down to one's first dinner, the white linen tablecloths, the baskets of bread, the carafe of white wine, have an intoxicating strangeness. No matter how often one has been to Europe, the sensation is the same: amazement over how quickly one has been transported from the familiar, from one's ordinary life, to a world both known—from books and postcards, movies and photograph albums—and un-

known. The famous urban landscapes of Paris or London, Florence or Rome, are as much a part of one's mental life as the scenes of one's childhood, yet there is something elusive about them; their broad avenues and murky rivers, the carts heaped with produce, and the sidewalk cafés remind one at every turn of how alien Europe is, how steeped in a history that makes the present seem a mere instant in time. To emerge into the sunlight of some Italian hill town and glimpse at the end of a narrow street the same rural vista one has just seen in the background of a Giorgione altarpiece—the walled ramparts, the bell tower, the swallows flitting over the fields—is to feel that one has entered an eternal landscape. In such moments, even the tourist is graced with a knowledge of the sublime.

—James Atlas

James Atlas is an associate editor of The Atlantic.



THE ENVIRONMENT

TROUBLE IN THE STRATOSPHERE

Dangerous sunlight and altered climates may result from pollution of the upper atmosphere



ON SEPTEMBER 26, 1974, a headline on the front page of *The New York Times* announced: "Tests Show Aerosol Gases May Pose Threat to Earth." The trouble, the story said, began with synthesized chemicals called fluorocarbons. Some scientists believed that these man-

made substances would destroy a large part of the atmosphere's ozone layer. The results would likely be dire. No longer adequately shielded by ozone from the harshest of the sun's ultraviolet radiation, human beings might suffer an epidemic of skin cancers. No one could say what might happen to the plants and animals of the earth, but it seemed clear that an altered ozone layer would mean a greatly altered planet.

Looking back eight years afterward, a scientist involved in research on ozone remarked, "An abstract scientific theory made the front page of *The New York Times*, and six months later it was a subplot on the Archie Bunker show." The fluorocarbon theory proposed that global catastrophe could have a homely, even

frivolous source, and perhaps that is why the story traveled very widely. Practically everyone in the industrialized world used fluorocarbons, which had long been thought to rank among the safest of man-made chemicals. Colorless, nearly odorless, fluorocarbons are present in virtually every modern system of refrigeration. They are used as solvents and as foaming agents for making such items as disposable coffee cups and rigid insulation. In 1974, fluorocarbons propelled the contents from half of the roughly 2 billion aerosol cans being sold in America. The headlines focused on this last application. Was the world really going to end with the hissing of cans of deodorant? In contemplation of like questions, many commentators in America could not restrain their mordant glee. The prospects were just too wonderfully ironic. In the early days of the alarm, some scientists went before Congress and on the basis of meager evidence drew the worst of imaginable conclusions. One, for example, said that the continued production of fluorocarbons "could drive life on earth back to where it was hundreds of millions of years ago." Hyperbole was rampant.

In this case, however, excessive zeal in relating bad news probably had some salutary effects. The notoriety of the fluorocarbon theory promoted investigation of the stratosphere, an atmospheric region that is very important to life on earth but that scientists had just begun to explore. The alarm also caused many Americans to stop buying aerosols, and by 1978, when Congress banned the use of fluorocarbons in all but a few sorts of spray cans, American industry had already substituted other propellants. Worldwide production of fluorocarbons had been doubling roughly every seven years. After the alarm, production began to decline, and has remained at a level some 18 percent below that of 1974. If there had been no general fright, production of the chemicals would certainly have grown far more quickly than knowledge about their effects on ozone. As it turned out, a margin of safety was probably bought, albeit at the expense of a thriving industry.

Scary stories often create, for a little while, a comforting illusion that the world has only one problem. Then they tend to disappear. By the end of the 1970s, news about the ozone layer had all but vanished from the popular press, but the effects of man-made chemicals on

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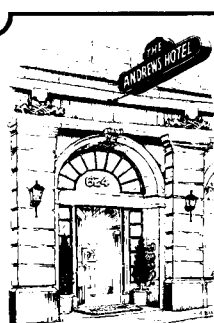
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ozone are still worth worrying about. However, the scientific issues have become increasingly complex and ambiguous. One of the authorities on the ozone layer, a chemist from Harvard named Michael McElroy, described the general problem in this way: "The atmosphere is the air shared by the entire living system, inhaled and exhaled on a planetary scale, and we are doing things to it which are readily detectable but the effects of which are very hard to predict."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF EARTH taken from outer space have lost their novelty, but, like a psychoanalysis, they have irreversibly altered the view. An extra-terrestrial picture taken as the sun appears over the limb of the earth reveals the earth as a dark, convex semicircle and, above it, space as a dark, concave one; in between is a shining sliver, a fingernail paring of light, which is the atmosphere. Seemingly huge and inexhaustible, it is in fact quite small.

Some ozone turns up in the lowest section of the atmosphere. There, it's a man-made constituent of urban smog, an especially nasty one, which has a corrosive effect on the lungs. Higher up, however, in the stratosphere, which is the second layer of the atmosphere, ozone is beneficent. Oxygen exists in abundance in the atmosphere because of biological activity on the planet below. In the stratosphere, sunlight creates ozone out of oxygen. Stratospheric ozone is, therefore, a product of biological activity, and it also protects that activity by absorbing most of the sun's ultraviolet radiation. Life could not have evolved on earth as it did without the layer of ozone above, and vice versa. The system is a lovely wheel—life leads to ozone, ozone leads to life—and perhaps a fragile one.

The ozone layer isn't very far away; the stratosphere begins ten miles up and extends to a height of about thirty miles. While the ozone layer can be pictured as a shield, encircling the earth and absorbing the blows of ultraviolet radiation, it is hardly as sturdy as the term "shield" implies. This shield's thickness varies greatly with both time and place: the lower the latitude, the thinner the column of ozone above, and there's more of it in the spring than at any other time of the year.

Overall, the shield is very thin. The ozone in it represents about a hundred parts per billion of the total atmosphere. Were the ozone layer distributed uni-

formly around the earth and squeezed until it reached the pressure of the air at sea level, it would make a girdle only one eighth of an inch thick. Moreover, the molecules of ozone that make up the shield behave in an unstable fashion. They react with many other sorts of molecules, and, in reacting, turn into something else.

In the natural state of things, the shield of ozone is constantly broken down by chemical reactions and constantly re-created by one simple process, which begins with solar photons splitting oxygen atoms in two. An enormous amount of solar energy—about ten times as much energy as the human world consumes in a year—goes into making the stratosphere's annual ration of ozone. So for all practical purposes, the supply of ozone remains fixed. Ingenious mankind can't significantly add to the ozone layer. According to the theories of ozone depletion, however, mankind can accelerate the destruction of ozone and create someday a new balance of forces—and with it a dangerously thinner version of the thin ozone shield.

Not much that is sent from the earth into the air escapes the atmosphere. Most substances, in fact, don't get beyond the lowest region, which cleanses itself efficiently, returning airborne substances to earth in rain. Fluorocarbons, however, are inert, which means that they don't react with other chemicals. This property, which makes them safe inside homes, and thus has delighted industrial chemists, causes them eventually to escape the lower atmosphere and to travel intact to the stratosphere. There the fierce, relatively unfiltered sunlight breaks them into several different chemicals. One of these, atomic chlorine, belongs to a class of substances vividly named "free radicals," and laboratory experiments have shown that atomic chlorine will act as a catalyst in transformations that destroy ozone. According to present atmospheric theory, one fluorocarbon molecule can end up destroying 100,000 molecules of ozone.

The scientists who propounded or endorsed this theory felt especially alarmed because their calculations suggested that it would take a long time—now thought to be on the order of fifty years—for a fluorocarbon molecule to make the round trip from release in the biosphere to eventual return to earth. Fluorocarbons could thus become the source of an awful problem. Industry

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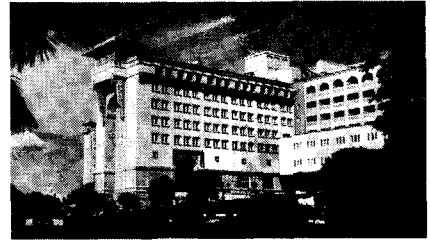
could continue to load up the atmosphere with these chemicals, and the ill effects could be disguised for many years.

OVER THE PAST EIGHT YEARS, scientists have named several other possible agents of ozone depletion. The most important of these are certain nitrogen compounds, which, like fluorocarbons, engage in catalytic reactions that transform ozone into something else. Before the fluorocarbon theory made the news, some scientists suggested publicly that a large nuclear war or a large fleet of high-flying SSTs could inject into the stratosphere dangerous amounts of these chemicals. Somewhat later, other scientists reckoned that these nitrogen compounds are routinely delivered to the stratosphere by less dramatic means, both natural and man-made.

Nitrogen is the essential food for life on earth, and out of nitrogen life creates, among other things, a substance called nitrous oxide. Once airborne, this chemical behaves in the same fashion as fluorocarbons. Ultimately, it delivers to the stratosphere ozone-destroying oxides of nitrogen. In nature, explorers of the stratosphere discovered, the by-products of nitrous oxide destroy more ozone than do any other chemicals. Nitrous oxide is a crucial force in the maintenance of ozone's steady state. In nature's conservative regime, the nutrition of the planet connects with the maintenance of a beneficial shield of ozone. But nitrous oxide also gets into the air through such familiar human activities as farming, power production, and transportation. In fact, the human contribution probably equals or exceeds the natural one. Fairly recent and very precise measurements show that the quantity of nitrous oxide in the atmosphere has been rising steadily. The implications for ozone are troubling.

The National Academy of Sciences issued its latest report on these matters in 1982. This document states that if the 1977 rate of fluorocarbon production should hold throughout the next century, fluorocarbons alone might reduce the shield of ozone by 5 to 7 percent. If the amount of nitrous oxide in the air should double during the next hundred years, fluorocarbons and nitrous oxide together might deplete the total amount of ozone by about 13 percent. The biologists' part of the report is thin. They don't know how earth would fare bereft of that much ozone. Depletion of about 13 percent

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would not snuff out life or drive people back to caves, but it would almost certainly lead to large increases in the least deadly of skin cancers. The list of possible—but not at all certain—consequences makes for grim imagining. It includes increases in often lethal melanomas, interference with photosynthesis in plants and algae, disturbances of the immune systems of human beings and animals. One scientist has suggested that bees out on their pollinating rounds might lose their way in the unfamiliar light.

No important depletion of ozone has occurred so far, but that fact does not invalidate the theories, since they predict no measurable depletion yet. Chemists haven't actually observed in the stratosphere all the steps along the postulated chains of man-made ozone depletion. They have learned a great deal about the chemistry of the place. All of it indicates that the theories implicating nitrous oxide and fluorocarbons are probably, as the scientists say, "qualitatively correct." Prophecies about the quantity of ozone depletion have varied wildly over the past eight years, however, and not even the scientists who made them believe that the latest predictions are likely to hold. Those predictions, in any case, leave out several other important substances, probably the most important of which is carbon dioxide. Inclusion of carbon dioxide, as the National Academy's report points out, leads to the intriguing but hardly comforting possibility that one threat to the planet's environment may cancel out another.

THE STANDARD DIAGRAM of the carbon-oxygen cycle, the one that every schoolchild studies, shows a person and a tree and a couple of arrows connecting them. One arrow leads from tree to person, indicating that plants release oxygen and that people and animals inhale it. The other arrow goes the other way, from person to tree, signifying the fact that people and animals exhale carbon dioxide, which plants in turn photosynthesize. That's the general outline of the grand, circular dance. Within its circumference, and tangential to it, other dances proceed. A significant number of plants, including many algae, don't return the carbon in them to the air when they die. Instead that carbon is buried—deep in marine sediments below the ocean floor, for instance. The circle closes eventually, perhaps 100 million

years later, when the buried carbon is uplifted in a new mountain range or, as one scientist put it, "processed through a volcano." Then the carbon that those plants inhaled, as it were, finally returns to the atmosphere as carbon dioxide.

Civilization has accelerated this slow but continuous portion of the carbon cycle by replacing forests with farms and cities, and especially by mining and burning buried carbon, which is fossil fuel. Civilization has been doing essentially what nature does, but doing it twenty times faster. Measurements taken since 1958 show that in only twenty-four years the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere has increased by 6 percent, and there are estimates that it has risen by 20 percent since the Industrial Revolution. In the past 100 years, mankind has added to the atmosphere some 100 billion tons of carbon.

Some scientists began to feel concerned about the trend as long ago as 1938. Lately, many physicists, oceanographers, meteorologists, biologists, and chemists have turned their attention to a couple of difficult questions. They wonder how long it will take for carbon dioxide to double in the atmosphere. Estimates range from about fifty to several hundred years. They also want to know what a doubling would mean to the planet. The theoretical answer, the one with widest currency, holds that a doubling would intensify the so-called "greenhouse effect."

The analogy is old and apt. Like the glass in a greenhouse, carbon dioxide lets solar radiation pass but inhibits the passage of infrared radiation, which is heat. Carbon dioxide in the air lets the sun heat the earth but it keeps some of that heat from traveling away from the earth and into space. It makes a sort of thermal blanket around the globe, and as that blanket thickens—so most current theory holds—the average temperature of the earth will rise.

Some scientists reckon that the West Antarctic ice sheet will slide into the sea. In the event, water levels would rise, at least high enough to cover the world's coastal cities. Some have thought that the flood might come in as few as fifty years, but recent papers hold that it couldn't happen in less than 200 years. Almost everyone agrees, however, that climates would be affected. America's Corn Belt might need a new name, connoting infertility. Some nations might benefit, while others would decline.

The carbon-dioxide theory conjures up odd visions of caravans evacuating the seacoasts, of farmers gazing sadly out over parched fields, of rain forest springing up where once was permafrost. Substantiation is missing, but such imaginings are plausible and they make good copy. The chief villain of the theory is combustion of fossil fuel. Accordingly, the carbon-dioxide hypothesis represents an argument for both the nuclear-power industry and advocates of conservation and solar energy. For the fluorocarbon industry, it is a mixed blessing.

Scientists figure that accumulation of carbon dioxide in the air should, while it warms the earth, cool off the stratosphere. That idea cheers up the fluorocarbon industry, because, in cooling the stratosphere, carbon dioxide would slow down the catalytic reactions that destroy ozone. Intensification of the greenhouse effect would, in theory, ameliorate the effects of fluorocarbons and nitrous oxide. It might, said one of the authors of the National Academy's report, "heal the ozone deficit." One recent calculation, a stew of facts and theories, with carbon dioxide in the mixture, predicts no depletion of ozone over the next two centuries.

Yet fluorocarbons themselves intensify the greenhouse effect, and, obviously, no one can take comfort in a vision that has one cataclysmic series of events preventing another. If the carbon-dioxide theory and its dire corollaries prove to be correct, then presumably the nations of the earth—the threatened ones, at any rate—will want to do something about it. Then, of course, civilization will still have to contend with the problems of fluorocarbons and nitrous oxide. What's more, the calculations that predict no depletion of ozone suggest that myriad industrial and agricultural practices have created a cozy balance among pollutions of the stratosphere. Such an accidental balance could not endure.

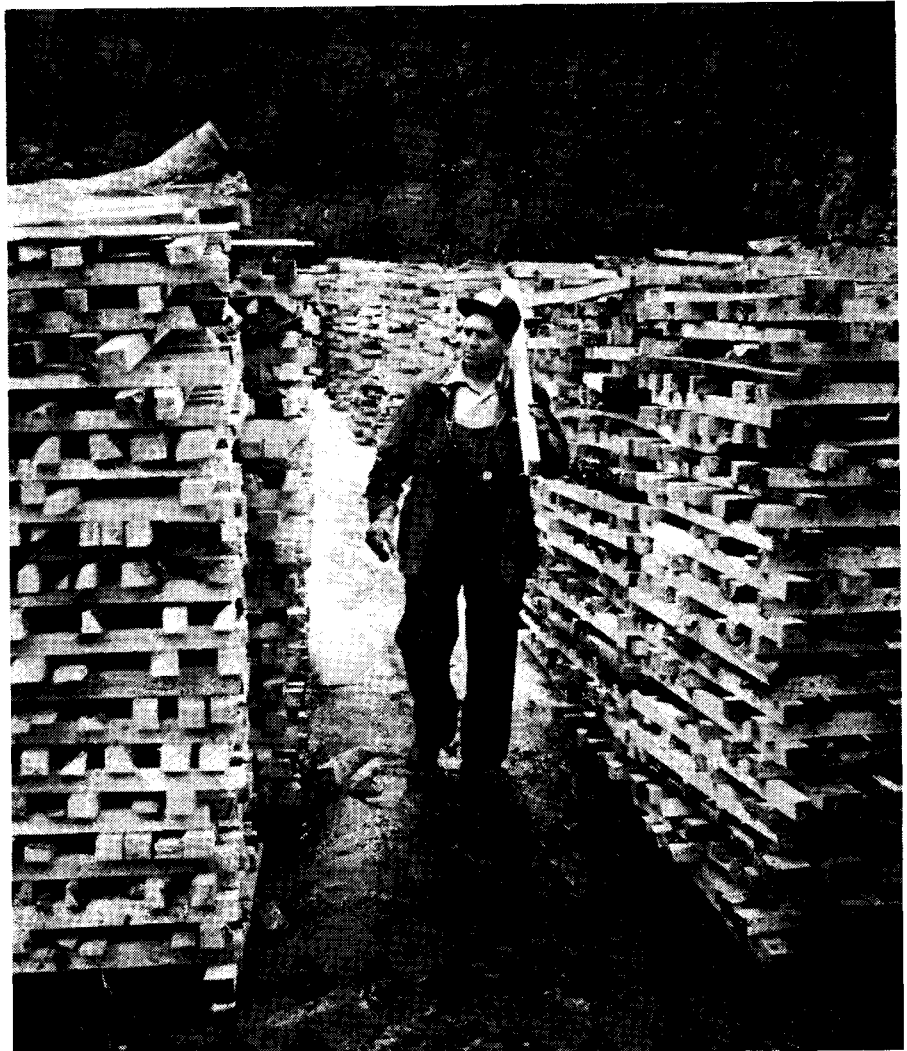
Calculations that throw fluorocarbons, nitrous oxide, and carbon dioxide into one computer program treat the theories as if all of them were true. In fact, atmospheric scientists haven't proven any of the theories to their satisfaction, and in almost every paper on the stratosphere an ominous phrase—"missing chemistry"—appears. Scientists, in other words, worry that their models of the stratosphere may leave out something important.

IN 1975, SEVERAL scientists told Congress that they would answer all the crucial questions surrounding ozone and fluorocarbons within about three years. Seven years later, important mysteries remain. James Anderson is a thirty-eight-year-old professor of chemistry at Harvard and one of the most persistent and adept of the explorers of the stratosphere. Asked why the research drags on, he replied, "The air is thin up there." For example, a substance called the hydroxyl radical controls a large part of the chemistry of the stratosphere, but that substance exists up there in a quantity on the order of one part per trillion. It is as scarce, Anderson explained, as a drop of vermouth diffused in an Olympic-sized swimming pool full of gin.

For the past decade or so, Anderson and many others have been attempting to measure precisely the concentrations of a host of chemicals that aren't much more prevalent in the stratosphere than that drop of vermouth. The concentrations of these chemicals also vary widely in time and place. As for the reactions that need to be observed, some are very hard to see. "Chemically speaking," says Anderson, "the stratosphere is a gigantic low-temperature flame." In the stratosphere, as in a candle's flame, labyrinthine networks of chemical events occur. Substances appear and disappear rapidly, some so quickly that for a time there was doubt that they would ever be seen in action.

Anderson developed a technique for catching glimpses of even the most evanescent of the stratosphere's chemicals. He has incorporated this technique into a number of small laboratories, hung those labs from large balloons, and sent them to the stratosphere. (His latest contraption is like a gigantic fishing rig; the balloon rises to the top of the stratosphere and then, by remote control, the laboratory hanging from it is reeled up and down through the stratosphere on a string twenty kilometers long.) Anderson is one of those who collect the facts and figures that theoreticians insert into their models of the planet. He feels very optimistic about the prospects for his quest. "Within five to ten years," he says, "the stratosphere will become the first reasonably complex natural system that we will understand—understand well enough to predict its behavior into the next century."

Against that cheerful prospect, as Anderson concedes, stands the fact that



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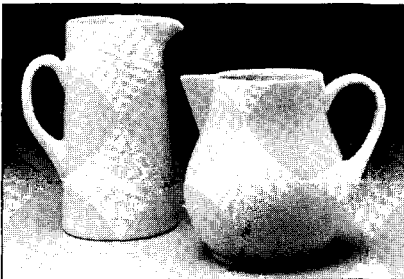
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the stratosphere is really very simple when compared with the other natural systems that affect it. The stratosphere seems forbidding enough, but the enormous tasks begin when carbon dioxide and nitrous oxide are thrown into the models. Anyone can make a reasonable guess about the amount of fluorocarbons that might rise to the stratosphere over the next century. Human industry makes fluorocarbons. Whatever quantities the factories produce are the quantities that eventually ascend to the stratosphere. Scientists now feel certain that none get lost along the way. No such simple equation applies to nitrous oxide or to carbon dioxide. Human beings and nature use nitrogen, and some of that nitrogen eventually turns up in the atmosphere as nitrous oxide. But the process is complex. Along the way, nitrogen is processed through the biosphere, and scientists don't know in detail how the biosphere responds to increases in nitrogen. They can't say how much nitrogen will lead to how much new nitrous oxide. They measure increases in nitrous oxide only after the fact. They can't predict increases with any certainty. To gain prophetic power over nitrous oxide, they must learn a great deal more than they know now about how a very large part of the biosphere operates. The same injunction applies to theories about carbon dioxide.

To foretell man-made alterations in the atmosphere, and the consequences of those alterations, scientists must first understand how the world works in its natural state, and today some students of the atmosphere express a sense of urgency about this endeavor. Some fear that within a couple of decades human industry will have altered the atmosphere so much that it won't be possible to distinguish what is natural from what is man-made.

Other mysteries bear on those mysteries, and these, too, look formidable. Is methane increasing in the atmosphere? Methane, it turns out, is a major source of the very scarce hydroxyl radical. So scientists need an answer to the question about methane. To get it they have to consider a number of sources, including termites in the tropics and the world's many herds of cattle, which, improbably enough, produce important amounts of methane gas.

Scientists may soon answer the remaining questions about fluorocarbons to nearly everyone's satisfaction, but

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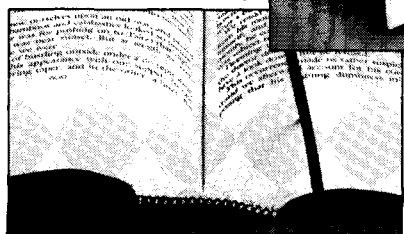
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even if that happens in five years, the investigation will have taken more than a decade of intense, well-financed research. If banning fluorocarbons in aerosols proves an insufficient remedy, an obvious, ultimate solution exists: quit producing fluorocarbons altogether. But the industrialized world has already largely given up the most dispensable uses of those chemicals. Total elimination of them would mean altering throughout the world almost all systems of cooling and refrigeration. Against such an eventuality, Du Pont has spent seven years and millions of dollars looking for another refrigerating medium, but hasn't yet found a satisfactory one. Any complete solution would require international agreement, but so far nations other than America have taken the fluorocarbon theory seriously in inverse proportion to their domestic industries' investments in the chemicals.

Fluorocarbons are, nevertheless, a tractable problem compared with nitrous oxide and carbon dioxide. Those problems, if they are real, stem from a worldwide appetite for the most basic things—food and energy. It hardly seems realistic to think of cutting off either problem at its source.

WARNINGS ABOUT SPRAY cans seem to have initiated an era of alarms about the atmosphere. Respectable scientists, as jealous of their good reputations as Victorian maidens, nowadays offer propositions that one would expect to find in the tabloids or in the Bible. Even the scale of these hypotheses invites disbelief. The atmosphere is, however, the air shared by all living things, and modern civilization has already begun to alter the composition of the air, significantly and rapidly. About that, there is no doubt. The measurements are precise and unequivocal. The possibility does exist that some not-too-distant generation will witness the immersion of cities, or will have to carry umbrellas out into a sunshine that only the hardy cockroach is certain to enjoy. It might not turn out that way, but it seems incautious to allow these experiments in global chemistry to continue, and merely await the results.

Michael McElroy, the theoretical chemist, has been involved in the issue of ozone depletion from the beginning; he helped bring attention to the threat of nitrous oxide, and he wrote part of the National Academy's latest report on

ozone. McElroy was appointed a full professor at Harvard at the age of twenty-nine, and ranks as one of the most important scientists studying the atmosphere. One afternoon, in a ruminative moment, he offered a prescription for the problem of carbon dioxide. McElroy's scheme involves no less than engineering of the atmosphere. Even small engineering projects can lead to a long chain of problems and repairs. This was global engineering, and it isn't easy to imagine organizing the world in a grand, cooperative effort that doesn't promise equal benefits for all. It isn't easy to imagine even getting started on a plan like McElroy's, but then again, it isn't easy to imagine Manhattan under water.

"I really think that the biggest and most immediate problem is carbon dioxide," McElroy said. "I don't think you can go out and say, 'Hey, let's stop burning oil, let's stop burning coal,' because with the best will in the world you can't make the switch in less than twenty-five or thirty years. But if you can control carbon dioxide you in principle control climate. And I don't think that's out of the question; and the way to control carbon dioxide in principle is to control a managed biosphere.

"Now, we do that on a small scale already. Take agriculture. If people had had to provide an environmental-impact statement for agriculture a hundred years ago, it would never have passed. If you proposed to take 10 percent of the land area of the earth and to control what it did, runoff and so on, well, you could never have written the statement. I think that we already do affect the earth on a global scale and I think we could go a bit further. I've been looking at what that entails. We've released—by burning fossil fuel over the past hundred years—about 100 billion tons of carbon that we have mined and kicked upstairs. If you want to pull 100 billion tons of stuff out of a diffuse global system, that's a hell of a job. It would take quite a big vacuum cleaner. The only way you could manage it would be by using the biosphere. You try to grow more trees, which will then bind up that carbon and bring it back into the biosphere. So you do a calculation. And it turns out that the amount of area you require is about the amount we use for agriculture. But that gets you into competition for land, with farmers and oil companies and so on. So you say, in principle can I grow forests where there's now desert? I don't

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Since World War II the U.S. and our trading partners have enjoyed growth and prosperity. Much of this progress has been achieved because of an international commitment to free trade.

In 1947 the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) made exporting easier and helped create a global economy. American exports of goods and services grew from \$14 billion in 1950 to \$367 billion in 1981, creating millions of jobs and raising our standard of living. Exports now generate one-sixth of our manufacturing jobs and one-fifth of our Gross National Product.

Recently, however, as foreign competition has hurt some U.S. industries, some people have suggested turning back the clock to the era of restricted trade. In the face of this temptation, we should recall the disastrous policies of the early 1930s when nations tried to shore up their faltering industries by limiting imports. They were successful—imports fell. But exports also dropped, and the loss of sales worsened the Great Depression.

In an interdependent world, we benefit when our trading partners do well. We have an enlightened self-interest to promote their prosperity. When we buy their goods, they obtain dollars to buy our goods. Jobs are preserved and created here at home when U.S.-built products are sold abroad. International commerce enables all trading partners to enjoy bigger and bigger slices of an expanding economic pie.

To get our economy moving in the right direction, we need to promote policies that will increase our exports—not limit our imports. International competition encourages industries to invest in research and development to improve productivity and create better products at lower cost.

American companies should be more aggressive in pursuing international markets. Only 10 percent of U.S. manufacturing companies are directly involved in exports. Trade authorities estimate at least 20,000 more U.S. firms could easily tap export markets. Government has to do its part, too. Specifically, it can:

- Reflect the reality of what's available in international markets by revising U.S. restrictions on the exporting and re-exporting of data and products made from data licensed by the U.S. to foreign companies; data often available from other non-U.S. sources.
- Permit companies to pool research and share the results.
- Provide adequate lending authority to the Export-Import Bank so U.S. exporters can compete on equal footing with foreign companies.

Our government should work to ensure that U.S. companies have as much access to overseas markets as foreign producers have to the U.S. When the ministers of GATT meet in November, the international trading community should reaffirm its commitment to free trade by deeds as well as words. Many non-tariff barriers remain, impeding a greater flow of goods and services across borders. The U.S. should take the lead in negotiating the reduction of these restrictions.



see why not, if you really wanted to do it. If it were a global commitment. It might involve towing icebergs to the Sahara from Antarctica, or it might involve desalinizing seawater using nuclear power. But, in principle, it could be done."

McElroy paused. "Now, if you do it, you're then managing a different planet. But that involves all kinds of controversial questions. Managing it for whose benefit? And I don't want to get involved in that question. But in principle you could do it, or something like it."

"In principle you could do it," McElroy repeated. "And perhaps also, perhaps we'll have to."

—Tracy Kidder

Tracy Kidder, a contributing editor of The Atlantic, is the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning The Soul of a New Machine. He is at work on a study of environmental issues under a grant from the Ford Foundation.

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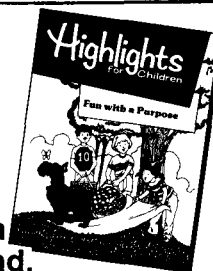
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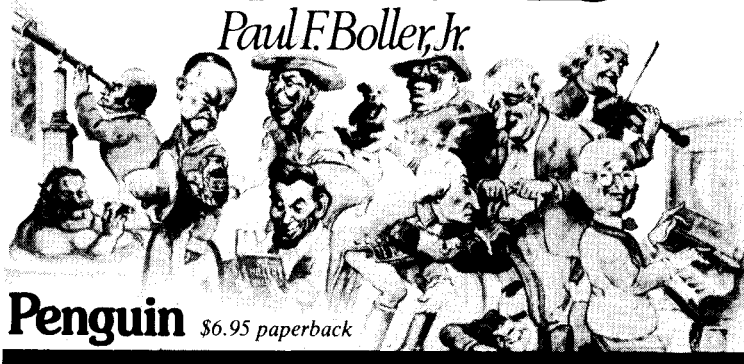
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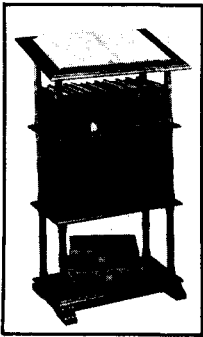
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teenth century in a swoon of certainty, singing, "I have reached maturity! I am a completed human being!"

Then one Thursday, out on a minor errand, you inexplicably come to a bold new conclusion ("Keynesian economics is spent!"), and it—like the beautiful plastic egg that experimenters have discovered will cause a mother bird to thrust her own warm, speckled ones from the nest—ravages your equilibrium: the community of convictions flies apart, you sense unguessed contradictions, there are disavowals, frictions, second thoughts, pleas for further study; you stare out from the laundromat, you weep.

Such intermissions of calm are very rare in any case: most of the time we are in some middle phase of changing our minds about many, if not all, things. We have no choice. Our opinions, gently nudged by circumstance, undergo incremental processes of revision in veiled precincts of the brain. We cry out, "Stop! I'm not interested in changing my mind about flat-rate taxation just now!" but there is no stopping these opinions; they do not care; and we fly up from the couch after the news involuntarily aflame with three new outlooks. Yah! Gah! Let's knock some heads!

Graver still, we are only barely aware of just which things we have formed new opinions about. If one of the wire services were able to supply each of us with a Personal Opinion Printout, delivered with *The Wall Street Journal* every morning, that would be helpful: then we could monitor our feelings about pre-Raphaelite furniture/the influences of urbanization on politeness/wearing sunglasses indoors/the significance of proliferating lawyers/blackboards in restaurants, aid or irritant? as we changed our minds about them week by week, the way we keep an eye on lightly traded over-the-counter stocks. Instead, we normally stride into a discussion with our squads of unexamined opinions innocently at our heels; and discovering that Yes, we do feel very strongly about that! we search the opinion out and order it forth ("Fly, you mother!"), unrehearsed, disgruntled, blinking distractedly, only to discover, minutes later, its radical inadequacy.

LET ME NOW share with you something about which I changed my mind. Once I was riding the bus between New York City and Rochester. At the

Binghamton stop, the driver noticed a shoe sitting on the window ledge to his right. He held it up and said to the person in the front seat, "Is this your shoe?" The answer was no, so he left the bus for a moment and threw the shoe into a nearby trash can; then we drove on toward Rochester. Idle, I became caught up in a little plan to furnish my future apartment: I would buy yellow forklifts and orange backhoes, rows of them, upholstered so that my guests might sit if they wished in the scoops or on the slings slung between the forks. I had begun to calculate how many forklifts a typical floor would sustain when a wild-haired man bobbed to the front of the bus, wearing two socks and a single shoe. "Excuse me," he said to the driver, "did you by any chance come across a stray shoe?" The driver said, "I asked about that shoe back in Binghamton. It's gone now." The man apologized for having been asleep and returned to his seat.

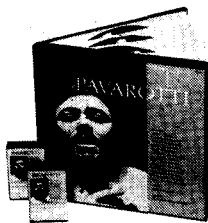
Now, since that bus trip, five years ago, I find that, without my knowledge, *I have changed my mind*. I no longer want to have an apartment furnished with forklifts and backhoes. Somewhere I jettisoned that interest *as thoroughly as the bus driver tossed out the strange, sad man's right shoe*. Amazing! I have not experienced a single uncertainty or pensive moment in regard to a backhoe. Five years of walking around cities, flipping through seed catalogues, and saying, "Oho!" to statements I disagreed with—the net effect of which has been to leave me with a disinclination to furnish my apartment, when I find one, with heavy machinery.

Multiply this example by a thousand, a hundred thousand, unannounced reversals: a mad flux is splashing around the pilings of our personalities. For a while I tried to make home movies of my opinions in their wild state, undisturbed, as they grazed and romped in fields of inquiry, gradually altering in emphasis and coloration, mating, burrowing, and dying, like prairie dogs, but the presence of my camera made their behavior stilted and self-conscious—which brings us to what I can't help thinking is a relevant point about the passage of time. Changes of mind should be distinguished from decisions, for decisions seem to reside pertly in the present, while changes of mind imply habits of thought, a slow crystallization of truth, a partially felt, dense past. I may decide, for instance,

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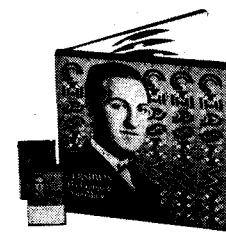
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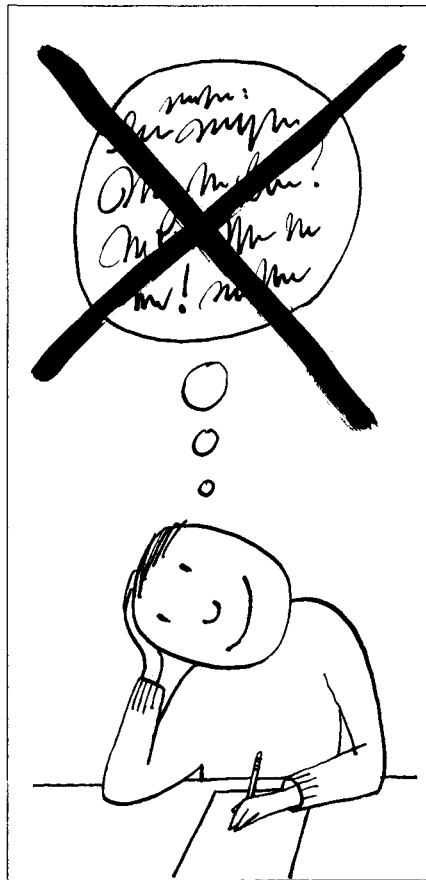
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that when I take off my pants I should not leave them draped on the loudspeaker, as I normally do, but contrive to suspend them on some sort of hook or hanger. I may decide to ask that person sitting across from me at the table to refrain from ripping out the spongy inside of her dinner roll and working it into a small ball between her palms. We are consumed by such future-directed choices: they are the reason for risk/benefit analysis. But meanwhile, on the periphery of our attention, hosts of gray-eyed, bright-speared opinions have been rustling, shifting, skirmishing. "What I think about the Head Start program" is out there, growing wiser, moodier, more cynical, along with "What constitutes a virtuous life?" and "Can any intellectual fashion originating in France be worth the trouble?" Unless I am being unusually calculating, I don't *decide* to befriend someone, and it is the same way with a conviction: I slowly come to enjoy its company, to respect its counsel, to depend on it for reassurance; I find myself ignoring its weaknesses or excesses—and if the friendship later ends, it is probably owing not to a sudden rift but to an encrustation of nearly insignificant complaints.

Thus no single argument will ever change our minds about anything really interesting or important. In fact, reasons and argument count for surprisingly little in the alluvial triumph of a thought—no more than 12 to 15 percent. Those reasons we do cite are often only a last flourish of bright plumage, a bit of ceremony to commemorate the result of a rabblement of tendencies too intricate to recapitulate. A haphazard flare of memory; an irrelevant grief; an anecdote in the newspaper; a turn of conversation that stings into motion a tiny doubt: from such frequent percussions the soul reorganizes itself—we change our minds as we change our character. Years go by and the movement remains unrecognized. ("I wasn't aware of it, but my whole thinking about method acting/planned communities/slippery-slope arguments/whether things are getting better or worse was undergoing a major overhaul back then.") We must not overlook sudden conversions and wrenching insights, but usually we fasten on to these only in hindsight, and exaggerate them for the sake of narrative—a secret of the great nineteenth-century novelists, who sit their heroines down and have them piece together the whole

evil of their situation in one grim evening.

Consider "whether things are getting better or worse" at closer range. Vague and huge as it is, most of us find it crucial enough to harvest periodically our opinions about it. Here are some of the marginally rational things that from one season to the next may contribute to my feelings concerning progress: There is more static in long-distance calls than there was a while ago. The Wonder Bread-style concrete they now use for sidewalks is a real step down from the



darker, pebblier substance they used to use, and that in turn was a decline from the lovely, undulant slabs of weathered blue slate, thrust into gradients and peaks by the blind, well-meaning roots of a nearby oak. When I tip the paper boy these days, he never says thank you. Cemetery statues suffer increasing vandalism. But: Teflon II! The wah-wah pedal! Free libraries for everyone! Central heating! Bubonic plaguelessness! Vladimir Nabokov! Lake Ontario is cleaner! My friends like my new suit! Somehow the mind arrives at a moving weighted average of these apples and oranges.

Occasionally a change of mind may take certain variant forms. Once, an issue about which I was burningly dogged, dead certain, turned gradually more intricate and nuanced; but instead of correspondingly moderating my opinion, and admitting the justice of several objections, I lost interest in it—it seemed dull, dull, dull—and now I glaze over when it comes up during lunch. Another time, a cherished opinion weakened as I became overfamiliar with the three examples that advocates used over and over to support it. Under the glare of this repetition, the secondary details, the richer underpinning of the opinion, faded; I seemed to have held it once too often; I tried but failed to find the lurid scholastic twist that would revive it for me. I crept insensibly toward the opposing view.

How is it that whole cultures and civilizations can change their "minds" in ways that are so susceptible to artful explanation? From the distance of the historian of ideas, things blur nicely: one sees a dogma and its vocabulary seeping from discipline to discipline, from class to class; if you squint you can make out splinter groups, groundswells of opposition, rival schools of thought—it is breathtaking, the smoothness and sweep of it all.

But when I stand on the street corner and try to reconstitute for myself the much-crumpled texture of influences, disgusts, mistakes, and passions that preceded a simple change of heart about forklifts—the variables press in, description stammers and drowns in detail, patience revolts, and imagination hops up and down to little purpose. I consult more successful attempts by the major intellectual autobiographers—St. Augustine, Gibbon, Mill, Newman, and men of similar kidney—but even their graceful accounts fail to satisfy: I don't want the story of the feared-but-loved teacher, the book that hit like a thunder-clap, the years of severe study followed by a visionary breakdown, the paroxysm of repentance; I want each change of mind in its true, knotted, clotted, viny multifariousness, with all of the colorful streamers of intelligence still taped on and flapping in the wind.

—Nicholson Baker

Nicholson Baker has contributed to *The Atlantic* and *The New Yorker*, and his story "K.590" will appear in *The Best American Short Stories*, 1982.

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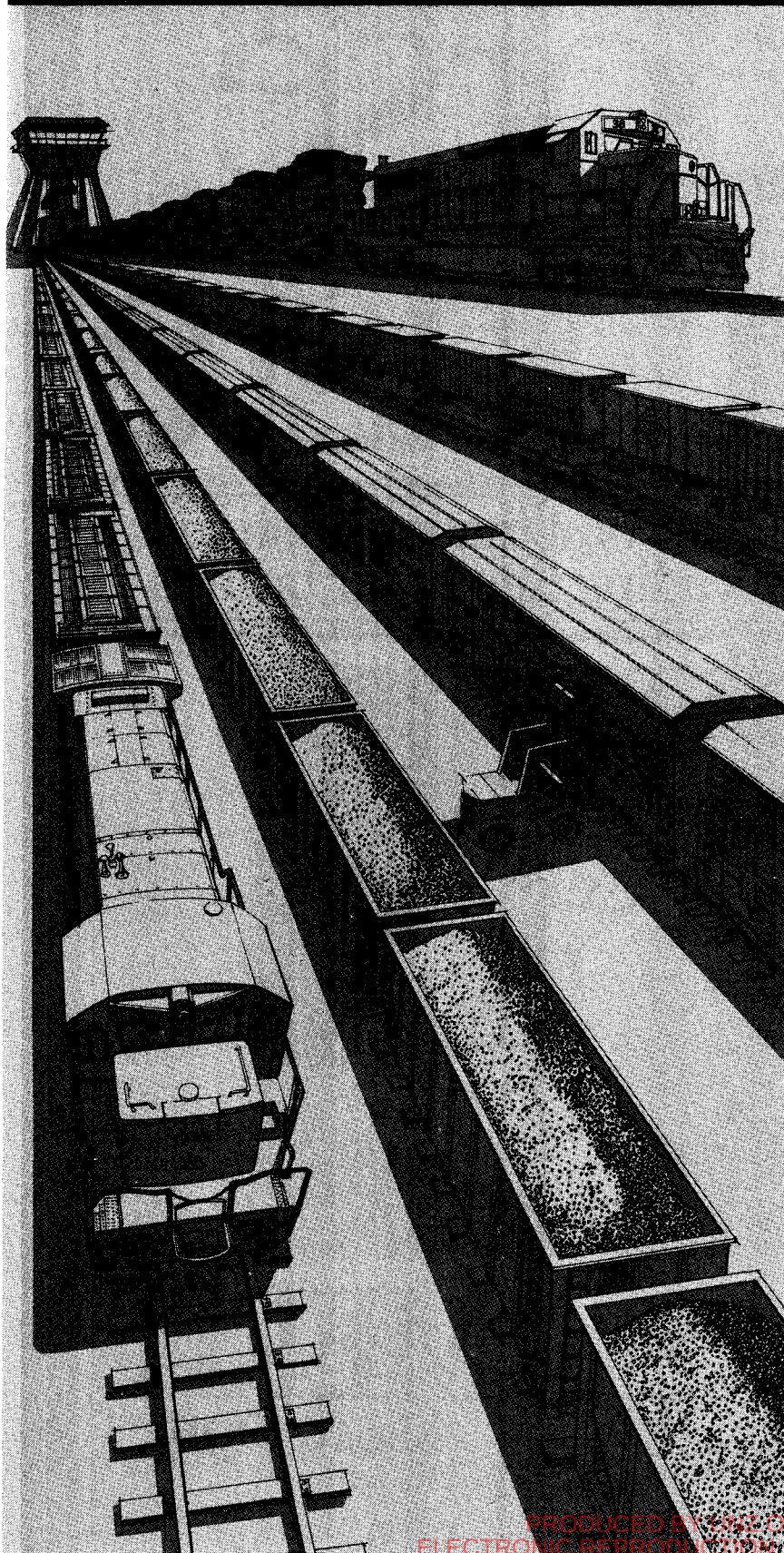
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If all Americans are "entitled" to help, who will pay for it?

ENTITLEMENTS

BY JAMES FALLOWS

EARLY LAST SPRING, HASTINGS KEITH TRIED TO RETURN some money to the federal government. For fourteen years, Keith was a Republican congressman from the Massachusetts district that includes Cape Cod. After leaving the Congress in 1972, he worked for a few months in the Nixon Administration and then went into business. Together with the five years and ten months he had spent in the military before, during, and after World War II, Keith had put in twenty years on the federal payroll; and so, in 1973, at the age of fifty-eight, he was eligible for the early retirement benefits the government provides.

His combined congressional/civil-service pension provided him initially with \$1,560 a month, or \$18,720 a year. He also received retirement pay, \$551 a month, for service on active military duty and in the reserves, which he began getting in 1975. And in 1980, when he turned sixty-five, Keith drew a third government benefit, his monthly Social Security check.

Like other federal benefits, Keith's were fully "indexed" against inflation, which meant that they were increased once, and in some cases twice, a year, in step with changes in the Consumer Price Index (CPI). Because of these increases, Keith, whose highest salary as a congressman had been \$42,500, found himself by 1982 taking in nearly \$61,000 a year in federal pensions. His congressional pension had more than doubled since 1973, to \$3,419 a month. His military pension had risen to \$903 a month, and his Social Security payment was \$691 a month. Another round of cost-of-living adjustments made this summer raised

Keith's federal pensions yet again, to a total of more than \$65,000.

And that was not the end of federal benefits for the Keith household. Keith's wife had retired from the federal government during a "reduction in force," or RIF, when she was forty-six years old. Since she had put in twenty-five years of federal service, she was, as a victim of a RIF, entitled to a pension, which started at \$550 a month in 1976. By this year, it had nearly doubled, to some \$1,000 a month. All told, then, the Keith family's federal pensions came to more than \$77,000 as of last summer—and all of it was fully indexed to future increases in inflation.

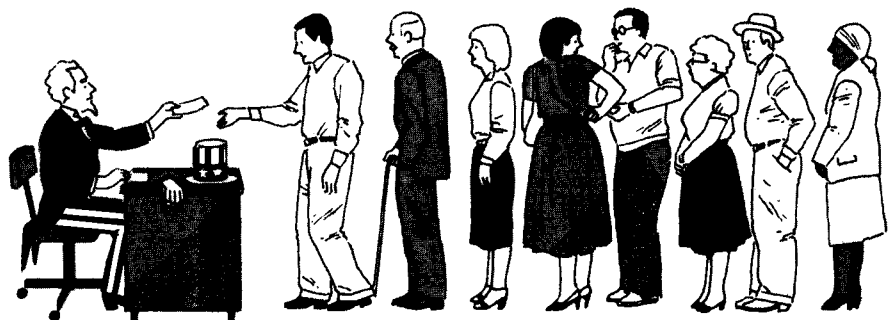
To Hastings Keith, this seemed excessive. He wrote a letter to the secretary of the Treasury, Donald Regan, explaining why he wanted to turn over three checks, totaling \$3,107, each representing a portion of his monthly allotments that he considered unwarranted.

Keith's hope had been to present his checks in a public ceremony, where he would register his complaint about the system that depleted the Treasury to finance windfalls such as his. The government shared little of his enthusiasm for the plan. Instead, he was granted an audience with an assistant secretary of the Treasury, who listened politely to his case, but did nothing.

His rebuff at the Treasury did not stop Hastings Keith, who has been telling his story to congressional committees and devoting his extra money to the effort to change the federal retirement system. But the government's lack of interest in his cause helps explain some of the current agonies over the federal budget and federal deficits.

Although the generosity of congressional pensions makes the sums in this example extreme, they illustrate a basic fact of modern government. Benefits that are indis-

James Fallows is Washington editor of The Atlantic and the author of National Defense.



ments for medical entitlements, of which Medicare makes up three quarters (Medicaid accounts for nearly all of the rest), rose by 133 percent in real dollars (i.e., adjusted to remove the effects of inflation). Medicare now costs less than one third as much as Social Security, but it is increasing at a much faster rate. According to projections based on the 1981 Social Security Trustees' report, Medicare could, by the year 2005, surpass Social Security to become the largest single item in the federal budget.

That Medicare should be outstripping Social Security suggests that it is subject to pressures other than demographics, since the clientele of the two programs is almost the same. The pressures driving Medicare costs ever higher are built into the medical system.

American doctors, researchers, and hospitals have proven far more brilliant in combating the ravages of age than in figuring out how to do so at a controllable cost. This imbalance presents choices that are inescapably cruel: who shall be denied kidney dialysis if the cost of serving everyone is too high? Who shall pay the cost if no one is to be denied? These are precisely the sorts of choices that democratic governments find most awkward to make, and medical-entitlement plans reflect that uneasiness. Under Medicare and Medicaid, the choices finally do get made, but only in a backhanded fashion that does not pretend to be rational and does not succeed in being economical.

The choices fall to the doctors: if your physician authorizes a trip to the hospital and elaborate tests, Medicare will pick up the costs of the next sixty days (after you pay the first \$260). In principle, the brake on expenditures is the cumulative effect of half-a-million doctors' prudent decisions. In practice, the limit is often set by local availability of hospital beds, of specialists, and of machines.

After years of bitter struggle, Congress enacted the Medicare program in 1965. Organized medicine, led by the American Medical Association, represented the principal opposition; as part of the political bargaining that ensured congressional passage, Medicare took on features that guaranteed that doctors and hospitals would not suffer financially under the plan. Doctors would be reimbursed according to a schedule of permissible fees—but the schedule would be based on rates set by the doctors themselves. Moreover, the doctors were free to bill their patients for supplements on top of the charge to Medicare. Hospitals, unlike doctors, agreed to accept Medicare's reimburse-

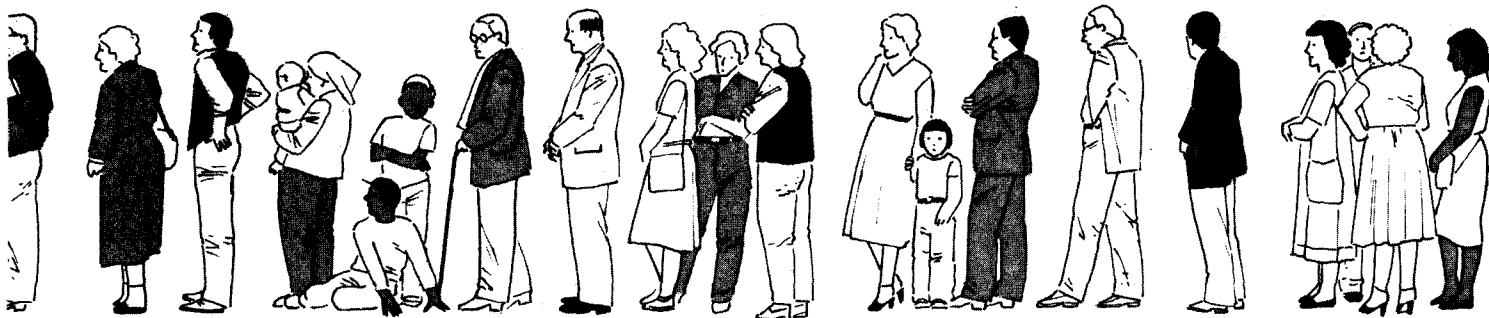
ment as payment in full for a patient's bill. But that reimbursement would be based on the hospital's rendering of "reasonable costs" of care. Hospitalization insurance was automatic under Medicare. To get the extra coverage for doctors' bills, each person had to pay a premium, now \$12.20 a month. Nearly everyone chooses the additional coverage, and so is effectively shielded from rising medical costs—which was, of course, one of the fundamental purposes of the plan.

The result of these arrangements was another of the "cost-plus" schemes so common in government contracting. No party to the transaction had both the incentive and the ability to economize on care. A hospital-building boom left new beds waiting to be filled. Filled they soon were, and the charges were passed on to Medicare or to private insurers. These "third-party reimbursers" watched their payments shoot through the roof—hospital charges have typically risen by 15 to 20 percent each year.

This general quandary for American medicine has created a particular challenge for Medicare, because expensive new medical techniques are most often used to treat older patients. Nearly a quarter of all Medicare payments are made in the last year of a recipient's life. While Medicare has been a resounding success in enabling retired Americans to meet their routine medical needs without financial terror, its budget is tremendously skewed by the costly last efforts to fend off death.

Political arguments about medical care have simmered down in the past half-dozen years, because of the near-universal assumption that the time has not been right to create another expensive new entitlement, in the form of a national health system. Yet the very difficulty of balancing our public accounts may soon refocus political attention on the basic questions of who gets what kind of medical care, and how we can pay for it.

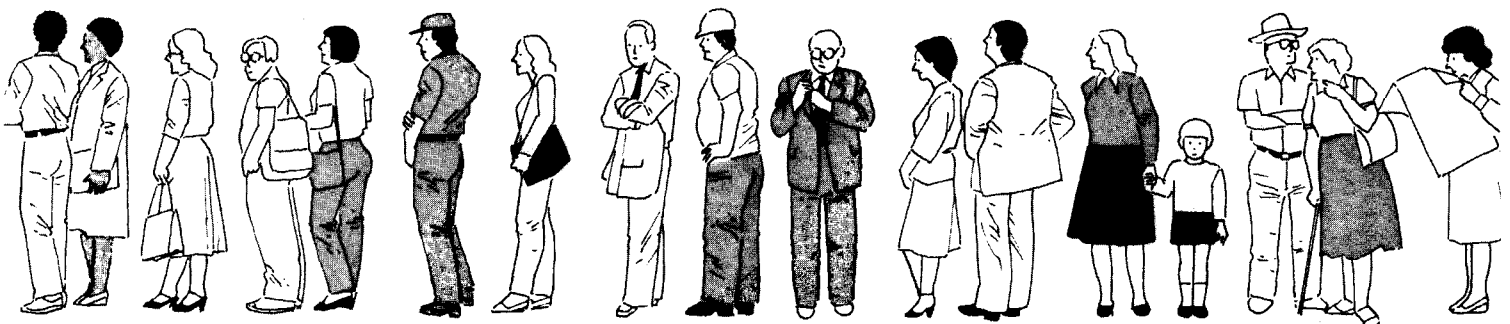
AS IT DREW UP ITS PROPOSALS FOR THE 1983 BUDGET, the administration decided not to recommend any reductions in Social Security, and only minor adjustments in Medicare and federal pension plans. In so doing, it started out by declaring one third of the budget off-limits for spending cuts. Another quarter of the budget belonged to the military, and its share was supposed to increase to one third over the next few years. A further 15



In the middle sixties, it took the simultaneous pursuit of a war on poverty and a war in Vietnam to throw the federal budget into chronic deficit. Now it might require nothing more ambitious than meeting our routine obligations.

Federal employees now enjoy the nation's most gener-

“Integrating” federal employees into Social Security would ultimately mean more generous benefits for low-paid federal employees, especially those who do not work for the government long enough to earn pension rights, since they would be able to count their years in government service toward their Social Security benefits. At the other end of the scale, it would mean an end to the windfalls now available to “double-dippers”: government employees who, having qualified for pensions while still in their late forties or fifties, take private jobs and become



eligible for Social Security as well. Robert Myers, a former chief actuary for Social Security who now directs a presidential commission on Social Security, which will recommend reforms for the system this winter, contends that *three quarters* of all retired government workers are either receiving a second pension or are working in a job that will qualify them to do so.

A few groups of federal employees have already set an example that might be widely emulated. The retirement plan for the Tennessee Valley Authority has since the 1950s been integrated with Social Security, like most private pension plans; it does not count military service toward its pensions; it applies its disability standards more strictly than does the civil-service retirement system; and it discourages early retirement. Except for the provisions for early retirement, it offers benefits comparable to those of other civil servants; yet, unlike most other systems, it is actuarially sound. The Federal Reserve pension plan and a few others operate on similar principles.

The logic of comparability also suggests a change in military pensions. Career soldiers can now retire on half pay after twenty years of service, or three-quarters pay if they serve for thirty years. (Members of the military are also eligible for Social Security.)

The demands of military duty obviously differ from those of any other work. But the twenty-year career costs a great deal while adding very little to our national defense. Gradually converting the military to a thirty-year career might mean increasing active-duty pay, especially for the sergeants and petty officers who are now the services' scarcest resource. In the long run, this would probably cost less than adding to the mountain of unfunded pension liabilities; and by reducing many officers' sense that their military duty can be only a "first career," it might well enhance the services' integrity.

YET ALL SUCH REFORMS TAKE US ONLY SO FAR. No matter how we might crack down on the retired colonels and GS-15s, it will not make much more difference in the entitlements budget than cracking down on welfare mothers would. Our national accounts will remain out of balance until we wrestle with the IOUs that middle-class America has issued to itself, through Social Security and Medicare. The two awesome

challenges of the entitlements are to control medical costs and to re-examine our notion of who "needs" public help.

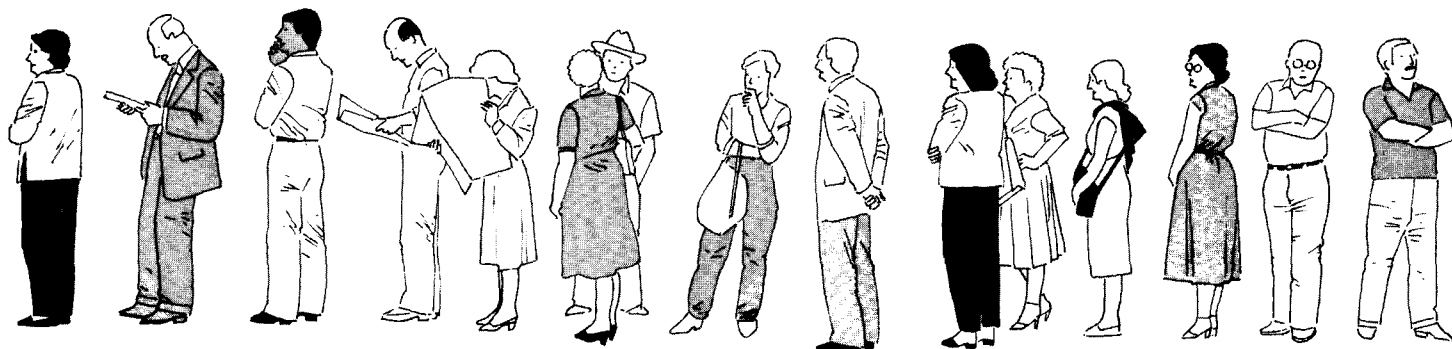
The budgets for Medicare and Medicaid, in their leaps to the sky, reflect the same pressures that are driving Blue Cross premiums and personal medical bills up and up. Tinkering with the government programs is the minor solution to this problem; the major one is changing incentives in the medical system. In forcing this issue to the center of political attention, the entitlements mess may indirectly do some good.

One political camp, exemplified by Senator Edward Kennedy, contends that the government can never contain medical costs unless it controls the medical system. To that end, Kennedy has tirelessly pushed for a nationwide, largely publicly financed, centrally planned approach to health care. The opposite view, espoused by David Stockman in his days in the Congress, holds that rising medical costs reflect imperfections in the medical market. The answer, therefore, is to unleash market forces through more competition.

Of the two views, Stockman's seems more in harmony with the politics of the time. The Reagan Administration plans to unveil a new medical-reform scheme, emphasizing "market forces," about the time of the President's State of the Union address next January.

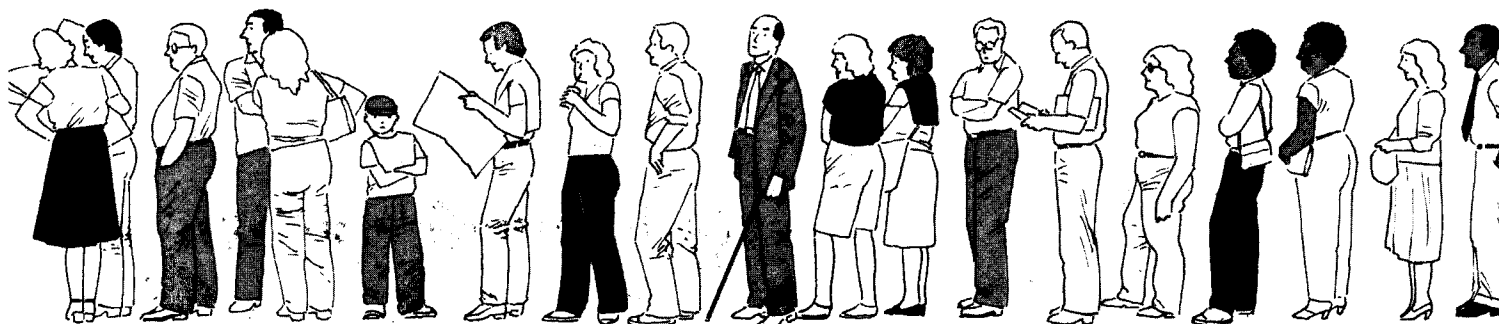
The logic of the market means encouraging the pre-paid medical plans known as health-maintenance organizations. It also means—though this may or may not be a feature of the President's plan—removing some of the padding that now protects the typical patient from his medical bills. Economists lament "third-party" payment schemes, whether run by Blue Cross or by the U.S. government, because they blunt the instinct for frugality that is so powerful when one's own money is at stake. When the patient can pass the bill to someone else, why should he worry about unnecessary tests? Why should he wait two weeks for an appointment at the doctor's office when he can use the hospital emergency room as a clinic? He will ultimately pay the bill, of course, through higher taxes or insurance premiums; but the market functions poorly when its messages are so long delayed and so weak.

One government economist, who chooses to remain unnamed, has taken reliance on the market a radical step further. Medicare's biggest economic problem, the economist argues, is the last-resort measures taken before an elderly



How, then, can we decide where to draw the line? One

To speak of "the aged," or "Social Security recipients," as one homogeneous group no longer makes sense. As recently as twenty years ago, it did. Those above sixty-five were then an economically distinct group. Like black Americans or single women heading households, they



were on the whole poorer than other people. The economic differences within the group were less important than the gap between them and the American norm. To aim a program at all retired people not only made political sense, in avoiding the taint of welfare; it also made economic sense, for it transferred money to people in need.

That has changed. Older Americans are now economically very much like their children's generation, and their grandchildren's. Michael Hurd and John B. Shoven, of the National Bureau of Economic Research, have reported that the per capita income of people over sixty-five is now higher than for the population as a whole. In 1978, it was 121 percent of the national norm. Two thirds of all people over sixty-five own at least one home.

As the differences between the generations have diminished, the differences among older people have grown more acute. On average, those above sixty-five enjoy parity with those below; but the average conceals many retired people who are desperately poor. About a fifth of all retired couples have incomes above \$24,000; but of the 5.8 million single women sixty-five or older, fully half have incomes below \$5,000. As the world works, the wealthiest couples generally receive the highest Social Security benefits (because they earned more when working) but depend on them least. For the couples making more than \$24,000, the comparatively large Social Security check represents about one sixth of their income. For the poorest elderly women, their smaller check is more than 80 percent of their total support.

Can it be fair to treat these people "equally," to hold the widow's \$300 a month and the couple's \$900 a month to an "even" 5 percent increase? Only a perverted sense of fairness is thereby honored; yet it is this kind of equity that our evenhanded entitlement policy now serves.

In practical terms, the solution might be to provide a full cost-of-living adjustment for only a certain portion of Social Security benefits—say, the first \$500 a month. A more significant step might be to make Social Security benefits subject to federal income tax. The automatic workings of the IRS are administratively far simpler than any other means for concentrating scarce resources on people in need. Social Security is already subject to a tax of sorts—the "earnings test," which reduces benefits by \$1 for each \$2 a recipient earns above \$6,000 per year. (The limit is \$4,400 for those under the age of sixty-five.) But the test

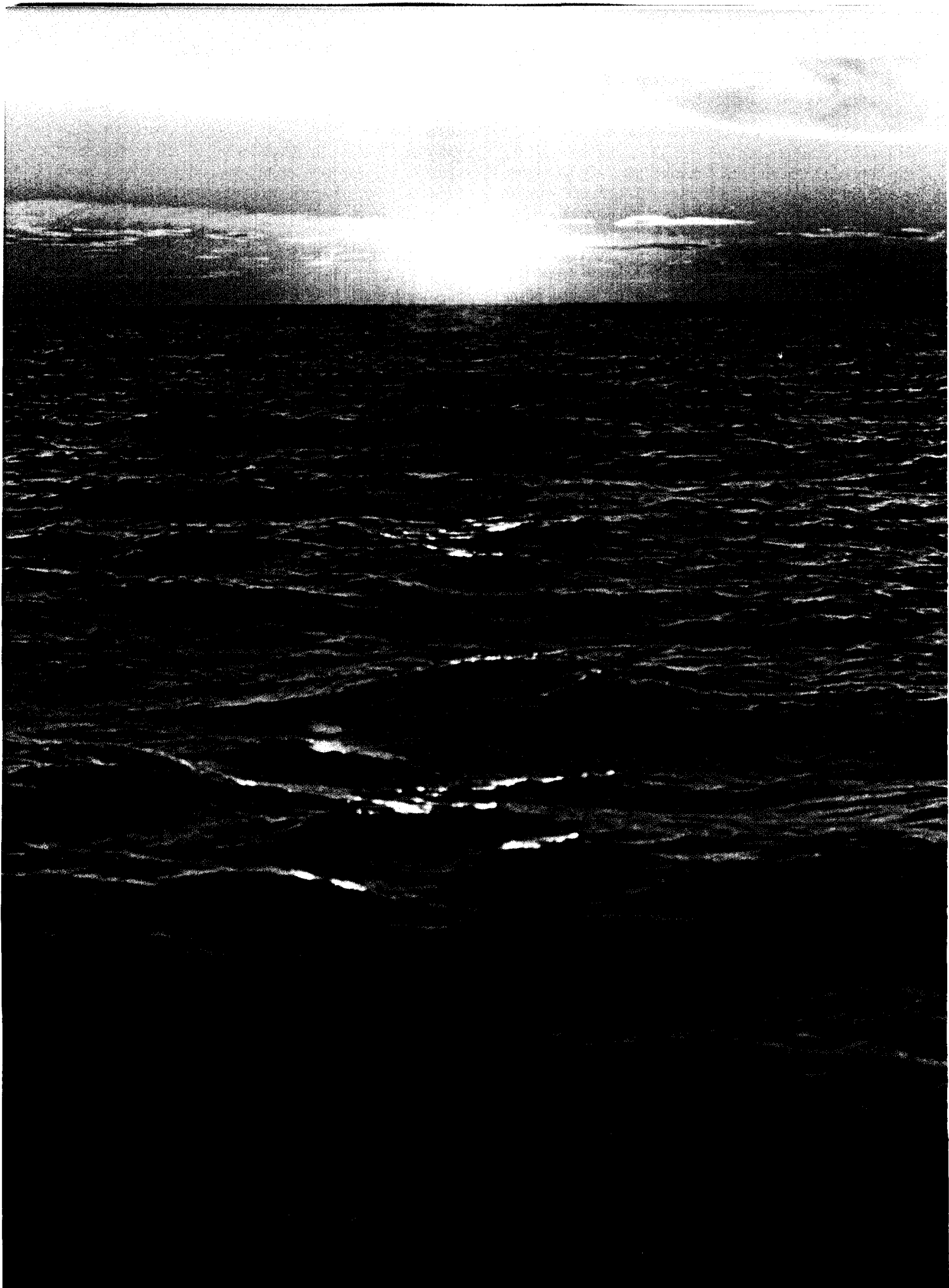
does not apply to people above the age of seventy-two, and next year the age will fall to seventy. More important, it applies only to *earnings*, from jobs, and not to investment income or other pensions, which are the major source of income for the most affluent older people.

Yet to tax Social Security would be heresy: that attitude is nearly universal, its emotional and political power a legacy of the era when we could effortlessly afford to treat everyone "equally." As I have tried to suggest, that era has ended, but adjusting our assumptions takes time. The only political proposition more challenging than taxing Social Security would be carrying the logic to its next step, and asking why there should be extra exemptions on Form 1040 for everyone over the age of sixty-five. Since older Americans are, on the whole, economically even with everyone else, why are the exemptions necessary? And since they transfer money to the wealthiest members of the group (those who pay taxes) and do little or nothing for the poorer 50 percent, how can they be defended?

We are understandably reluctant to face seemingly mean-spirited questions such as these. Yet our reluctance helps explain why the entitlements have grown so large, and why we seem so powerless to control them. We are also hindered by a widespread misunderstanding of where most people stand on the economic pyramid, and who should therefore be "entitled" to help. A family whose income is in the mid-\$30,000s is part of the richest 20 percent of all Americans. A family in the mid-\$50,000s is in the upper 5 percent. Yet most such people would be horrified to think that they were anything but "middle class," entitled to public help in financing their homes or sending their children to school and to the rewards of a lifetime of work in the form of monthly Social Security checks. As individuals, they undoubtedly deserve help; but if all of us are entitled, where will the money come from?

The entitlements problem has forced such questions upon us. The cost of ignoring them is not simply the obvious—the automatic growth of federal spending—but also the subtle destruction of other public goals. This effect transcends ideology. It matters little whether you want to improve education for all children, or build more aircraft carriers, or lift the burden of taxation from the shoulders of America's entrepreneurs—all causes are in jeopardy as long as more and more of us are "entitled" to support from everyone else. □





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A SHORT STORY
BY BOBBIE ANN MASON

EDWIN CREECH DRIVES A YELLOW BUS, TRANSPORTING a group of mentally retarded adults to the Cedar Hill Mental Health Center, where they attend training classes. He is away from 7:00 to 9:30 A.M. and from 2:30 to 5:00 P.M. His hours are so precise that Sabrina Jones, the girl he has been living with for several months, could easily cheat on him. Edwin devises schemes to test her. He places a long string of dental floss on her pillow (an idea he got from a mystery novel), but it remains undisturbed. She is away four nights a week, at rehearsals for *Oklahoma!* with the Western Kentucky Little Theater, and she often eats afterward with members of the cast. Sabrina won't let him go to rehearsals, saying she wants the play to be complete when he sees it. At home, she sings and dances along with the movie-soundtrack album, and acts out scenes for him. In the play, she's in the chorus, and she has two lines in Act I, Scene 3: "And to yer house a dark clubman!" and "Then out of your dreams you'll go." Edwin loves the dramatic way Sabrina waves her arms on her first line. She is supposed to be a fortune-teller.

One evening, when Sabrina comes home, Edwin is still up, so she puts on the soundtrack of *Oklahoma!* and sings along with Gordon MacRae while she does splits on the living-room rug. Her legs are long and slender, and she still has her summer tan. She is wearing her shorts, even though it is late fall. Edwin suddenly has an overwhelming feeling of love for her. She really seems to believe what she is singing—"Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'!" When the song ends, he tells her that.

"It's the middle of the night," he says, teasing. "And you think it's morning."

"I'm just acting."

"No, you really believe it. You believe it's morning, a beautiful morning."

Sabrina gives him a fishy look, and Edwin feels embarrassed. When the record ends, Sabrina goes into the bedroom and snaps on the radio. Rock music helps her relax before going to sleep. The new rock music she likes is monotonous and bland, but Edwin tells himself that he likes it because Sabrina likes it. As she undresses, he says to her, "I'm sorry. I wasn't accusing you of nothing."

"That's okay." She shrugs. The T-shirt she sleeps in has a hole revealing a spot of her skin, which Edwin would like to kiss, but he doesn't, because it seems like a corny thing to do. So many things about Sabrina are amazing: her fennel toothpaste and herbal deodorant; her slim, snaky hips; the way she puts Vaseline on her teeth for a flashier smile, something she learned to do in a beauty contest.

When she sits on the bed, Edwin says, "If I say the wrong things, I want you to tell me. It's just that I'm so crazy about you I can't think sometimes. But if I can do anything better, I will. I promise. Just tell me."

"I don't think of you as the worrying type," she says, lying down beside him. She still has her shoes on.

"I didn't used to be."

"You're the most laid-back guy I know."

"Is that some kind of actor talk from your actor friends?"

"No. You're just real laid-back. Usually good-looking guys are so stuck up. But you're not." The music sends vibrations through Edwin like a cat's purr. She says, "I brag on you all the time to Jeff and Sue—Curly and Laurey."

"I know who Jeff and Sue are." Sabrina talks constantly about Jeff and Sue, the romantic leads in the play.

Sabrina says, "Here's what I wish. If we had a big pile of money, we could have a house like Sue's. Did I tell you she's got *woven* blinds on her patio that she made herself? Everything she does is so *artistic*." Sabrina shakes Edwin's shoulder. "Wake up and talk to me."

"I can't. I have to get up at six."

Sabrina whispers to him, "Sue has the hots for Jeff. And Jeff's wife is going to have a duck with a rubber tail if she finds out." Sabrina giggles. "He kept dropping hints about how his wife was going to Louisville next week. And he and Sue were eating off the same slice of pizza."

"Is that supposed to mean something?"

"You figure it out."

"Would you do me that way?"

"Don't be silly." Sabrina turns up the radio, then unties her shoes and tosses them over Edwin's head into a corner.

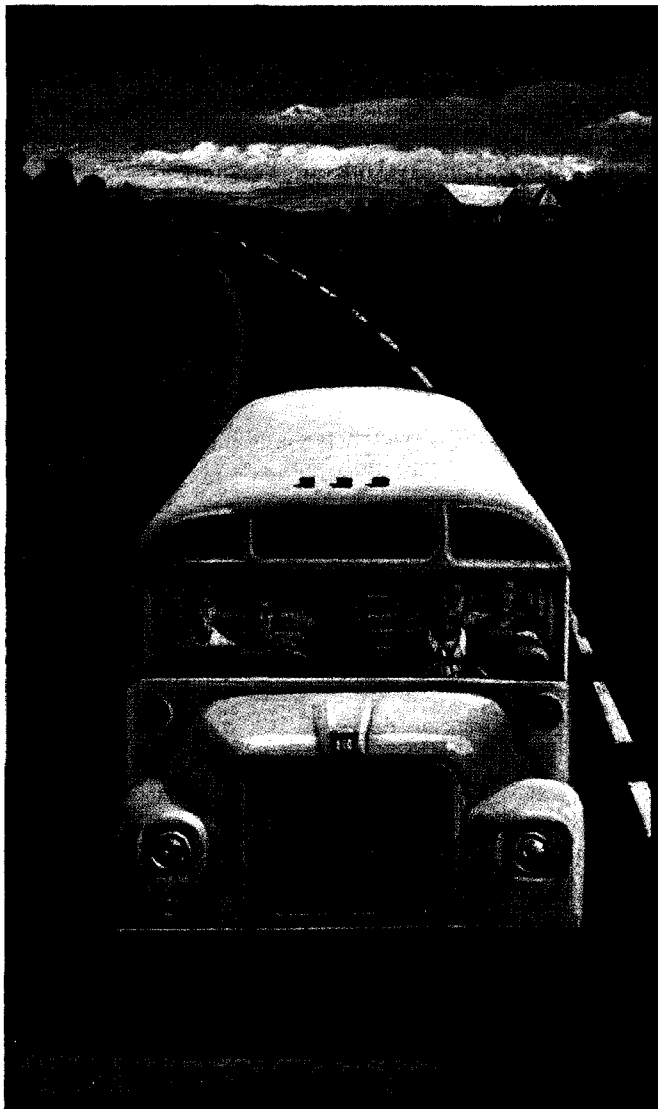
Edwin is forty-three and Sabrina is only twenty, but he does not want to believe age is a barrier between them. Sometimes he cannot believe his good luck, that he has a beautiful girl who finds him still attractive. Edwin has a

Bobbie Ann Mason's book, *Shiloh and Other Stories*, is being published this month by Harper & Row.

deep dimple in his chin, which reminded his first wife, Lois Ann, of Kirk Douglas. She had read in a movie magazine that Kirk Douglas had a special attachment on his razor for shaving his dimple. But Sabrina thinks Edwin looks like John Travolta, who also has a dimple. Now and then Edwin realizes how much older he is than Sabrina, but time has passed quickly, and he still feels like the same person, unchanged, that he was twenty years ago. His two ex-wives had seemed to drift away from him, and he had never tried to hold them back. But with Sabrina, he knows he must make an effort, for it is beginning to dawn on him that sooner or later women get disillusioned with him. Maybe he's too laid-back. But Sabrina likes this quality.

Sabrina has large round gray eyes and limp, brownish-blond hair, the color of birch paneling, which she highlights with Miss Clairol. They share a love of Fudgies, speedboats, and *WKRP in Cincinnati*. At the beginning, he thought that was enough to build a relationship on, because he knew so many couples who never shared such simple pleasures, but gradually he has begun to see that it is more complicated than that. Sabrina's liveliness makes him afraid that she will be fickle. He can't bear the thought of losing her, and he doesn't like the idea that his new possessiveness may be the same uneasy feeling a man would have for a daughter.

Sabrina's parents sent her to college for a year, but her father, a farmer, lost money on his hogs and couldn't afford to continue. When Edwin met her, she was working as a waitress in a steak house. She wants to go back to college, but Edwin does not have the money to send her either. In college, she learned things that make him feel ignorant around her. In an anthropology course, for instance, she learned for a fact that people evolved from animals. But when he tried to argue with her, she said his doubts were too silly to discuss. Edwin doesn't want to sound like a father, so he usually avoids such topics. Sabrina believes in the ERA, although she likes to keep house. She cooks odd things for him, like eggplant, and a weird lasagna with



vegetables. She says she knows how to make a Big Mac from scratch but she never does. Her specialty is pizza. She puts sliced dill pickles on it, which Edwin doesn't dare question. She likes to do things in what she calls an arty way. Now Sabrina is going out for pizza with people in The Theater. Sabrina talks of "The Theater."

Until he began driving the bus, Edwin had never worked closely with people. He worked on an offshore oil rig for a time, but kept his distance from the other men. He drove a bulldozer in a logging camp out west. In Kentucky, during his marriages, he worked in an aluminum-products company, an automotive machine shop, and numerous gas stations, going from job to job as casually as he went from woman to woman. He used to think of himself as an adventurer, but now he believes he has gone through life rather blindly, without much pain or sense of loss.

When he drives the bus, he feels stirred up, perhaps the way Sabrina feels about *Oklahoma!* The bus is a new luxury model with a tape deck, AM-FM, CB, and a built-in first-aid kit. He took a first-aid course, so he feels prepared to handle emergencies. Edwin has to stay alert, because anything could happen. The guys who came back from Vietnam said it was like this every moment. Edwin was in the Army, but he never went to war, and now he feels that he has bypassed some critical stage in his life: an experience of terror.

Edwin has never had this kind of responsibility, and he has never been around mentally retarded people before. His passengers are like bizarre, overgrown children, badly behaved and unpredictable. Some of them stare off into space, others are hyperactive. A woman named Freddie Johnson kicks aimlessly at the seat in front of her, spouting her ten-word vocabulary. She can say, "Hot! shorts," "Popeye on?" "Dukes over!" "Cook supper," and "Go bed." She talks continuously. A gangly man with a clubfoot has learned to get Hershey bars from a vending machine, and every day he brings home Hershey bars, clutching them in

his hand until he squeezes them out of shape. A pretty blonde woman shows Edwin the braces on her teeth every day when she gets on the bus. She gets confused if Edwin brings up another topic. The noises on the bus are chaotic and eerie—spurts, gurgles, yelps, squeals. Gradually, Edwin has learned how to keep his distance and keep order at the same time. He plays tape-recorded music to calm and entertain the passengers. In effect, he has become a disc jockey, taking requests and using the microphone, but he avoids fast-talk. The supervisors at the center have told him that the developmentally disabled—they always use this term—need a world that is slowed down; they can't keep up with today's fast pace. So he plays mellow old sixties tunes by the Lovin' Spoonful, Joni Mitchell, Donovan. It seems to work. The passengers have learned to clap or hum along with the music. One man, Merle Cope, has been learning to clap his hands in a body-awareness class. Merle is forty-seven years old, and he walks two miles—in an hour—to the bus stop, down a country road. He climbs onto the bus with agonizing slowness. When he gets on, he makes an exaggerated clapping motion, as if to congratulate himself for having made it, but he never lets his hands quite touch. Merle Cope always has an eager grin on his face, and when he tries to clap his hands he looks ecstatic. He looks happier than Sabrina singing "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'!"

ON A THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER, EDWIN STOPS AT THE junction of a state road and a gravel road called Ezra Combs Lane to pick up a new passenger. The country roads have shiny new green signs, with the names of the farmers who originally settled there, three or four generations ago. The new passenger is Laura Combs, who, he has been told, is thirty-seven and has never been to school. She will take classes in Home Management and Living Skills. When she gets on the bus, the people who were with her drive off in a blue Pacer. Laura Combs, a large, angular woman with buck teeth, stomps deliberately down the aisle, then plops down beside a young black man named Ray Watson, who has been riding the bus for about three weeks. Ray has hardly spoken, except to say "Have a nice day" to Edwin when he leaves the bus. Ray, who is mildly retarded from a blow on the head in his childhood, is subject to seizures, but so far he has not had one on the bus. Edwin watches him carefully. He has learned about convulsions in his first-aid course.

When Laura Combs sits down by Ray Watson, she shoves him and says, "Scoot over. And cheer up."

Her tone is not cheerful. Edwin watches in the rearview mirror, ready to act. He glides around a curve and slows down for the next passenger. A tape has ended, and Edwin hesitates before inserting another. He hears Ray Watson say, "I never seen anybody as ugly as you."

"Shut up or I'll send you to the back of the bus." Laura Combs speaks with a snappy authority that makes Edwin

wonder if she is really retarded. Her hair is streaked gray and yellow, and her face is filled with acne pits.

Ray Watson says, "That's fine with me long as I don't have to set by you."

"Want me to throw you back in the woodpile where you come from?"

"I bet you could throw me plumb out the door, you so big."

It is several minutes before it is clear to Edwin that they are teasing. He is pleased that Ray is talking, but he can't understand why it took a person like Laura Combs to motivate him. She is an imposing woman with a menacing stare. She churns gum, her mouth open.

For a few weeks, Edwin watches them joke with each other, but whenever he decides he should separate them, they break out into big grins and pull at each other's arms. The easy intimacy they develop seems strange to Edwin, but then it suddenly occurs to him what a fool he is being about a twenty-year-old girl, and that seems even stranger. He hears Ray ask Laura, "Did you get that hair at the Piggly Wiggly?" Laura's hair is in pigtails, which seem to be freshly plaited on Mondays and untouched the rest of the week. Laura says, "I don't want no birds nestin' in *my* hair."

Edwin takes their requests. Laura has to hear "Mister Bojangles" every day, and Ray demands that Edwin play something from Elvis's Christmas album. They argue over taste. Each says the other's favorite songs are terrible.

Laura tells Ray she never heard of a black person liking Elvis, and Ray says, "There's a lot about black people you don't know."

"What?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out. You belong on the moon. All white peoples belong on the moon."

"You belong in Atlanta," Laura says, doubling over with laughter.

When Edwin reports their antics one day to Sabrina, she says, "That's too depressing for words."

"They're a lot smarter than you'd think."

"I don't see how you can stand it." Sabrina shudders. She says, "Out in the woods, animals that are defective wouldn't survive. Even back in history, deformed babies were abandoned."

"Today's different," says Edwin, feeling alarmed. "Now they have rights."

"Well, I'll say one thing. If I was going to have a retarded baby, I'd get an abortion."

"That's killing."

"It's all in how you look at it," says Sabrina, changing the radio station.

They are having lunch. Sabrina has made a loaf of zucchini bread, because Sue made one for Jeff. Edwin doesn't understand her reasoning, but he takes it as a compliment. She gives him another slice, spreading it with whipped margarine. All of his women were good cooks. Maybe he didn't praise them enough. He suddenly blurts out so much

praise for the zucchini bread that Sabrina looks at him oddly. Then he realizes that her attention is on the radio. The Humans are singing a song about paranoia, which begins, "Attention, all you K-Mart shoppers, fill your carts, 'cause your time is almost up." It is Sabrina's favorite song.

"Most of my passengers are real poor country people," Edwin says. "Used to, they'd be kept in the attic or out in the barn. Now they're riding a bus, going to school and having a fine time."

"In the attic? I never knew that. *I'm* a poor country girl, and I never knew that."

"Everybody knows that," says Edwin, feeling a little pleased. "But don't call yourself a poor country girl."

"It's true. My daddy said he'd give me a calf to raise if I came back home. Big deal. My greatest dread is that I'll end up on a farm, raising a bunch of dirty-faced young 'uns. Just like some of those characters on your bus."

Edwin does not know what to say. The song ends. The last line is, "They're looking in your picture window."

While Sabrina clears away the dishes, Edwin practices rolling bandages. He has been reviewing his first-aid book. "I want you to help me practice a simple splint," he says.

"If I broke a leg, I couldn't be in *Oklahoma!*"

"You won't break a leg." He holds out the splint. It is a fraternity paddle, a souvenir of her college days. She sits down for him and stretches out her leg.

"I can't stand this," she says.

"I'm just practicing. I have to be prepared. I might have an emergency."

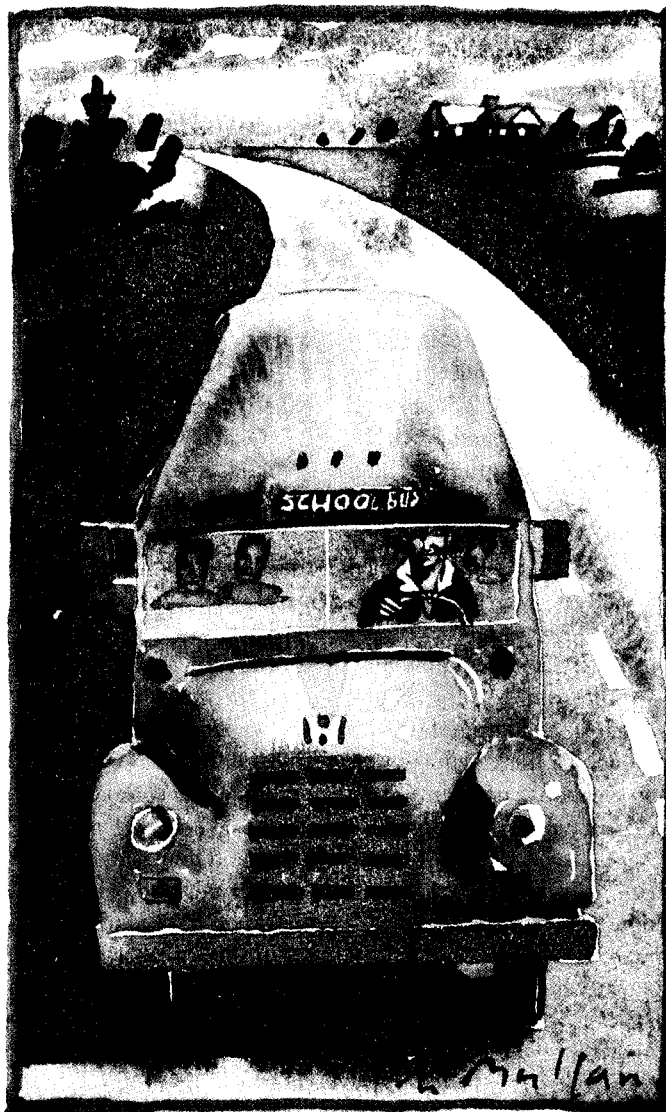
Sabrina, wincing, closes her eyes while Edwin ties the fraternity paddle to her ankle.

"It's perfect," he says, tightening the knot.

Sabrina opens her eyes and wiggles her foot. "Jim says he's sure I can have a part in *Life With Father*," she says. Jim is the director of *Oklahoma!* She adds, "Jeff is probably going to be the lead."

"I guess you're trying to make me jealous."

"No, I'm not. It's not even a love story."



"I'm glad, then. Is that what you want to do?"

"I don't know. Don't you think I ought to go back to school and take a drama class? It'd be a real great experience, and I'm not going to get a job anytime soon, looks like. Nobody's hiring." She wiggles her leg impatiently, and Edwin begins untying the bandage. "What do you think I ought to do?"

"I don't know. I never know how to give you advice, Sabrina. What do I know? I haven't been to college like you."

"I wish we were rich, so I could go back to school," Sabrina says sadly. The fraternity paddle falls to the floor, and she says, with her hands rushing to her face, "Oh, God, I can't stand the thought of breaking a leg."

THE PLAY OPENS IN two weeks, during the Christmas season, and Sabrina has been making some costumes—two gingham outfits, virtu-

ally identical. She models them for Edwin and practices her dances for him. Edwin applauds, and she gives him a stage bow, as the director has taught her to do. Everything Sabrina does now seems like a performance. When she slices the zucchini bread, sawing at it because it has hardened, it is a performance. When she sat in the kitchen chair with the splint, it was as though she imagined her audience. Edwin has been involved in his own performances, on the bus. He emulates Dr. Johnny Fever, on *WKRP*, because he likes to be low-key, cool. But he hesitates to tell Sabrina about his disc-jockey role because she doesn't watch *WKRP in Cincinnati* with him anymore. She goes to rehearsals early.

Maybe it is out of resistance to the sappy *Oklahoma!* soundtrack, or maybe it is an inevitable progression, but Edwin finds himself playing a few Dylan tunes, some Janis Joplin, nothing too hectic. The passengers shake their heads in pleasure or beat things with their fists. It makes Edwin sad to think how history passes them by, but sometimes he feels the same way about his own life. As he drives along, playing these old songs, he thinks about what

his life was like back then. During his first marriage, he worked in a gas station, saving for a down payment on a house. Lois Ann fed him on a TV tray while he watched the war. It was like a drama series. After Lois Ann, and then his travels out west, there was Carolyn and another down payment on another house and more of the war. Carolyn had a regular schedule—pork chops on Mondays, chicken on Tuesdays. Thursday's menu has completely escaped his memory. He feels terrible, remembering his wives by their food, and remembering the war as a TV series. His life has been a delayed reaction. He feels like he's about Sabrina's age. He plays music he did not understand fifteen years ago, music that now seems full of possibility: the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, groups with vision. Edwin feels that he is growing and changing for the first time in years. The passengers on his bus fill him with a compassion he has never felt before. When Freddie Johnson learns a new word—"bus"—he is elated. He feels confident. He could drive his passengers all the way to California if he had to.

One day a string-bean girl with a speech impediment gives Edwin a tape cassette she wants him to play. Her name is Lou Murphy. Edwin has tried to encourage her to talk, but today he hands the tape back to her abruptly.

"I don't like the Plasmatics," he explains, enjoying his authority. "I don't play New Wave. I have a Golden Oldie format. I just play sixties stuff."

The girl takes the tape cassette and sits down by Laura Combs. Ray Watson is absent today. She starts pulling at her hair, and the cassette jostles in her lap. Laura is wound up too, jiggling her knees. The pair of them make Edwin think of those vibrating machines that mix paint by shaking the cans.

Edwin takes the microphone and says, "If you want a New Wave format, you'll have to ride another bus. Now let's crawl back in the stacks of wax for this oldie but goodie—Janis Joplin and 'Try.'"

Lou Murphy nods along with the song. Laura's chewing gum pops like BBs. A while later, after picking up another passenger, Edwin glances in the rearview mirror and sees Laura playing with the Plasmatics tape, pulling it out in a curly heap. Lou seems to be trying to shriek, but nothing comes out. Before Edwin can stop the bus, Laura has thrown the tape out the window.

"You didn't like it, Mr. Creech," Laura says when Edwin, after halting the bus on a shoulder, stalks down the aisle. "You said you didn't like it."

Edwin has never heard anyone sound so matter-of-fact, or look so reasonable. Since Laura began her classes, she has learned to set a table, make change, and dial a telephone. She even has a job at the training center, sorting seeds and rags. She is as hearty and domineering, yet as delicate and vulnerable, as Janis Joplin must have been. Edwin manages to move Lou to a front seat. She is sobbing silently, her lower jaw jerking, and Edwin realizes that he is trembling too. He feels ashamed. After all, he is

not driving the bus in order to make a name for himself. Yet it had felt right to insist on his format for his show. There is no appropriate way to apologize, or explain.

Edwin doesn't want to tell Sabrina about the incident. She is preoccupied with the play and often listens to him distractedly. Edwin has decided that he was foolish to suspect she had a lover. The play is her love. Her nerves are on edge. One chilly afternoon, on the weekend before *Oklahoma!* opens, he suggests driving over to Kentucky Lake.

"You need a break," he tells her. "A little relaxation. I'm worried about you."

"This is nothing," she says. "Two measly lines. I'm not exactly a star."

"What if you were? Would you get an abortion?"

"What are you talking about? I'm not pregnant."

"You said once you would. Remember?"

"Oh. I would if the baby was going to be creepy, like those people on your bus."

"But how would you know if it was?"

"They can tell." Sabrina stares at him and then laughs. "Through science."

In the early winter, the lake is deserted. The beaches are washed clean, and the water is clear and gray. Now and then, as they walk by the water, they hear a gunshot from the Land Between the Lakes wilderness area. "The Surrey With the Fringe on Top" is going through Edwin's head, and he wishes he could throw the *Oklahoma!* soundtrack in the lake, as easily as Laura Combs threw the Plasmatics out the window of the bus. He has an idea that after the play, Sabrina is going to feel a letdown too great for him to deal with.

When Sabrina makes a comment about the "artistic intention" of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Edwin says, "Do you know what Janis Joplin said?"

"No, what?" Sabrina stubs the toe of her jogging shoe in the sand.

"Janis Joplin said, 'I don't write songs. I just make 'em up.' I thought that was clever."

"That's funny, I guess."

"She said she was going to her high school reunion in Port Arthur, Texas. She said, 'I'm going to laugh a lot. They laughed me out of class, out of town, and out of the state.'"

"You sound like you've got that memorized," Sabrina says, looking at the sky.

"I saw it on TV one night when you were gone, an old tape of a Dick Cavett show. It seemed worth remembering." Edwin rests his arm around Sabrina's waist, as thin as a post. He says, "I see a lot of things on TV, when you're not there."

Wild ducks are landing on the water, scooting in like water-skiers. Sabrina seems impressed by them. They stand there until the last one lands.

Edwin says, "I bet you can't even remember Janis Joplin. You're just a young girl, Sabrina. *Oklahoma!* will seem silly to you one of these days."

Sabrina hugs his arm. "That don't matter." She breaks into laughter. "You're cute when you're being serious."

Edwin grabs her hand and jerks her toward him. "Look, Sabrina. I was never serious before in my life. I'm just now, at this point in my life—this week—getting to be serious." His words scare him, and he adds with a grin that stretches his dimple, "I'm serious about *you*."

"I know that," she says. She is leading the way along the water, through the trees, pulling him by the hand. "But you never believe how much I care about you," she says, drawing him to her. "I think we get along real good. That's why I wish you'd marry me instead of just stringing me along."

Edwin gasps like a swimmer surfacing. It is very cold on the beach. Another duck skis onto the water.

OKLAHOMA! HAS A four-night run, with one matinee. Edwin

goes to the play three times, surprised that he enjoys it. Sabrina's lines come off differently each time, and each evening she discusses the impression she made. Edwin tells her that she is the prettiest woman in the cast, and that her lines are cute. He wants to marry Sabrina, although he hasn't yet said he will. He wishes he could buy her a speedboat for a wedding present. She wants him to get a better-paying job, and she has ideas about a honeymoon cottage at the lake. It feels odd that Sabrina has proposed to him. He thinks of her as a liberated woman. The play is old-fashioned and phony. The love scenes between Jeff and Sue are comically stilted, resembling none of the passion and intrigue that Sabrina has reported. She compared them to Bogart and Bacall, but Edwin can't remember if she meant Jeff and Sue's roles or an actual affair. How did Sabrina know about Bogart and Bacall?

At the cast party, at Jeff's house, Jeff and Sue are publicly affectionate, getting away with it by playing their Laurey and Curly roles, but Jeff's wife, who has made ham, potato salad, chiffon cake, eggnog, and cranberry punch for sixty people, suddenly disappears from



the party. Jeff whizzes off in his Camaro to find her. Sabrina whispers to Edwin, "Look how Sue's pretending nothing's happened. She's flirting with the guy who played Judd Fry." Sabrina, so excited that she bounces around on her tiptoes, is impressed by Jeff's house, which has wicker furniture and rose-plush carpets.

Edwin drinks too much cranberry punch at the party, and most of the time he sits on a wicker love seat watching Sabrina flit around the room, beaming with the joy of her success. She is out of costume, wearing a sweatshirt with a rainbow on the front and pots of gold on her breasts. He realizes how proud he is of her. Her complexion is as smooth as a white mushroom, and she has crinkled her hair by braiding and unbraiding it. He watches her join some of the cast members around the piano to sing songs from the play, as though they cannot bear it that the play has ended. Sabrina seems to belong with them, these the-

ater people. Edwin knows they are not really theater people. They are only local merchants putting on a play in their spare time. But Edwin is just a bus driver. He should get a better job so that he can send Sabrina to college, but he knows that he has to take care of his passengers. Their faces have become as familiar to him as the soundtrack of *Oklahoma!* He can practically hear Freddie Johnson shouting out her TV shows, "Popeye on! Dukes over!" He sees Sabrina looking at him lovingly. The singers shout, "Oklahoma, OK!"

Sabrina brings him a plastic glass of cranberry punch and sits with him on the love seat, holding his hand. She says, "Jim said I should definitely take a drama course at Murray State next semester. He was real encouraging. He said, 'Why not be in the play *and* take a course or two?' I could drive back and forth, don't you think?"

"Why not? You can have anything you want." Edwin plays with her hand.

"Jeff took two courses at Murray and look how good he was. Didn't you think he was good? I loved that cute way he went into that dance."

Edwin is a little drunk. He finds himself telling Sabrina about how he plays disc jockey on the bus, and he confesses to her his shame about the way he sounded off about his Golden Oldie format. His mind is reeling, and the topic sounds trivial compared with Sabrina's future.

"Why *don't* you play a New Wave format?" she asks him. "It's what *everybody* listens to." She nods at the stereo, which is playing "Private Idaho," by the B-52s, a song Edwin has often heard on the radio late at night when Sabrina is unwinding, moving into his arms. The music is violent and mindless, with a fast beat, like a crazed parent abusing a child, thrashing it senseless.

"I don't know," Edwin says. "I shouldn't have said that to Lou Murphy. It bothers me."

"She don't know the difference," Sabrina says, patting his head. "It's ridiculous to make a big thing out of it. Words are so arbitrary, and people don't say what they mean half the time anyway."

"You should talk, Miss Oklahoma!" Edwin laughs, spurt-ing a little punch on the love seat. "You and your two lines."

"They're just lines," she says, smiling up at him and poking her finger into his dimple.

Some of Edwin's passengers bring him Christmas presents, badly wrapped, with tags that say his name in wobbly writing. Edwin puts the presents in a drawer, where Sabrina finds them.



PROCESSIONAL

Think what the demotic raindrop felt,
Translated by a polar wand to keen
Six-pointed Mandarin—
All singularity, its Welt-
Anschauung of a hitherto untold
Flakiness, gemlike, nevermore to melt!

But melt it would, and—look—become
Now birdglance, now the gingko leaf's fanlight,
To that same tune whereby immensely old
Slabs of dogma and opprobrium,
Exchanging ions under pressure, bred
A spar of burnt-black anchorite,

Or in three tidy strokes of word golf LEAD
Once again turns (LOAD, GOAD) to GOLD.

—James Merrill

"Aren't you going to open them?" she asks. "I'd be dying to know what was inside."

"I will eventually. Leave them there." Edwin knows what is in them without opening them. There is a bottle of shaving cologne, a tie (he never wears a tie), and three boxes of chocolate-covered cherries (he peeked in one, and the others are exactly the same shape). The presents are so pathetic that Edwin could cry. He cannot bring himself to tell Sabrina what happened on the bus.

On the bus, the day before Christmas break, Ray Watson had a seizure. During that week, Edwin had been playing more Dylan and even some Stones. No Christmas music except the Elvis album, as usual, for Ray. And then, almost unthinkingly, following Sabrina's advice, Edwin shifted formats. It seemed a logical course, as natural as Sabrina's herbal cosmetics, her mushroom complexion. It started with a revival of the Doors—Jim Morrison singing "Light My Fire," a song that was so long it carried them from the feed mill on one side of town to the rendering plant on the other. The passengers loved the way it stretched out, and some shook their heads and stomped their feet. As Edwin realized later, the whole bus was in a frenzy, and he should have known he was leading the passengers toward disaster, but the music seemed so appropriate. The Doors were a bridge from the past to the present, spanning those empty years—his marriages, the turbulence of the times—and connecting his youth solidly with the present. That day Edwin taped more songs from the radio—Adam and the Ants, Squeeze, the B-52s, the Psychedelic Furs, the Flying Lizards—and he made a point of replacing the Plasmatics tape for Lou Murphy. The New Wave format was a hit. Edwin believed that the passengers understood what was happening. The frantic beat was a perfect expression of their aimlessness and frustration. Edwin had the impression that his passengers were growing, expanding, like the corn in *Oklahoma!*, like his own awareness. The new format went on for two days before Ray had his seizure. Edwin did not know exactly what happened, and it was possible that Laura Combs had shoved Ray into the aisle. Edwin was in an awkward place on the highway, and he had to shoot across a bridge and over a hill before he could find a good place to stop. Everyone on the bus was making odd noises, gasping or clapping, some imitating Ray's convulsions. Freddie Johnson was saying "*Popeye* on! *Dukes* over!" Ray was on the floor, gagging, with his head thrown back, and twitching like someone being electrocuted. Laura Combs stood hunched in her seat, her mouth open in speechless terror, pointing her finger at Edwin. During the commotion, the Flying Lizards were chanting tonelessly, "I'm going to take my problems to the United Nations; there ain't no cure for the summertime blues."

Edwin followed all the emergency steps he had learned. He loosened Ray's clothing, slapped his cheeks, turned him on his side. Ray's skin was the color of the Hershey bars the man with the clubfoot collected. Edwin recalled

grimly the first-aid book's ironic assurance that facial coloring was not important in cases of seizure. On the way to the hospital, Edwin clicked in a Donovan cassette. To steady himself, he sang along under his breath. "I'm just wild about saffron," he sang. It was a tune as carefree and lyrical as a field of daffodils. The passengers were screaming. All the way to the hospital, Edwin heard their screams, long and drawn out, orchestrated into an accusing wail—eerie and supernatural.

Edwin's supervisors commended him for his quick thinking in handling Ray and getting him to the hospital, and everyone he has seen at the center has congratulated him. Ray's mother sent him an uncooked fruitcake made with graham-cracker crumbs and marshmallows. She wrote a poignant note, thanking him for saving her son from swallowing his tongue. Edwin keeps thinking: what he did was no big deal; you can't swallow your tongue anyway; and it was Edwin's own fault that Ray had a seizure. He does not feel like a hero. He feels almost embarrassed.

Sabrina seems incapable of embarrassment. She is full of hope, like the Christmas season. *Oklahoma!* was only the beginning for her. She has a new job at McDonald's and a good part in *Life With Father*. She plans to commute to Murray State next semester to take a drama class and a course in Western Civilization, which she needs to fulfill a requirement. She seems to assume that Edwin will marry her. He finds it funny that it is up to him to say yes. When she says she will keep her own name, Edwin wonders what the point is.

"My parents would just love it if we got married," Sabrina explains. "For them, it's worse for me to live in sin than to be involved with an older man."

"I didn't think I was really older," says Edwin. "But now I know it. I feel like I've had a developmental disability and it suddenly went away. Something like Freddie Johnson learning to read. That's how I feel."

"I never thought of you as backward. 'Laid-back' is what I said." Sabrina laughs at her joke. "I'm sure you're going to impress Mom and Dad."

Tomorrow, she is going to her parents' farm, thirty miles away, for the Christmas holidays, and she has invited Edwin to go with her. He does not want to disappoint her. He does not want to go through Christmas without her. She has arranged her Christmas cards on a red string between the living room and the kitchen. She is making cookies, and Edwin has a feeling she is adding something strange to them. Her pale, fine hair is falling down in her face. Flour streaks her jeans.

"Let me show you something," Edwin says, bringing out a drugstore envelope of pictures. "One of my passengers, Merle Cope, gave me these."

"Which one is he? The one with the fits?"

"No. The one who claps all the time. He lives with a lot of sisters and brothers, down in Langley's Bottom. It's a case of incest. The whole family's backward—your word. He's forty-seven and goes around with this big smile on his face, clapping." Edwin demonstrates.

He pins the pictures on Sabrina's Christmas-card line with tiny red-and-green clothespins. "Look at these and tell me what you think."

Sabrina squints, going down the row of pictures. Her hands are covered with flour and she holds them in front of her, the way she learned from her actor friends to hold an invisible baby.

The pictures are black-and-white snapshots: fried eggs on cracked plates, an oilclothed kitchen table, a bottle of tomato ketchup, a fence post, a rusted tractor seat sitting on a stump, a corner crib, a sagging door, a toilet bowl, a cow, and, finally, a horse's rear end.

"I can't look," says Sabrina. "These are disgusting."

"I think they're arty."

Sabrina laughs. She points to the pictures one by one, getting flour on some of them. Then she gets the giggles and can't stop. "Can you imagine what the developers thought when they saw that horse's ass?" she gasps. Her laughter goes on and on, then subsides with a little whimper. She goes back to the cookies. While she cuts out the cookies, Edwin takes the pictures down and puts them in the envelope. He hides the envelope in the drawer with the Christmas presents. Sabrina sets the cookie sheet in the oven and washes her hands.

Edwin asks, "How long do those cookies take?"

"Twelve minutes. Why?"

"Let me show you something else—in case you ever need to know it. The CPR technique—that's cardiopulmonary resuscitation, in case you've forgotten."

Sabrina looks annoyed. "I'd rather do the Heimlech maneuver," she says. "Besides, you've practiced CPR on me a hundred times."

"I'm not practicing. I don't have to anymore. I'm beyond that." Edwin notices Sabrina's puzzled face. The thought of her fennel toothpaste, which makes her breath smell like licorice, fills him with something like nostalgia, as though she were already only a memory. He says, "I just want you to feel what it would be like. Come on." He leads her to the couch and sits her down. Her hands are still moist. He says, "Now just pretend. Bend over like this. Just pretend you have the biggest pain, right here, right in your chest, right there."

"Like this?" Sabrina is doubled over, her hair falling to her knees and her fists knotted between her breasts.

"Yes. Right in your heart." □



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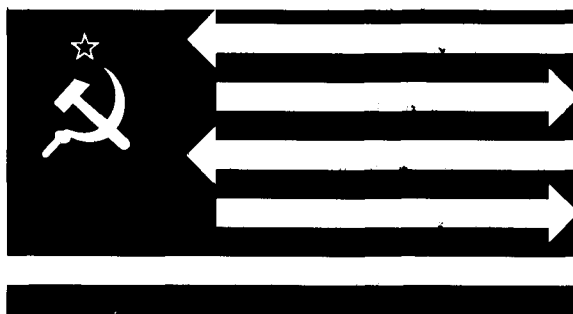
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AMERICA'S UNSTABLE SOVIET POLICY

BY GEORGE F. KENNAN



*What has caused the deterioration of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union since 1974? George F. Kennan argues that it has had less to do with external reality than with the shifting impulses of the American political establishment. Mr. Kennan, a Foreign Service officer for twenty-six years and a former ambassador to the Soviet Union and to Yugoslavia, is one of the leading Western scholars of Russian affairs. He is the author of numerous books, including *Realities of American Foreign Policy*, *Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin*, and *The Nuclear Delusion*, and has won two Pulitzer Prizes and two National Book Awards. He is now professor emeritus at the Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton University.*

THE SECOND RUSSIAN REVOLUTION OF 1917 (ACTUALLY not a "revolution" but the Bolshevik-Communist seizure of power in the two greatest Russian cities) took place in the highly confused international atmosphere of the final year of World War I. It was followed by a three-year period of even greater confusion in Russian internal affairs, marked by such things as the Russian civil war, the Allied intervention, the Russo-Polish war of 1920, and a famine. It was not until 1921 that things sorted themselves out sufficiently to make it clear that the Communists were at least firmly installed throughout most of the former empire and to confront the American government with the necessity of clarifying its attitude toward the newly established Communist regime.

For the next twelve years—Republican years, all of them—the policy adopted in Washington was a simple one: no diplomatic recognition; no official relations at all. The principal reasons for this attitude were two. The first was the refusal of the Soviet regime to accept any obligation to meet the debts of previous Russian regimes or the claims arising from the Soviet nationalization of foreign properties in Russia. The second was the resentment engendered by the world revolutionary pretensions of the Soviet regime. After 1923, the promotion of world revolution gradually ceased, to be sure, to be the prime motivation of

Soviet foreign policy. But the inflammatory rhetoric remained. So did the intensive efforts at instigation, support, and manipulation of Communist activities in other countries. The shameless hypocrisy with which the Communist Party leaders attempted to deny responsibility for these activities, pretending that the Communist International was something over which they, in their governmental positions, had no control, was offensive to much American opinion, as was also the scarcely concealed contempt and hostility for all "capitalist" countries which rang through so much official Soviet rhetoric. In all of this were to be found the reasons for the decade-long denial of American diplomatic recognition to the Soviet regime.

Franklin Roosevelt, coming into office in 1933, soon changed the American policy. The change was explained by two facets of his thinking. He cared very little, in the first place, about the reasons that had animated his Republican predecessors in matters of policy toward the Soviet Union. The trouble over "debts and claims" disturbed him only insofar as he felt himself obliged to respond to congressional pressures along that line. Nor did the activities of the Communist International bother him much. Politician and pragmatist that he was, he was well aware of the political insignificance of Soviet-inspired radical activities in the United States ("Stamp out Trotskyism in Kansas"

was a flaming headline in the *Daily Worker* one day in the early thirties). What seemed to him more important was the shadows of German national socialism and Japanese militarism rising on the horizon—both so offensive to influential segments of American opinion. It seemed to FDR that Americans had a bond in this respect with the Soviet leaders, who had their own reasons for fearing these emerging political forces. This bond, he thought, could be usefully developed by the establishment of diplomatic relations with the Soviet regime. So, at the end of 1933, after skillfully placating American opinion with the smoke screen of the largely meaningless exchanges of diplomatic notes known as the “Litvinov agreements,” he proceeded to “recognize Russia”: that is, to send an ambassador to Moscow, and to receive a Soviet one in Washington, thus establishing the formal diplomatic relationship that has endured to the present day.

During the initial years of this new relationship—the remaining years of the 1930s—the experiment of mutual diplomatic representation was not a particularly successful one. At the moment when relations were established, the Soviet leaders had been assailed by fears that the Japanese might be preparing to attack Russia’s eastern provinces. This had accounted for some of their conciliatory disposition at that time. It soon became apparent, however, that the danger was less urgent than they had thought, and their enthusiasm for the new relationship declined. Little came of the rosy assurances embodied in the Litvinov agreements. Initially welcomed with an unusual show of cordiality, the new American Embassy in Moscow soon fell victim to the routine treatment of isolation, clandestine observation, and avoidance of all but the most perfunctory official contact to which foreign diplomatic representatives have traditionally been subjected in Moscow. The mission came to serve, in those years of the 1930s, primarily as a place where a group of young American Foreign Service officers learned a few things about Russia and went through that unique schooling by means of which the Soviet government has contrived, over a period of half a century, to educate and to graduate from their period of service in Moscow one class after another of embittered diplomats, sending them out into the world to preach vigilance against the wiles and pretenses of Soviet policy.

The years immediately following American recognition were marked in the Soviet Union by the fearful and indescribable orgy of official terror and brutality known as “the purges.” Their effect on the Soviet–American relationship was mixed. On those Americans who lived in Moscow at the time, the effect was one of utter and enduring horror coupled with a profound conviction that any regime capable of perpetrating such monstrous cruelties against its own people, and indeed against itself, was to be dealt with only at arm’s length and with the utmost circumspection. That Franklin Roosevelt ever fully understood the nature and significance of these nightmarish events is doubtful. He appears never wholly to have departed, even in those

terrible years, from his conviction that Stalin was probably really not such a bad fellow at heart, that what was needed to set him on the right track was a bit more relaxed treatment—a bit less suspicion and more cordiality than a snobbish upper-class American plutocracy (as FDR saw it) had been inclined to concede. Roosevelt seems never fully to have understood the limitations that rest upon the possibilities for intimacy or friendship with people who have a great deal of blood on their hands. This failure of understanding was to some extent shared by much of the remainder of the American liberal community. A greater shock was received by that community, actually, with the news of the conclusion of the German–Soviet Non-Aggression Pact, in 1939. Mistreatment of the Soviet population was one thing (much could be excused in the name of the Revolution), but that the Soviet Union, which for years had held itself out as the greatest opponent of German nazism and had encouraged others to go even further in that stance, should now have turned around and suddenly, after highly conspiratorial preparations, made a cynical deal with Hitler at the expense of the Poles and the Baltic peoples was a great blow not only to pro-Soviet liberal circles in the United States but to many Communists, there and elsewhere, as well.

Yet all this abruptly changed again when, in 1941, both the Soviet Union and the United States found themselves (involuntarily) at war with Nazi Germany. The “Russians” became, almost overnight, our great and good allies. The image of Stalin changed instantly from that of the “crafty giant” Churchill once correctly described to that of a benevolent hero of the resistance to Hitlerism. War psychology, to which the American public is no less prone than any other, at once led to the discovery of previously unknown virtues in a regime that was also now at war with America’s principal military enemy. Considering that the Soviet Union was absorbing some 80 percent of the Nazi war effort while we and our Western allies were, up to 1944, unable even to mount a second front, the American official community (and particularly the military leadership) generally felt that the most important thing was to “get on” (that was the term then commonly used) with Moscow, politically and propagandistically as well as in point of military aid. In these circumstances, nothing was too good, in 1942 and 1943, for our valiant Soviet allies. Anyone who in those years attempted to remind others that Soviet ideas about the postwar future might be seriously in conflict with our own was sternly admonished that in wartime we Americans did not “take our eyes off the ball”—the ball being, in this instance, the earliest possible total defeat of Germany. Gone, now, were the resentments over Soviet aspirations for world revolution. Soviet demands, advanced by Stalin during the war, for the westward extension of the boundaries of the Soviet Union were accepted by Britain, and silently (though not happily) acquiesced to by the United States.

In the ensuing years of 1944 and 1945, other far-reaching



concessions were made. The bitter implications of Soviet behavior at the time of the Warsaw uprising were largely ignored. There must be no attempt, while hostilities were in progress, to discuss realistically with our Soviet allies the sordid questions of the political arrangements that should prevail in Central and Eastern Europe when the war was over. Such discussions, it was insisted, might be destructive of the wartime intimacy; matters of this nature were to be taken care of, after the termination of hostilities, by general political collaboration among the United States, Britain, the Soviet Union, and—at FDR's insistence—Chiang Kai-shek's China.

IT IS SMALL WONDER THAT IN THE FACE OF SUCH WISHFUL and unrealistic attitudes there was, in the immediate post-hostilities period, a rude awakening and disillusionment. There is no need to recount the details. Soviet leaders, partially confused by the official pro-Soviet American rhetoric of the wartime years and misled by the ease with which they had obtained Western agreement to the extension of their borders and the ruthless consolidation of their political domination in the occupied areas, were somewhat dizzy with success. They were not sure how far they would be permitted to go. Their dreams ran to the acquisition of a dominant political position in Ger-

many and the remainder of Western Europe. They had no thought of trying to achieve this by force of arms. Their thoughts were rather of political devices such as acquiring a share of the control over the Ruhr, taking advantage of the strong positions of the French and Italian Communist parties, exploiting Soviet military-control powers in Berlin and Vienna, and penetrating Western labor-union, intellectual, and student movements. They had, after all, been encouraged to expect an extensive withdrawal of American forces and of American involvement in European affairs when the war was over. This, they thought, would create a serious political vacuum; the rest might be accomplished, or so it was hoped, by the clever, ruthless exploitation of the political cards they now held in their hands.

Actually, those cards were not so strong as the Soviet leaders supposed. This was at once revealed by the Marshall Plan initiative, in 1947–1948, which wholly frustrated any dreams of the political takeover of Western Europe. The remaining Soviet efforts of the 1940s, outstandingly the crackdown on Czechoslovakia and the mounting of the Berlin blockade, were defensive in inspiration—attempts to play Moscow's last major political cards in anticipation of what they saw looming before them: a new division of power across the European continent.

These attempts reflected no Soviet desire for a full-fledged military showdown, or even for a division of the

continent into opposing military alliances. It is entirely possible that had the Western European countries, while resisting the Berlin blockade, continued to concentrate steadily on Europe's economic and political recovery, Stalin, whose country had the most pressing need for at least several years of peaceful reconstruction, would have been prepared to make extensive compromises—compromises that would at least have obviated the necessity for such a military division of the continent. But the Western Europeans, conditioned by the experience of centuries to see any serious international tension as the forerunner of a war, immediately interpreted the existing evidence of Soviet political recalcitrance as a menace of invasion. And we Americans, always high-mindedly disinclined to make compromises with evil (except, of course, in our own domestic politics), were disinclined to go in for any political deals with what was rapidly coming to be seen as "the enemy." Thus the North Atlantic Treaty Organization came into existence, to be responded to, in its turn, by the Warsaw Pact. And thus the decision to take Western Germany into NATO, and to re-arm it, produced the inevitable countermeasures with respect to East Germany. These developments, together with the revelation, in 1949, of a Soviet nuclear capability, followed by the Korean War (the origins and purposes of which were seriously misinterpreted in the West), laid a firm and unshakable foundation for the militarization of the American attitude toward the Soviet problem that has been the dominant feature of American diplomacy ever since.

THIS MIGHT BE A GOOD PLACE TO PAUSE AND NOTE the full import of the changes that by the end of the 1940s had come over the American-Soviet relationship. The factors that had been the determining ones in the early years of the relationship had been either removed or greatly weakened. The problem of what was once called "debts and claims" had been eclipsed by the traumatic experiences of World War II, and was rapidly falling victim to the tendency of international life that so often causes "insoluble" problems, if allowed to remain long enough unsolved, gradually to lose their significance. And as for "world revolution": the Comintern, once the symbol of all that Americans objected to in Soviet policy, had by this time been formally abolished. It had been Stalin's custom, in any case, to use the subservient foreign Communist parties as instruments for the support of Soviet foreign policy rather than as vehicles for the serious promotion of revolution. With the abolition of the Comintern, Moscow's relations with those foreign parties, previously channeled through the Comintern, had been turned over partly to the Soviet secret police, which used them for espionage and for other forms of its chartered skulduggery, and partly to a section of the apparatus of the Soviet Central Committee, to which was given the unpleasant task of holding the hands of the foreign Communist leaders and assuring their

continued subservience while preventing them from either unduly influencing or embarrassing Soviet policy-makers. In these circumstances, no informed person, either in the Soviet Union or elsewhere, any longer took seriously Moscow's theoretical and rhetorical commitment to world revolution.

With these issues out of the way, the relationship was now destined to be shaped primarily by two factors: one old, one new.

The old factor was what might be called the substructure of tensions, misunderstandings, irritations, and minor conflicts flowing from the great disparity between the two political systems, not only in ideology but, even more important, in traditions, habits, customs, and methodology. This factor had never been absent at any time since the founding of the Soviet regime (indeed, to some extent it had been present in the czarist period as well). It continued to weigh upon the Soviet-American relationship in the postwar years, even in the post-Stalin period, almost as heavily as it had before the war. It must be regarded as a permanent burden on the relationship, probably never to be wholly overcome, certainly not to be importantly mitigated in any short space of time.

The new factor was the military and geopolitical situation arising from the circumstances of the war and its aftermath: a situation destined, as it turned out, to overshadow all other aspects of the relationship in intensity, in endurance, and in gravity—gravity for the two countries and for the world at large.

Prior to World War II, the respective military situations and interests of the two powers had not constituted a significant factor in their relations. The Soviet Union was then not a competitor or a threat to the United States in naval power; the same thing applied, the other way around, when it came to land power. By the end of the 1920s, the Soviet Union had acquired, to be sure, a formidable land army (in the Russian tradition)—an army that was already the greatest, numerically, in the world. But the two countries were so widely separated—in the West by the Atlantic Ocean and the intervening powers of Europe, in the East by the Pacific Ocean plus China and Japan—that there was no consciousness on either side of a serious military rivalry.

With the conclusion of World War II, all that changed. The final stages of military operations had enabled the Soviet Union to overcome the communications-poor barrier of the territory between the Baltic and Black seas which had historically separated Central and Western Europe from the Russian armies. The traditional military power of Russia, now represented by the Soviet Union, had been projected into the heart of Europe, where there was nothing to oppose it at the time but a number of Western European peoples either shattered by the recent Hitlerian occupation or militarily exhausted or both. This Western Europe was unable to restore either its political self-confidence or its capacity for self-defense without American

support. And the absence of any realistic agreement among the victors on a political future for the defeated Germany, or indeed for Central and Eastern Europe generally, left Soviet and American military forces confronting each other across a line through the middle of North-Central Europe—a line never originally meant to become the central demarcation of a divided Europe but destined, as we now know, to remain just that for at least several decades into the future.

This major geopolitical displacement marked a fundamental change in the Soviet–American relationship. It did not, as many seem to have supposed, render either necessary or inevitable a war between the two powers—then or at any other time. But it injected into the relationship a new factor: an immediate military proximity, made all the more delicate and dangerous insofar as it was superimposed upon the permanent substructure of friction referred to above. If, before the war, Washington had dealt with the Soviet Union primarily as a revolutionary political force, it was now obliged to deal with it as a traditional military great power, suddenly and unexpectedly poised on the very edge of America's own newly acquired sphere of political–military interest.

And this new geopolitical relationship was burdened by several further complications—all new, all serious.

The end of the war, in the first place, had left the United States with little in the way of military manpower (in view of its precipitous demobilization) but with a bloated military superstructure, and particularly with an expanded apparatus for military planning, for which use now had to be found. With Germany and Japan out of the way, there was need of a new prospective opponent with relation to whose military personality a new American military posture could be designed. The Soviet Union was the obvious, indeed the only plausible, candidate.

It is said that Woodrow Wilson was shocked to learn, in 1915, that the Army War College was studying plans for wars against other countries. The story, sometimes cited as an example of Mr. Wilson's naiveté, seems to be the somewhat distorted version of a real episode. But it is suggestive of a historically significant reality. When a military planner selects another country as the leading hypothetical opponent of his own country—the opponent against whom military preparations and operations are theoretically to be directed—the discipline of his profession obliges him to endow that opponent with extreme hostility and the most formidable of capabilities. In tens of thousands of documents, this image of the opponent is re-created, and depicted in all its implacable formidability, until it becomes hopelessly identified with the real country in question. In this way, the planner's hypothesis becomes, imperceptibly, the politician's and the journalist's reality. Even when there is *some* degree of substance behind the hypothesis, what emerges is invariably an overdrawn and distorted image.

And so it has been in the case of the Soviet Union, with

the result that what began as a limited political conflict of interests and aspirations has evolved into a perceived total military hostility; and what was in actuality a Soviet armed-forces establishment with many imperfections and many limitations on its capabilities has come gradually to be perceived as an overpowering paragon of military efficiency, standing at the beck and call of a political regime consumed with no other purpose than to do us maximum harm. This sort of distortion has magnified inordinately, in the public eye, the dimensions of what was initially a serious political problem, and has created, and fed, the impression that the problem is one not to be solved otherwise than by some sort of a military showdown.

A second complication—and a tremendous one—has been the addition of nuclear weaponry to the arsenals of the two powers, and their competition in the development of it. This form of weaponry, with its suicidal and apocalyptic implications, has thrown such uncertainty and confusion into the whole field of military planning, and has aroused such extreme anxieties and such erratic reactions on the part of the public, that it has come close to obscuring the real political, and even military, conflicts of interest between the United States and the Soviet Union behind a fog of nuclear fears, suspicions, and fancied scenarios.

Finally, there was one other effect, this time political, of the outcome of World War II that must also be noted. In the two decades before the war, the western borders of the USSR were essentially those of the old Grand Duchy of Muscovy. They corresponded, in a rough way, to the real ethnic line between those who might be called “Russians” (Little and Great) and those to whom that term could not properly be applied. The wartime extension of the Soviet borders far to the west, together with the acquisition and consolidation of a Soviet hegemony over all of Eastern, and parts of Central, Europe, brought into the Soviet orbit a number of non-Russian nationalities—some formerly included in the czarist empire, some not—very much against the will of a great many of their members, especially those who fled and found refuge in the United States. The result was to add materially to those existing American political factions (some highly vocal and not without political influence) that were animated by a burning hatred of the Soviet Union and were anxious to enlist the political and military resources of the United States for the destruction of the Soviet empire.

IN ORDER THAT THIS NEW PROXIMITY OF SOVIET AND American forces, together with its various complications, might be removed, and a more normal and less dangerous situation created in Central and Eastern Europe, three sorts of agreements would have been necessary between the United States and its allies, on the one hand, and the Soviet Union and (for formality's sake) its allies, on the other.



One would have been an agreement to assure the extensive retirement of both Soviet and American forces from the center of Europe. The Soviet side would never have agreed to this except on the condition that the Germany thus freed from the forces of the two powers should be a neutralized and disarmed one, not in alliance with the United States. But this was a condition that the Western powers, for their part, were never prepared even to consider; and with the rearming of West Germany and the consolidation of its position as a member of NATO, all practical possibility for meeting this requirement passed, in any case. This precluded, as early as the first years of the 1950s, and has precluded ever since, any effective agreement over the German problem.

The second essential agreement would have been one assuring the extensive dismantling of the Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe—i.e., the concession to the Eastern European governments of a full freedom of action, including at least the right to change their social systems at will. To this, too, Moscow would never have agreed in the absence of a settlement of the German problem.

The third agreement would have been one outlawing nuclear weapons and assuring their removal from the arsenals of all countries, first and foremost those of the United States and the Soviet Union. However, such has been the commitment of the United States government to nuclear

weaponry as an indispensable component of its defense force that there has never been a time since 1950 when that government would have been prepared to consider its complete outlawing. The problem was subsequently further complicated by the proliferation of nuclear weapons into the hands of several other governments; so that today, the level of the largest of these peripheral arsenals constitutes the floor beneath which the nuclear arsenals of the two leading nuclear powers could in any case not be expected to sink.

In these circumstances, there has never been any conceivable basis for a one-time, general settlement of the military-political stalemate that World War II produced. It would obviously require some major alteration in the entire balance of power—some drastic internal breakdown or some new and overpowering external involvement of one side or the other—to make possible, even theoretically, any immediate untying of this knot. The peaceful resolution of this problem is conceivable today only under the benevolent influence of the passage of time, supported by such efforts as mere men can make to promote a greater measure of background confidence and understanding between the governments involved.

Given this situation, the best that men of good will were able to do over the two decades following the death of Stalin was to tinker around the edges of this unresolved and

(for the moment) unresolvable military-political deadlock, trying, wherever opportunity seemed to present itself, to narrow the area to which the disagreements applied or to reduce their dangerousness (for dangerous they were and are) in other ways. This a number of these men did; and their successes, while always limited and modest, were more numerous and in some instances more extensive than many today recall.

In Khrushchev's time, there was, outstandingly, the negotiation of the Austrian peace treaty—a product of Khrushchev's own relative good will plus the patient efforts of several excellent Western negotiators, among them our own ambassador, Llewellyn Thompson, to whose exceptional skills and insights Europe probably owes more than to those of any other American of his time. This happily removed one strategically placed European country from the arena of Soviet-American conflict. In addition, there was the signing of the first nuclear-test-ban treaty, in 1963; and there were several early arrangements in the field of cultural exchange.

The ensuing Brezhnev era saw, of course, the spectacular summitry of Messrs. Nixon and Kissinger, marking the successful conclusion of a whole series of agreements in a number of fields—cultural, scientific, technological, and military—culminating in the first SALT agreement of 1972 and the initiation of negotiations for the second one. A number of these agreements proved valuable in one degree or another, and some might have yielded even greater positive results had they been given a longer period of trial and a bit more commitment from the American side. They were supplemented, of course, by the West German-Soviet agreements concluded around the same time, largely under the leadership of Willy Brandt—agreements that, among other things, gave to the western sectors of Berlin, for the first time, reasonably dependable communications with the remainder of West Germany, and thus alleviated one of the greatest, and least necessary, of the dangers of the postwar period.

THESE WERE, I REITERATE, MODEST AND LIMITED gains. Their real significance was obscured, rather than enhanced, by the overdramatization to which they were often subjected, under the misleading heading of “détente.” The Soviet-American relationship continued, of course, to be burdened at all times by the permanent substructure of friction. But the results of all these efforts to mitigate the prevailing tensions and to improve the atmosphere of Soviet-American relations were on balance positive, so much so that the record of achievement up to 1974 provided in itself no reason why they should not have been continued—rather the contrary.

This, however, was not to be. As we all know, the latter part of 1974 witnessed, together with the Watergate scandal, the beginning of a deterioration of Soviet-American relations that has lasted to the present day—a deteriora-

tion in which many of the achievements of the preceding years have been destroyed.

The deterioration was inaugurated by the Jackson-Vanik amendment to the 1974 Trade Reform Act—an amendment that had the effect of knocking out the Soviet-American trade agreement already negotiated in 1972 and of denying to the Soviet Union the concession of the normal customs treatment the agreement provided. Since then, there has been nothing but one long and dreary process of retrogression: rapidly declining trade; neglect or abandonment of cultural-exchange arrangements; throttling down of personal contacts; failure of ratification of the second SALT agreement; reckless acceleration of the weapons race; demonstrative tilting toward Communist China; angry polemic and propagandistic exchanges, all culminating in the shrill denunciations and various anti-Soviet “sanctions” of the Carter and Reagan administrations. Of the list of constructive principles agreed upon eight years ago by Nixon and Brezhnev for the future peaceful and productive shaping of the relationship, not one is left that Mr. Nixon's successors have not denounced or abandoned, or both.

How is this sudden turnabout to be explained? The search for the answers to that question is a revealing exercise.

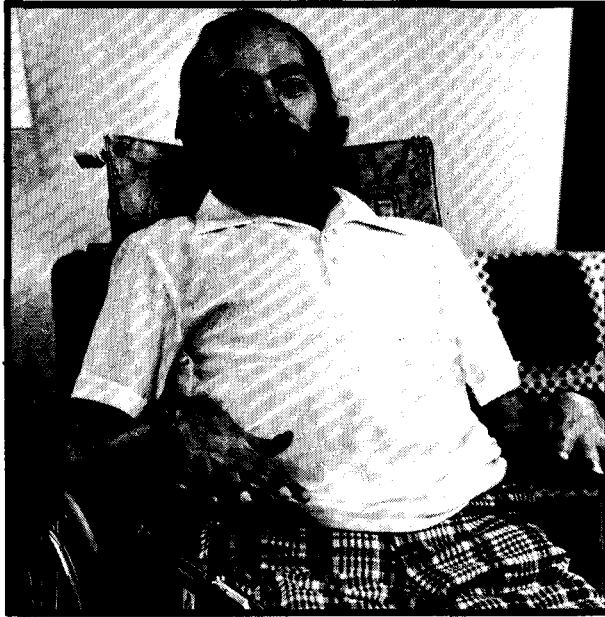
Was there, perhaps, some change in the nature of the Soviet regime with which we were dealing—some change that, alone, would have warranted a drastic departure from previous American policy? Not at all. On the contrary: the Brezhnev regime was marked expressly by an extraordinary steadiness and consistency of behavior. The entire personality of the Soviet structure of power, as distinct from the Soviet society, has shown very little alteration, in fact, since the first years of the post-Stalin epoch.

Was it perhaps that the men who conducted American policy in the years prior to 1974 were naive, or affected by pro-Soviet sympathies, or for some other reason blind to the negative sides of the Soviet personality and behavior? Again, the answer is no. These men were perfectly well aware of the negative aspects of the political regime with which they were dealing. They simply considered that in the light of the prevailing military-political stalemate, there were limits to the usefulness of heroic gestures of petulance and indignation over these various disagreements, whereas it might be useful to take advantage of whatever opportunities seemed to present themselves for the mitigation of existing tensions in ways not adverse to American interests. Their efforts were often, admittedly, experimental. Not all were fully expected to work out; but most of them did. And the gains were considered to be worth whatever minor sacrifices or concessions were involved.

Was it, then, that American public opinion had revolted against the policies pursued in earlier years? Here, too, the answer is no. There was at all times, of course, a hard-line faction, or cluster of factions, not very large but vio-

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lent in its opinions, that opposed any and every form of negotiation or compromise with Moscow, and looked to military intimidation, if not to the actual use of force, as the only means through which anything useful could be accomplished in relations with the Soviet Union. This faction had always existed; and it had recently been strengthened by new flurries of interest in some quarters in the Soviet "dissidents" and in the human-rights question. But the bulk of the American people had seemed to accept with understanding, if not with enthusiasm, these various efforts to diminish tension and to narrow the dangers of the military-political standoff. Even many of those who were not convinced initially of the usefulness of such efforts were willing to see them given a try by people—namely, the various American statesmen and diplomats in question—who, they thought, knew more, or ought to know more, about the problem of Soviet-American relations than they themselves did, and who deserved a certain initial margin of confidence. This, plainly, was an instance in which people were inclined, by and large, to respond to political leadership; and there is no apparent reason to suppose that if that leadership had wished to continue to conduct, and to explain, the sort of policy that had prevailed prior to 1974, it would have failed to continue to enjoy an adequate measure of public acquiescence.

If one asks those who have presided over this process of deterioration why they viewed it as necessary or desirable, one receives a variety of answers. There was the human-rights problem; there were the restrictions on Jewish emigration; there were the expansionist tendencies of the Soviet regime with relation to the Third World; there was Afghanistan; there was the Jaruzelsky take-over in Poland; there was, above all, the continued Soviet military buildup.

There is some degree of substance in most, if not all, of these charges, but not very much, particularly if taken in relation to Soviet policies prior to that benchmark of 1974. Certainly, there was no change in Soviet behavior in any of these respects drastic enough to justify a change in American policy as abrupt and drastic as the one that took place.

Human rights? The policies applied in the mid-1970s and since in this respect have been no more severe than in the preceding decades, and have actually been far more lenient than anything Russia knew in the Stalin era, when this was scarcely an issue in Soviet-American relations at all.

The treatment of Jews, and the problem of Jewish emigration? In proposing their trade amendment, Jackson and Vanik chose a moment when Jewish emigration was running at the highest rate since at least the 1950s. There was no reason to conclude that, barring this effort, it would not have continued at this rate, or possibly even have increased. Nor would the amendment appear to have been in any way useful to the people on whose behalf it was ostensibly advanced. On the contrary, it would seem to have set Jewish emigration back by some five years.

Soviet "adventurism" in the Third World? I know of no evidence that Soviet efforts to gain influence with Third World regimes were any more extensive in the 1970s, or since, than they were in earlier periods of Soviet history. Least of all is it evident that they were any more successful. The methods had indeed been changing—but changing in a direction (namely, the generous export of arms and advisers) that made them depressingly similar to some of our own.

Afghanistan? Yes, of course: a crude, bungled operation; an obvious mistake of Soviet policy, with origins not entirely dissimilar to those of our own involvement in Vietnam. But not one that impinged directly on American interests, particularly if it be considered that the alternative might have been the growing influence of a Khomeini type of violently anti-American Moslem fanaticism in that part of the world. And one no more serious in its consequences than the absorption of Outer Mongolia into the Soviet sphere of interest in the 1920s, or of Tibet into Communist China at a later date, both changes to which the United States found it possible to accommodate itself without violent repercussions on the bilateral relations with the respective countries.

Poland? Yes, indeed, a tragic situation, the product of a long series of mistakes—many, though not all, on the Soviet side. But this was not a situation that was suddenly created at the end of the 1970s; nor was it worse than in earlier years. The fact is that Moscow, after being publicly warned by our government on dozens of occasions in 1980 not to intervene militarily in Poland, actually refrained from intervening, and was punished anyway. The theory offered as justification for this—that Jaruzelsky undertook his crackdown on Moscow's orders and would not have done so in the absence of those orders—rests, so far as I am aware, solely on conjecture. And the resulting situation, while indeed onerous and even dangerous, is less so than it was a year ago, and no more so than the situation that prevailed in earlier decades.

Finally, the Soviet arms buildup? Yes, a reality, no doubt—some of it exaggerated by calculated leaks from Western military establishments, but another portion of it real enough, and parts of it, such as the mounting of the SS-20s in the western districts of the USSR, unnecessary and foolish. But this, too, did not begin in 1974, nor has the United States government done all that it could to prevent or discourage the buildup. It was, after all, we, and not the Soviet government, who declined to ratify the second SALT treaty. There was no reason why that agreement should not have been ratified (we are, after all, finding it possible to observe its provisions); and no reasons why negotiations for further such agreements could not have been put in hand long ago and with a much greater evidence of enthusiasm than the Reagan Administration has evinced. In the welter of mistakes, misconceptions, and fixations that has led to the present arms race, both sides have their hearty share of the blame; but there was never any reason

why negotiations for the tempering and overcoming of this dangerous competition should not have gone forward, as they did in earlier years, without detriment to the remaining fabric of Soviet-American relations.

THESE POINTS CONCERNING THE RECENT DETERIORATION of relations are mentioned here because they illustrate a situation of great importance, the significance of which seems hardly to have been noted on this side of the water. This is that the fluctuations of official American attitudes and policies with relation to the Soviet Union would appear to have been responsive only in minor degree, if at all, to changes in the nature of the problem that country has presented for American statesmanship. The Soviet Union with which we declined to have relations in the 1920s was not greatly different from that which we found it possible to recognize in 1933. The Stalin regime that aroused our indignation during the Non-Aggression Pact period was precisely the same as that in which we came to discern so many virtues during the war. This latter, in its turn, was no different from the one that we discovered, at the end of the 1940s, to be a great danger to us and to the free world in general.

There was, indeed, a certain real change in the nature of the regime by virtue of the transition from Stalin to Khrushchev in the years 1953 to 1957; and this, as we have seen, was taken advantage of by American statesmen in the ensuing years. But again, the Brezhnev that Messrs. Nixon and Kissinger did such extensive business with was very much the same as the one with whom subsequent American statesmen found it impossible to collaborate at all. There were, of course, over this entire period, important gradual changes in Soviet society and even in the relations between people and regime; but these changes were not pronounced in the structure of power itself, and even less so—except in the transition from the Stalin era to the succeeding ones—in the problem that this structure of power presented for the outside world. Yet American attitudes and policies were subject to abrupt, and sometimes drastic, alterations.

All this would seem to indicate that the motivations for American policy toward the Soviet Union from the start have been primarily subjective, not objective, in origin. They have represented for the most part not reactions to the nature of a certain external phenomenon (the Soviet regime) but rather the reflections of emotional and political impulses making themselves felt on the internal American scene. And these impulses would appear to have been not of American public opinion at large (for that opinion, good-humoredly tolerant but reserved and noncommittal, has exhibited no such violent fluctuations) but of the professional political establishment. This is explicable, perhaps, to the extent that policy toward the Soviet Union has been a partisan political issue; but this has been true only to a limited extent. More important would seem to have

been the momentary violence of feeling on the part of politically influential lobbies and minorities to whose pressures the politicians of the moment were inclined to pander or defer.

However that may be, the record of American policy toward the Soviet Union over the six and a half decades of the existence of that body politic gives the impression that it was not really the nature of any external problem that concerned us but rather something we were anxious to prove to ourselves, about ourselves.

It is, surely, not unreasonable to point out that this state of affairs is not adequate as a response to the problem that the Soviet Union actually presents. Indeed, it holds great dangers for this country and for others as well. The problem presented by the need for a continued peaceful co-existence on the same planet of the Soviet Union and the United States is one that would challenge even the highest resources of this country for analysis, for it must be dealt with in ways conducive not just to American national interest in the narrow sense but to peace among the various great powers—a condition without which no American interest of any sort can be served. Vital prerequisites for the successful policy of a great power are stability and consistency. Even our allies cannot be helped by a policy that lacks these qualities. If there was ever a time in the history of this country when there was no place for the sort of self-conscious posturing, and the sort of abrupt changes of concept, that have marked our reaction to Soviet power in recent decades, that time is now.

To renounce this sort of self-indulgence, deeply ingrained as it is in American political behavior, is admittedly a big order. It will probably never be wholly satisfied. But there have been moments in American history when a bipartisan consciousness of national danger or necessity has enabled us, as in the case of the Marshall Plan, to face a problem objectively and to find the answer to it most responsive to the general interest—an answer, that is, broadly, imaginatively, and generously conceived, and consistently pursued. With a nuclear-weapons race increasingly out of control now staring us in the face—confronted as we are with accumulations of modern weapons, nuclear and otherwise, of such monstrous destructiveness that their detonation (and weapons have a way of being detonated in the end) could well put an end to civilization—we can no longer afford to address to the problem of Soviet-American relations anything less than the best, in the way of sobriety, objective analysis, steadiness, thoughtfulness, and practicality of purpose, that our society can produce. There is not much more time for the recognition of this fact to penetrate the national consciousness. The clock is ticking; the remaining ticks are numbered; the end of their number is already in sight. Only a thorough, open-minded, bipartisan re-examination of this whole problem, and a determined, imaginative promulgation of the results of such a re-examination, could bring a safe end to this ticking. □

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CHOOSING A STRATEGY FOR WORLD WAR III

BY THOMAS POWERS

IN THE YEARS SINCE 1945, DISCUSSION OF STRATEGIC nuclear policy in the upper reaches of the American government has centered on a single overriding question—what to do “if deterrence fails.” The phrase is characteristic of the rigid etiquette that governs official talk about nuclear weapons. It means war, and especially a big general war between the United States and the Soviet Union—war of the old-fashioned, all-out sort, in which even fear of The Bomb would take second place to the struggle. Officials have learned to be wary of talking in public about nuclear war. It just gets them in trouble. But in private they talk about war all the time. None of them wants such a war. In truth, none of them expects it—now or ever. But deterrence *could* fail. What do we do then?

For the general public, nuclear war means something like the end of the world—a single burst of destruction in which cities would be flicked off the face of the globe in a whirlwind of fire. That is not the way military men look at things. They may vaguely threaten to scrape Russia flat down to the primeval gravel, but that’s mainly for show, to put the other side in a serious frame of mind. “When the balloon goes up,” as they sometimes say, the time for threats is past. Then you have got to fight, not just kiss the kids good-bye and push the button. The general public may be content with the awful either/or, but the military instinctively rebels against the idea that the end of deterrence is the end of everything else.

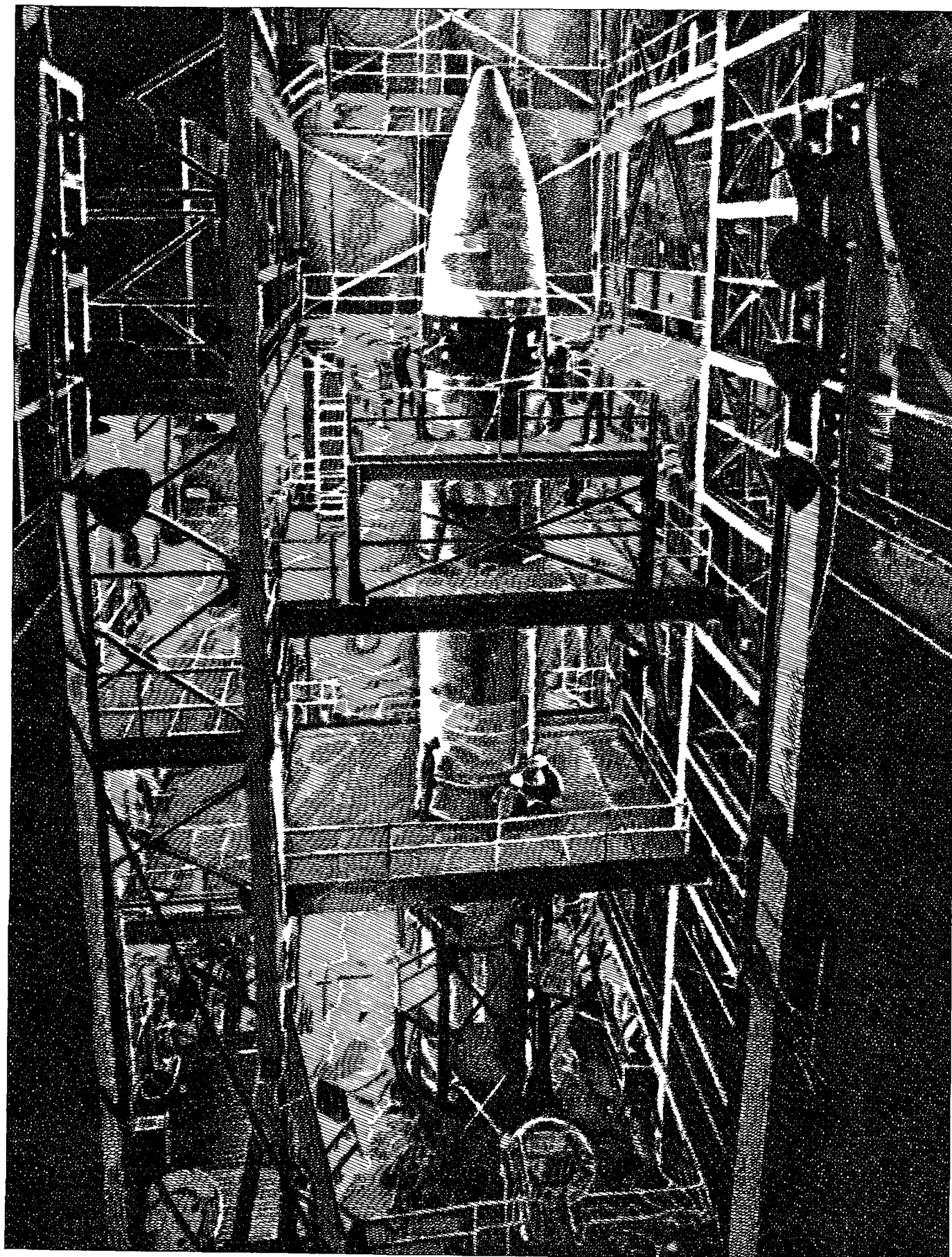
When war comes, armies fight with the weapons at hand. Nuclear weapons are a prominent feature of the arsenals of both sides. How are they to be used? What should we point them at? How many should we fire in the opening salvo?

In the early days of the nuclear era, the bombs were so cumbersome, so hard to deliver, and above all so few that they were reserved for only the most dramatic targets. As a practical matter, that meant cities. In 1945, it meant Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In the late 1940s, it meant Moscow and Leningrad. In the fall of 1948, for example, the United States had about 100 bombs, but the early bombs took two days to assemble by a team of twenty-four. We didn’t have teams enough to assemble them all at once. Such bombs as we had were under the control of the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), which was reluctant to turn them over to the Air Force in advance. The generals some-

times didn’t even know how many bombs we *had*. Until 1948, the only airplanes that could deliver the bombs were specially modified B-29s, slow craft, vulnerable to attack en route, so limited in range that they had to be based in Europe. Military targets tend to be small, numerous, protected, hard to find and hit. For purely technical reasons, then, the first nuclear weapons were pointed at “strategic” targets, that is, targets the loss of which might affect the morale or the war-making potential of the enemy. The wars of the late 1940s, if they had taken place, would have lasted a few weeks, and would have consisted of devastating blows on Russian cities, ports, and industrial sites.

By the early 1950s, these problems had been solved. The AEC agreed to let the Strategic Air Command (SAC) keep bombs on its airfields. We had a fleet of new intercontinental bombers to deliver them. The bombs themselves had a much longer “shelf life” and didn’t have to be assembled from scratch immediately before use. Above all, they were more numerous. We had entered, in the phrase used by professional strategists, “the era of nuclear plenty”—in which we still find ourselves. It is also the era of choice. When you’ve got only three weapons, as we had in July of 1945, it’s not hard to decide what to point them at. When you’ve got thousands, as we have now, and when you can hit anything in a known location on the surface of the earth, as we can now, and, above all, when the Soviets can retaliate in kind, then you have to think hard before deciding what to hit and when to hit it. The decisions imply the course of the war we are likely to see “if deterrence fails.”

When Jimmy Carter entered the White House, in January of 1977, he probably would have done away with nuclear weapons altogether given the choice. This may sound like the inevitable preference of any sane man, but none of Carter’s predecessors had shared it. Nuclear weapons solve certain kinds of problems; in particular, they are cheaper than men and tanks. Carter’s predecessors had all chosen nuclear weapons rather than press Congress or NATO allies to come up with money for men and tanks enough to face the Russians on what is called the “central front” in Europe. Eisenhower’s first secretary of defense, Charles Wilson, once said, “We can’t afford to fight limited wars. We can only afford to fight a big war, and if there is one, that is the kind it will be.” But Carter was a stranger to Washington in 1977; he had not been over and over this



question, for ten or fifteen years, in the excruciating process of budget-making. He took office with a visceral dislike of the vast, indiscriminate power of nuclear weapons. In a briefing at Blair House shortly before his inauguration, he astonished the Joint Chiefs of Staff with a suggestion that we could make do with a retaliatory force of 200 nuclear weapons. In strategic circles, this is referred to as a posture of minimum deterrence. It has been debated for years. There is a case to be made for it, just as there is a case to be made for pacifism. Both cases offer stimulating intellectual exercise. But proposing to the Joint Chiefs of Staff a retreat to a mere 200 nuclear weapons would be like proposing to a conference of international bankers that they solve the problem of poverty by dissolving their corporations and distributing their assets to the poor. Minimum deterrence is just plain unthinkable—the kind of thing that leaves a room in embarrassed silence.

The effect of this small episode was to intensify the cautious suspicion with which the Pentagon greets any new administration. Carter had walked into the middle of a long-standing, highly contentious strategic debate, and he had the disadvantage of being out of sympathy with all sides—except, perhaps, the very smallest and weakest of them, the arms-controllers. New weapons, more numerous, accurate, and versatile, were forcing a change in strategic doctrine of an alarming sort.

Carter hoped to reduce the world's nuclear arsenals before he left office, but things didn't turn out that way. The logic of the situation pushed his administration in another direction. The first step was a study of American strategic forces, which suggested we had more than we needed. It was rejected by the secretary of defense, Harold Brown. The second step was a study of strategic targeting policy, which concluded that the sheer number and accuracy of modern nuclear weapons demanded plans for their "selected" and "limited" use. The result was a new emphasis on what it would take actually to fight a nuclear war. The third and final step was a commitment to vast new expenditures on both weapons and the communications needed to conduct a nuclear war over a period of months or even years. The five-year defense-policy "guidance" recently adopted by President Reagan's secretary of defense, Caspar Weinberger, is the direct result of a long debate over nuclear strategy under Carter. Shifting to "realistic" planning for limited war, so alarming to the general public, was not anything Carter or his advisers *chose* to do. They were pushed every step of the way by the weapons themselves.

Since the early 1960s, the American strategic arsenal has consisted of a "triad" whose three legs (it is always described as if it were a stool or tripod) are Minuteman, a fleet of B-52 bombers, and a fleet of missile-carrying nuclear submarines. All three have been around for

twenty years, and their number has remained remarkably constant. Only the B-52s have dwindled, as they wore out, crashed, or were lost in combat over North Vietnam. This constancy in numbers and system name is an illusion, however. All three legs have been regularly upgraded. Beginning in 1970, more than half the Minuteman force was replaced with missiles carrying three warheads instead of one. Later, the warheads themselves were improved, increasing in explosive power from about 170 kilotons to the current 350 kilotons. Submarine-launched missiles also received additional warheads—up to ten instead of one—and the B-52s have been repeatedly retrofitted with new electronic gear to aid in the penetration of Soviet airspace.

But these changes only touch the surface. The upgrading and retrofitting have been tireless. Think of the arsenal as a rapidly growing city. Its name is constant, its territorial limits do not change, but the skyline is hardly the same from one month to the next. Americans tend to think of nuclear war now, when we have thousands of warheads with which to fight, pretty much as they did immediately after World War II, when we were hard put to produce plutonium and U-235 enough for two or three new bombs per month. The mushroom cloud and the flattened plain of Hiroshima seem to have imprinted themselves on the public mind. The image didn't change, only intensified—a kind of tightening of the imaginative screw beyond bearable limit—when every movie house in America showed newsreels of thermonuclear explosions in the mid-1950s. The first hydrogen bomb, detonated in March of 1954, released twice the power the scientists expected, and it remains the largest ever exploded by the United States. Its fireball was of unimaginable size and brightness; it swept out to engulf the horizon and rose beyond the clouds and dwarfed the sun. It seemed almost cosmological in magnitude; it was like watching the birth or death of a star. Ordinary Americans have assumed ever since that nuclear war means the end of the world. When the war came, man would be consumed by fire: Armageddon.

And yet "the war"—all the wars we might have had at different moments—can be described only by the weapons available to fight it. They have changed greatly. The war of 1945 would have been a piddling thing next to the war of 1948 (during the Berlin blockade), or the war of 1953 (when Eisenhower threatened to use nuclear weapons against the Chinese if they did not start talking seriously at Panmunjom, in Korea), or the war of 1962 (the Cuban missile crisis), or the war of 1973 (when Henry Kissinger put U.S. forces on alert during the Arab-Israeli October War), or the war of 1979 (when the Pentagon was saying we had nothing to stop a Soviet invasion of Iran except nuclear weapons, and staffers in the Carter White House were stocking canned goods in summer homes and talking of 1914). The course and outcome of each of these wars would have depended on who had what at the time. If we look at these wars from the point of view of God, who can be presumed to feel and regret the whole loss to his cre-

Thomas Powers, the author of the forthcoming book of essays Thinking About the Next War, is at work on a history of strategic weapons.

ation, each one would have been worse than the last. But if we look at them from the narrow point of view of Soviet leaders, each of these wars would have been on a larger scale—yes—but not so one-sided.

It is no surprise that the national-security establishment should have been in the middle of heated debate when Carter came to office in 1977. The debate has never subsided since 1945, although most Americans rarely hear more than an echo of the arguments, and never absorb the details. The central question had to do with the technical capacities of Soviet weapons and other defense measures: in particular, did the combination of large Soviet rocket boosters (meaning big warheads) and improving accuracy imply a threat to Minuteman? If so, when would this threat become actual? Did Soviet civil-defense programs, far more extensive than those of the United States, promise real protection? Equally to the point, what was behind the Soviet military buildup, which by 1977 could no longer be disputed? Would the Soviets be content with rough military parity with the United States (suggesting that they accepted the basic tenets of American deterrence theory, and assumed nuclear war might be avoided forever)? Or did Moscow believe it might steal the edge, hold it, exploit it politically, and even win with it if deterrence failed?

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IN America that everything can be called into question when a new President takes over. The old pieces of paper are all threatened by new pieces of paper; a change in wording can have large consequences—cancellation of something on the scale of the B-1 bomber, for instance. On his very first day in office, Carter signed seven presidential review memoranda (PRMs, pronounced “prims”)—official requests for studies of basic policy. Over the next few weeks he signed many more. One of them was PRM 10, a request for an interagency study of national-security policy with a special emphasis on strategic doctrine.

At the heart of American defense policy is a theory of what a big modern war might be like, and how we ought to fight it. This theory, or strategic doctrine, changes from time to time, but most of the changes since 1945 have been gradual and cautious, for the simple reason that it is hard to see how nuclear weapons might be used except as mighty instruments of all-out destruction. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, pressure began to build for an approach to nuclear war that would reflect basic changes in the weapons themselves, which were becoming steadily more numerous and accurate. At the same time, the Soviet Union was rapidly approaching strategic parity with the United States, meaning that they could do to us pretty much whatever we could do to them. James Schlesinger, secretary of defense from mid-1973 to late 1975, strongly supported a radical revision of strategic doctrine that would emphasize “selected” and “limited” options for the use of nuclear weapons instead of wholesale annihilating

attacks certain to bring the same in return. The Schlesinger Doctrine, as it was named, was embodied in National Security Decision Memorandum (NSDM) 242, signed by Nixon in January of 1974. But the most radical aspects of the new approach in 242 were never backed up with money, and opponents argued that they would make a nuclear war more likely by appearing to make it more rational. When Carter took office, he thought that the only possible use of nuclear weapons was to deter a war, not to fight one. PRM 10—its formal name was the “Comprehensive Net Assessment and Military Force Posture Review”—was intended to reopen the whole question of strategic doctrine so that Carter could put his own stamp on it. But by the time PRM 10 and its progeny had run their course, the old theory of how to fight a nuclear war had been buried and a new one had taken its place.

In the national-security business, money means hardware and money—hardware decisions aren’t based on theory, however cogently argued. The money—hardware section of PRM 10 was the strategic-forces study—it eventually ended up as Annex C—and the people who wrote that had a very hard time indeed. The locus of opposition to PRM 10’s strategic-forces study was in the office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. There were lots of reasons for the Joint Chiefs’ resistance. For one thing, they didn’t like the idea that strategic doctrine should be subject to interagency review. PRM 10 was an interagency exercise of the broadest sort; just about every executive office with an interest in national-security questions managed to have its say. Moreover, the Joint Chiefs suspected that Carter intended to use PRM 10 as a budget-making tool. In his campaign, Carter had talked about cutting defense spending by \$5 billion. The Joint Chiefs feared that every factual concession in PRM 10 would come back to haunt them at budget time. Finally, the Joint Chiefs, and many others in the Pentagon, did not like working for a woman.

Lynn Davis, who directed the strategic-forces study, is an academic defense expert who served on the Department of Defense (DOD) transition team for Carter and was appointed deputy assistant secretary of defense for policy planning under David McGiffert, in the office of International Security Affairs. Davis was well-connected but inexperienced. When she joined the DOD, her only previous experience with the nuts and bolts of national-security policy-making had been six months she spent on the National Security Council (NSC) staff working on a weaponry study. No one ever denied she knew her stuff so far as facts, figures, and theory went, but bureaucratic politics has its bare-knuckle side, as well. “They massacred her,” says one NSC staffer who worked on PRM 10.

At one point in the late spring of 1977, for example, an admiral on the Joint Chiefs simply would not deliver a figure for the number of aircraft carriers the Navy would need to perform a certain mission. Davis and the man who had daily charge of the strategic-forces study, Joel Resnick, wanted to include “illustrative” nuclear forces in the

final paper—that is, numbers of weapons systems that would be “enough,” at least in theory, to inflict the desired level of damage on the Soviet Union. Military men are extremely wary of the word “enough.” The Joint Chiefs do not like a document that marries questions of strategy (what you want to do to the enemy) to questions of procurement (what you need to do it). Strategies are shifting things; they can be altered with the stroke of a pen. But hardware abides.

Eventually, persistence and solemn invocation of the name of the secretary of defense did the trick, and the Joint Chiefs yielded the numbers, but not until they had ironclad guarantees that the numbers would have nothing to do with procurement.

THE FINAL VERSION OF PRM 10'S ANNEX C, “MILITARY Strategy and Force Posture Review,” outlined four strategic options (that is, four ways to deter war, with “illustrations” of the weapons required for each) that the U.S. might follow in the 1980s. “Some of the options were wild and woolly, involving very, very large increases,” says one of the men who worked on the study. Others involved equally large decreases. All of them were highly specific. “Say you want to destroy targets critical to recovery [by the USSR following a nuclear war]—maybe 70 percent of the economic targets in the data base,” says an NSC staffer who helped write the study. “We came up with figures for what it would take, trying to put some specificity in all that.” Criteria were established for each of the four basic categories of targets—Soviet nuclear forces, other Soviet military forces, “nodes” of command and control, and urban and industrial targets. Estimates were given for the numbers of weapons it would take to do the job. The final paper, according to one of its principal authors, “connected policy to forces to dollars, an approach which provided for a lot of control.” Despite Lynn Davis's assurances that PRM 10 would not be used to establish budgets and force levels, potentially it offered Carter and Brown solid grounds for doing just that. One of the study's authors says, “We had finally worked the how-much-is-enough problem.”

But there was a larger point, as well. The principal NSC staffer who worked on the strategic-forces study, Roger Molander, was thinking about SALT as well as the budget. Despite Moscow's abrupt dismissal of Carter's proposal for “deep cuts” in SALT II, the President was still determined to reduce the absolute number of nuclear weapons in the arsenals of both sides. The matching of force levels with criteria of desired destruction—what it takes to do the worst you want to do—offered Carter a powerful tool for dealing with the national-security bureaucracy. “If you know how much deterrent you need,” says Molander, “then you could do reductions.”

PRM 10, in short, was potentially an instrument for arms control. Its focus was on force levels. It assumed that

we had more than we needed for “deterrence”—that is, more than we needed to do so much damage to the other side that no sane leader would risk war. By proving we had more than we needed, it opened the way to getting rid of some—turning back the clock, retreating from the brink, winding down the arms race. It offered support for the arms-controllers in the coming fight over SALT.

The authors of Annex C won a major battle, but it was a paper victory; they lost the war. Carter, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, Brown, and a big chunk of the NSC staff may have been putting arms control first, but elsewhere in the government another question had been pushing its way to the fore over the previous three or four years: How do you fight the war?

Annex C was considered at a high-level meeting in August, with Zbigniew Brzezinski sitting as chairman. The paper had few friends. Not even Harold Brown was for it. The reason for its demise was implicit in a question asked by Brzezinski during a briefing on the criteria of desired destruction. At one point Brzezinski interrupted. “Where,” he asked, “are the criteria for killing Russians?”

This question appeared to catch the briefer by surprise. It is a kind of unwritten rule among strategic planners that one does not target “population per se.” This is another circumlocution characteristic of the Pentagon, like the phrase “if deterrence fails.” Even back in the early days, when American war planners targeted most of their weapons on cities, we insisted to ourselves that we did not target “population per se.”

When Brzezinski asked for the criteria for killing Russians, the briefer was puzzled. He thought Brzezinski had unaccountably missed an elementary point. He told Brzezinski that we don't target “population per se,” but as a practical matter, Soviet workers don't have cars, mass transportation is miserable, they all live close to the factories where they work. If you attack Soviet economic and industrial targets, you're bound to kill a lot of people at the same time. Annex C estimated that a major nuclear war would kill about 113 million Soviet citizens.

“No, no,” said Brzezinski. “I mean *Russian* Russians.”

The briefer was stunned. He felt that he was listening to the voice of 600 years of Polish history. “He didn't care about all those Ukrainians,” the briefer said later. Brzezinski had something severely practical in mind. It was Russians who ran the Soviet Union, Russians who were the enemy. If you wanted to deter war you had to deter Russians. If deterrence failed, it was Russians you had to kill. Killing Russians *qua* Russians would speed the breakup of the Russian empire. It made good strategic sense; it ought to be studied. It could be done the same way the Russians might target white neighborhoods in a segregated American city, and for much the same reason—because whites are afraid of blacks, just as Great Russians fear submergence in a sea of Asians. Thousands of warheads are available for such tasks. They *can* be selectively targeted in such a way. Why be sentimental about these



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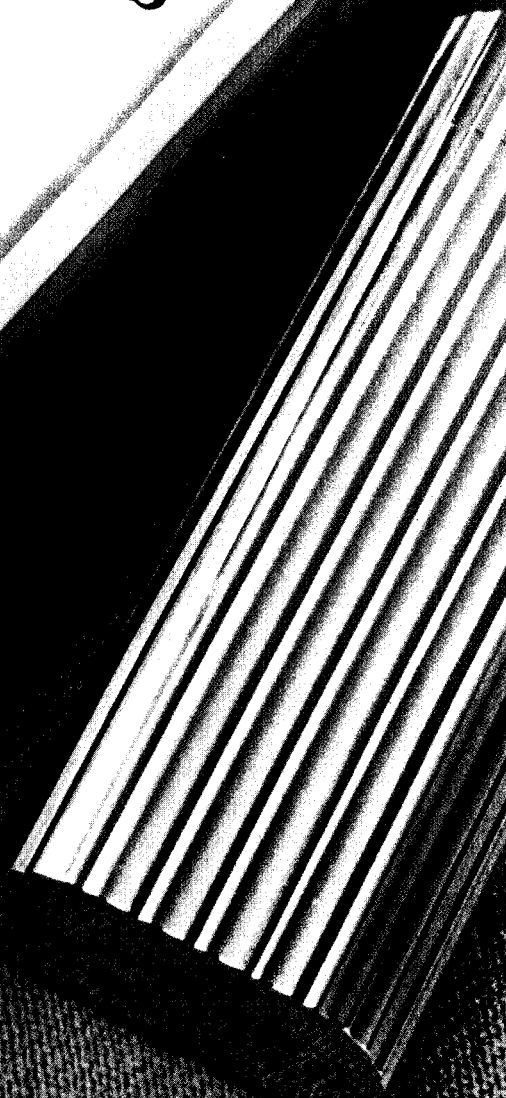
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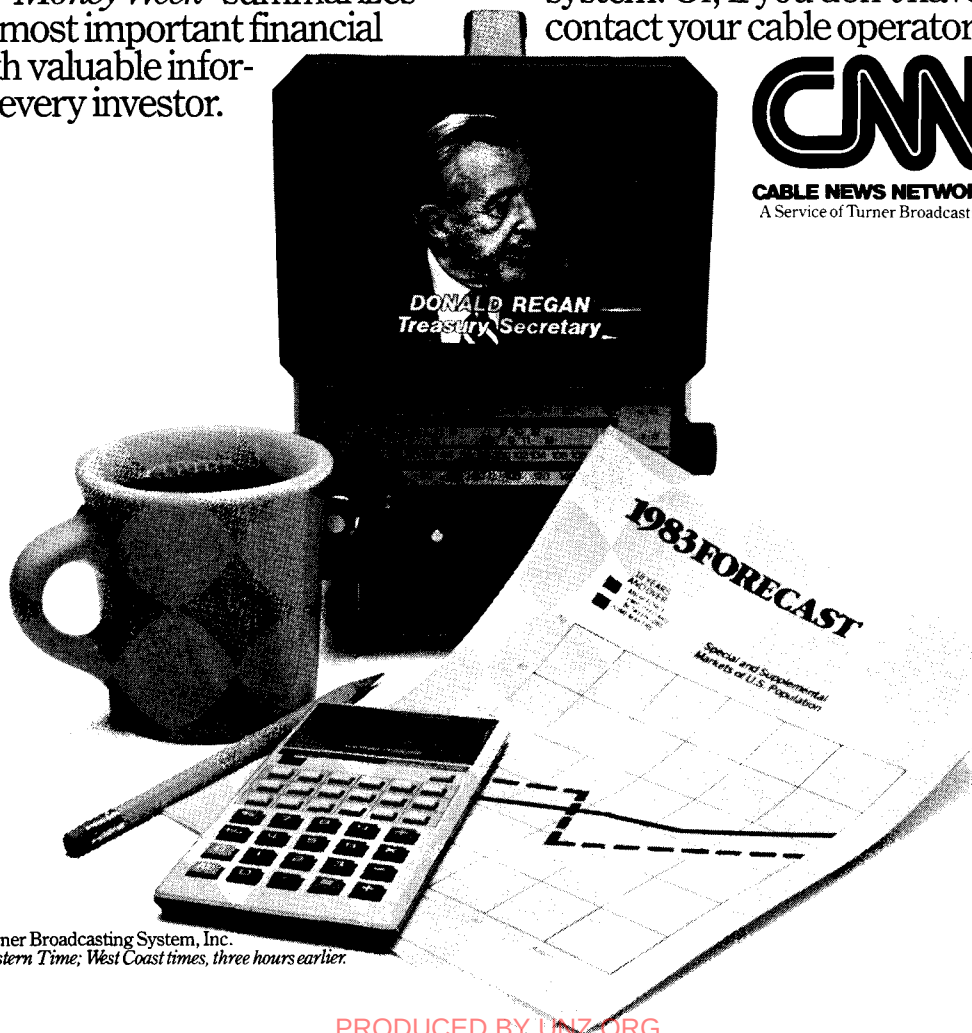
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things? With one question, Brzezinski summed up the reasons for the demise of Annex C of PRM 10. It didn't address the right question—how to fight the war.

THE PRINCIPAL BUREAUCRATIC RESULT OF PRM 10 was Presidential Directive 18—a relatively innocuous piece of White House paper—which in turn asked for several follow-up studies, including another look at the problems raised by Annex C. Formally called the National Targeting Policy Review, this particular task was given to Harold Brown, who passed it down to Walter Slocombe, McGiffert's principal deputy in the International Security Affairs division of the DOD, and Andrew Marshall, director of net assessment and a grizzled veteran of the strategic-policy wars going all the way back to the very first Rand Corporation studies of how to fight a nuclear war, in the mid-1950s.

There was much talk in the fall of 1977 of whom to put in direct charge of the targeting study. At first, Slocombe and Marshall thought it ought to be given to a military officer, since its success would depend heavily on cooperation from the Joint Chiefs and the Joint Strategic Target Planning Staff (JSTPS), at Offutt Air Force Base, near Omaha, Nebraska. The Joint Chiefs, surprisingly, insisted that a civilian ought to do the job. Slocombe and Marshall finally settled on Leon Sloss, the State Department specialist on strategic arms who had been acting chief of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency before the arrival of Paul Warnke. Sloss, generally regarded as somewhat right of center on strategic questions, spent most of 1978 working on the targeting study, which was intended to be a preliminary step in what Brzezinski was beginning to think of as "the transformation of strategic doctrine." The PRM 10 people—and in particular Lynn Davis—were cut out of the targeting study entirely.

Several Pentagon officials have said that Andy Marshall played an important but unobtrusive role in Sloss's targeting study for the simple reason that he had seen it all before. After studying economics and statistics at the University of Chicago, Marshall joined Rand in 1949 and went to work on strategic studies the following summer, at a time when the Air Force more or less planned to obliterate Russia in the event of war. A characteristic war plan of the period, code-named Dropshot, called for delivery of 300 U.S. bombs on 200 Soviet targets in 100 urban areas in order to destroy "the vital war-making capacity of the USSR." An earlier plan, approved in December of 1947, provided for destruction of forty square miles of downtown Moscow with eight nuclear weapons.

From the beginning, Marshall was critical of the "city-busting" approach, which he considered a legacy of the strategic-bombing programs of World War II. The vast destructive potential of nuclear weapons made them ideal for destroying cities, and U.S. aircraft of the period made it difficult to hit anything smaller. But Marshall and a hand-

ful of others at Rand—William Kaufmann, Joseph Loftus, Herbert Goldhammer—began to argue in the mid-1950s that city-busting would only kill and destroy, not win the war, and would invite the same in return. In 1956, Marshall and Goldhammer began work on a different strategy, which was eventually called the "no-cities" approach. The idea was in the air. In the same year, Paul Nitze and Henry Kissinger were members of a group at the Council on Foreign Relations, in New York, which was studying the tactical use of nuclear weapons in the event of a war in Europe. This was the heyday of "massive retaliation," the doctrine that promised total destruction of the USSR at the first sign of aggression. Nitze took the unfashionable view that nuclear weapons were just that—weapons—and not instruments of apocalypse. In an article published in the January, 1956, issue of *Foreign Affairs*, he wrote:

... it is to the West's interest, if atomic war becomes unavoidable, that atomic weapons of the smallest sizes be used in the smallest area, and against the most restricted target systems. . . . we should limit ourselves to military objectives, primarily to those which are necessary to achieve control of the air. We should not initiate the bombing of industrial or population centers.

Marshall took the same approach, but most of his colleagues at Rand disagreed. They felt that it was impossible to identify Soviet military targets. Throughout the late 1950s, Marshall and Joseph Loftus argued that Soviet airfields, at least, were all pretty much where they'd been in the twenties and thirties, just as they were in the United States, and that U.S. intelligence was good enough to find other targets as well. The problem, Marshall said recently, was that security clearances were a lot harder to get then than they are now. Most civilian analysts at Rand simply weren't allowed to see secret materials, and so exaggerated the difficulty of finding Soviet military targets. That all changed in May of 1960, when the Soviets shot down one of the CIA's U-2 spy planes on its way to photograph a missile-testing center at Plesetsk. Not long afterward, Marshall remembers, a Rand analyst stopped him one day in the parking lot and said, "Now I understand what you and Loftus were talking about."

But the war planners were slow to absorb the implications of intelligence gathered by the U-2 and later by reconnaissance satellites. For one thing, they were working with missiles that were extremely inaccurate. The Atlas, first deployed in the autumn of 1959, had a CEP of "several miles"—probably three to five. CEP is the acronym for "circular error probable," which refers to the radius of a circle in which half of the missiles fired at a given target can be expected to hit. This means that half of the Atlases fired at a Soviet target would land within three to five miles of the DGZ, or "desired ground zero." The Atlas was useless for anything smaller than cities. Things were pretty much the same for the first Polaris submarines, deployed in late 1960. Bombers were better, but Soviet air defenses were such that they would probably have to fly at

high altitudes at night. That too meant bombing cities, just as it had during World War II, when the British adopted a policy of attacks on the residential suburbs of industrial cities, because that was all they could hope to find or hit from high altitudes at night.

UNTIL 1960, NUCLEAR TARGETING WAS LARGELY IN the hands of the Strategic Air Command and the Navy, which tended to go their own sweet ways. Attempts to coordinate their plans were only marginally successful. Each had its own priorities and strategy. The Navy, for example, gave its highest priority to Soviet submarine bases, while SAC wanted to hit Soviet airfields first. The result was a kind of chaos: some Soviet targets would have been hit three or four times right away, while others, outside the parochial interests of SAC and the Navy, were not targeted at all. In the 1950s, for example, when the Rand analysts were beginning to rethink nuclear strategy, 115 airfields and forty industrial targets were on the strike lists of two separate U.S. commanders in the Far East. In European Russia and the Warsaw Pact countries, 121 airfields were targeted by two U.S. commanders, and thirty-one by three. The explanation for these redundancies was service rivalry, pure and simple. In briefings on strategic matters, the Air Force and the Navy tended to ignore each other, as if each had to assume sole responsibility for the whole strategic mission.

In 1958, the commander in chief of SAC, General Thomas Power, proposed that he be put in charge of targeting all strategic weapons. This was an act of blatant bureaucratic aggrandizement, but Eisenhower's last secretary of defense, Thomas Gates, concluded that some sort of central war-planning was essential to bring order out of the chaos. In August of 1960, he established the Joint Strategic Target Planning Staff, to be run by the commander of SAC with an admiral as vice-director. The chief of naval operations personally appealed Gates's decision to Eisenhower, but the President refused to rescind the order.

The first Single Integrated Operational Plan (SIOP), approved by Gates in December of 1960, allocated primary and alternate targets to every strategic warhead in the U.S. arsenal. Coordinating such an attack—timing everything to arrive on schedule, and matching individual warheads and heights of burst to individual targets—is a task of staggering complexity, but the “plan” behind the first SIOP was simplicity itself. Everything would go at once—the handful of early missiles, and several thousand gravity bombs to be delivered by aircraft. Every major city in Russia, Eastern Europe, and China would be attacked. A number of military and economic targets—railroad marshaling yards, submarine bases, airfields, hydro-electric dams, oil fields, mines, and the like—would also be hit in what the JSTPS referred to as an “optimum mix.” It would be hard to identify the strategy behind the first SIOP. Herman Kahn, one of the first civilian strategic analysts, de-

scribed a response of this sort as a “spasm”—peace one day, holocaust the next.

It is important to keep in mind that this strategy was no secret to the Russians. Everything about the U.S. military posture pointed to such an approach. Indeed, it was what we *said* we would do. What would prompt such an attack? John Foster Dulles, who unveiled the policy of massive retaliation in 1954, was never quite clear on this point. Russian “aggression” would certainly be blamed, but the aggression might be anything from an all-out invasion of Europe on down to military pressure on someone we considered a friend. Dulles wanted Russia to be doubtful, cautious, hesitant—uncertain how far it could go. All the Soviets could know for sure was that when the response came—whatever the provocation—it would be devastating.

And the uncertainty did not stop there. The strategy of the early 1960s provided for a pre-emptive U.S. strike—a bolt-out-of-the-blue attack on the Soviets—“in response to unequivocal strategic warning of impending major Sino-Soviet Bloc attack upon the U.S. or its allies.” What did “unequivocal” mean? The Soviets, of course, would have no way of knowing. Putting their own military on alert status in response to an American threat might have been enough to do the trick. The whole approach of the first SIOP (and its successor) contributed to extreme ambiguity, with potentially ghastly consequences. The Joint Chiefs of Staff officially estimated that execution of the first SIOP would kill somewhere between 360 million and 425 million people under Communist control. The SIOP provided for no middle ground, no breathing space, no time to reconsider. When ordinary diplomacy came to an end, we were going to do our damndest to exterminate a fifth of the globe.

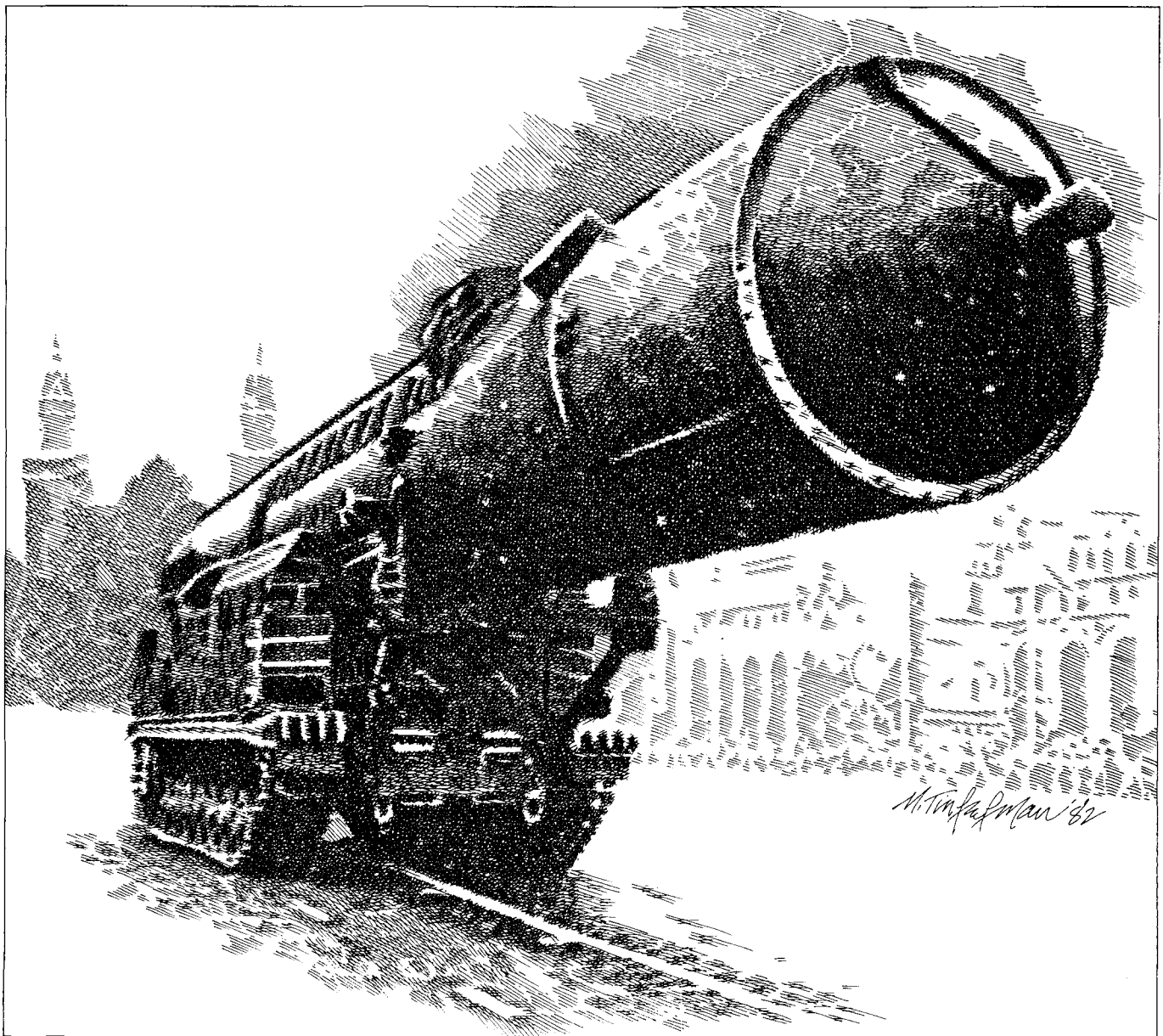
QUITE APART FROM ITS MORAL ASPECTS, THE FIRST SIOP had a glaring practical weakness. It assumed that the all-out American attack would not invite something similar in return. In 1954, the Soviets had a single tenuous method of delivering their small stock of nuclear bombs to the continental United States—by suicidal bombing missions in planes that couldn't carry fuel enough to get back home. By 1960, Russia had an air fleet and was building an intercontinental-ballistic-missile force. The U.S. Air Force argued that the Soviets would have several hundred such missiles within a year. (The CIA, playing it safe, said not so many, while the skeptical Army and Navy—close to the truth, as it later turned out—guessed that the number would be about ten.) The Eisenhower Administration denied that there was a “missile gap,” as charged by John F. Kennedy during the election campaign that year, but the President also refused to show the Kennedy people U-2 photos proving the administration's case. Even accepting the Army's and the Navy's figures, however, it was clear that Russia could not be

bombed in 1960 with the impunity of 1954. As a practical matter, the first SIOP *guaranteed* that a nuclear war would be as bad as it could be.

When Kennedy's secretary of defense, Robert McNamara, took office in January of 1961, he was unschooled in national-security issues. He admitted that he had read only one book on the subject. During his first week in office, he was briefed at length on strategic matters by William Kaufmann, one of the Rand analysts who had helped develop a "no-cities" approach to nuclear targeting. Its essence was simple: holocaust might be at the end of the road in a nuclear war, but why hurry to get there? Early exchanges—attacks and counterattacks—ought to be aimed at military targets, which might slow down the enemy and give him time to think. Perhaps the war could be ended, or at least suspended, before it went the distance. McNamara outlined the new approach in a statement to Congress in

January of 1962, and again in June, at the University of Michigan, in a much-quoted speech in which he said that "nuclear war should be approached in much the same way that more conventional military operations have been regarded in the past."

McNamara's plain intent was to avoid the ultimate horrors if worse came to worst, but he was soon forced to back away from the "no-cities" doctrine by two developments. The first was an emerging public fear that talk of using nuclear weapons in a "conventional" manner made war more likely. The language of the discussion itself, with its casual references to "city-busting," "exchanges," "surgical strikes," and the like, makes it appear that military planners have lost all common human feeling. Ordinary citizens are willing to live with nuclear arms, but only if they make war "too awful" to happen. When defense experts talk about minimizing the damage in a nuclear war, ordinary



citizens tend to conclude in panic that the military is getting ready to have one. McNamara did his persuasive best to make a case for "no cities," but the general public wasn't buying.

The second development, an unexpected one, sealed the fate of "no cities." The Air Force found this strategy a powerful tool in arguing for more weaponry. There are a great many more "military" targets than there are cities and factories. McNamara estimated that the equivalent of 400 megatons would be enough to destroy half of Soviet industry and kill a quarter of the Soviet population. When the SAC commander argued for 10,000 Minuteman missiles, McNamara could counter that what we already had was far more than enough to dissuade any sane nation from going to war. The sheer numbers of weapons the military wanted in order to implement "no cities" threatened to produce runaway military budgets and turn the United States into a garrison state.

For these two reasons, McNamara soon retreated to a public posture in favor of pure deterrence, arguing that the other side's certain knowledge that it would be destroyed in a war would prevent one from breaking out. "Mutual Assured Destruction"—soon known by its acronym, MAD—has proved the simplest and most durable of strategic concepts. Large parts of it survive even today. But the "no-cities" approach did not disappear; it simply went underground. The second SIOP, approved by McNamara in June of 1962, introduced the notion of "flexible response" in targeting strategy. SIOP I proposed firing the U.S. nuclear arsenal "in one flush." SIOP II gave a President four options, reflecting the four categories of Soviet targets. The last of the four options was the equivalent of SIOP I's everything in one flush. If this was "flexible," it was only in relative terms. The low-option attack, on Soviet nuclear forces alone, still involved hundreds of warheads and was certain to kill millions of Soviet citizens. In spite of the fact that Moscow would have been spared in the first salvo (another change from the first SIOP), it was far from clear that the Russians would recognize the U.S. "restraint" claimed for a "damage-limiting" attack.

SIOP II was in effect during the Cuban missile crisis, in October of 1962. If war had come, an initial American strike probably would have been aimed at hundreds of Soviet airfields, plants and storage sites for nuclear weapons, Soviet medium-range missiles stationed in western Russia, and ICBM testing centers at Tyura Tam and Plesetsk, where the first few—no more than thirty, according to some accounts—Soviet ICBMs were deployed. American missiles at that time were neither reliable nor accurate. It is doubtful that they would have destroyed much of the Soviet intercontinental-missile force—mainly SS-6s, SS-7s, and SS-8s with big warheads and CEPs on the order of five miles. These would have been targeted necessarily on American cities, for the same reason that Atlas was targeted on Russian cities. It is difficult to imagine that anything but all-out nuclear war could have followed.

In short, despite McNamara's attempts to rewrite strategic doctrine and pull back from Armageddon, SIOP II's options were on such a scale that they all but guaranteed that a nuclear war would go the limit. Nevertheless, no new SIOP was written for ten years.

GENERAL WILLIAM ODOM, THE NATIONAL SECURITY Council's military assistant under Zbigniew Brzezinski, took a hard line. This doesn't mean that he opposed arms control. He was for it, so long as it limited Soviet arms programs or otherwise contributed to U.S. security. Odom had been military attaché in Moscow in the early 1970s, he spoke and read Russian, he had been impressed by Soviet military exercises, and he shared the views of Brzezinski (whom he knew at Columbia University) that Russia is expansionist in policy and aggressive in temperament.

But these views are commonly held in Washington by hard-liners and soft-liners alike. Odom's line was hard because he refused to believe that the horrifying power of nuclear weapons made war impossible. He had little but scorn for the arms-controllers, who seemed to think that the military confrontation of the United States and Russia could simply be negotiated away, and he thought that the danger of nuclear war meant we should plan for it realistically. "I'm one of those simple-minded people," he said in an interview recently, "who believes that the old military principles of fire and maneuver haven't lost all their validity because the bomb has appeared. . . . It's quite clear the Soviets don't view nuclear war the way we do. They don't deploy their forces as if the world were going to end the day an exchange takes place."

This sort of thinking scares the living daylights out of a lot of people for whom any suggestion that "we" (in the broadest sense) might survive a nuclear war implies a kind of fatal weakening of the will to avoid it. During four years on the NSC staff, Odom fought for a serious civil-defense program, heavy spending on communications and intelligence-collection systems so that they could survive the stress of a nuclear war, and a reworking of targeting policy to emphasize the controlled, limited, and rational use of nuclear weapons for traditional military purposes in the event of hostilities.

Odom made it clear that he thinks that the point of preparing for war is to avoid it, that demonstrable readiness to fight serves deterrence as well as assured destruction. His opponents dismissed this as window-dressing. The differences in approach are fundamental. The "assured-destruction crowd"—Odom's phrase—believes that there is only one strategic question: how to guarantee the survival of enough weapons to destroy an attacker (and thus deter him from attacking in the first place). Odom and others who share his views—the "war-fighters," in current parlance—insist that the threat of Armageddon is too uncertain to deter. Massive retaliation was one thing; we could

then do worse to the Soviets than they could do to us. But how do you credibly threaten an all-out response to *any* attack when the enemy can match us weapon for weapon and city for city? Do you blow up the world if you're attacked with a single nuclear weapon? And if you don't blow up the world, does it follow that you should do nothing? Why invite such a choice? The obvious alternative is to prepare a limited response to limited challenges.

When Odom first joined the NSC, he was assigned the job of "crisis management," which he didn't much like, because he knew that the principals—the President and his chief advisers—would take over willy-nilly in the event of a real crisis. But crisis management also meant preparing the President to execute the SIOP, and this put Odom at the very center of Brzezinski's effort to "transform strategic doctrine." The first SIOP was officially approved in December of 1960, but when Nixon came to office, in January of 1969, no President had ever been briefed on a SIOP. Indeed, the men who wrote the plan, out at Offutt Air Force Base, had to *guess* what sort of nuclear war Presidents wanted to fight, with nothing much solidier by way of evidence to go on than official speeches from the President and the secretary of defense. It was James Schlesinger who persuaded Nixon to sit still for the first White House SIOP briefing, but Nixon was easily bored with detail, and the SIOP has the disadvantage of being both tediously exact and frightening. Carter was the first President ever to study seriously what his role in fighting a nuclear war would be like.

CARTER'S SIOP EXERCISES—CALLED CPXS (Command post exercises)—began slowly, with a flight and a briefing in the National Emergency Airborne Command Post (NEACP, pronounced "kneecap"), a converted Boeing 747 heavily loaded with communications gear to allow the National Command Authority—that is, the President if alive; if not, his successor—to fight a war even if Washington has been destroyed. A few weeks later, in a second exercise, Brzezinski presented himself unannounced to "the man with the football"—the military aide who follows the President wherever he goes carrying a black briefcase containing authorization codes for the use of nuclear weapons. Brzezinski told the aide, in effect: "I'm the President, this is a national emergency, get me out of here." What followed, in the words of General Robert Rosenberg, an NSC specialist in C³I (command, control, communications, and intelligence), was "a nightmare, just a complete disaster."

If Washington were attacked with a submarine-launched missile, the President might have six or seven minutes to escape, by helicopter. In the exercise, the Secret Service almost shot down Brzezinski's helicopter when it suddenly appeared, the escape team was in complete confusion, the operation took much too long. It was clear to Brzezinski, Odom, and the White House Military Office that emergen-

cy procedures were sluggish and ineffective. More precisely, it became clear that while the United States had the weapons to fight a war, the commander in chief's capacity to run it was highly vulnerable. Another exercise involved a hypothetical Russian attack on "critical C³I nodes." A combination of sabotage and missile attacks on Washington and on U.S. early-warning systems in effect "decapitated" the U.S. government. The Minutemen were all safe in their silos, the submarines were hidden at sea, the bomber fleet safely got away—but the President was "dead," no one was sure who had taken his place, the commanders in chief couldn't talk to each other and didn't know what was going on. One way of describing the result would have been to say that Russia won the war.

A fundamental but generally unspoken rule of the nuclear age is that the best way to bring on a war is to give either side a reasonable shot at winning it. Carter's CPXS seemed to reveal just such a weakness on the American side. The President did his part, playing an active role in the attempt to tone up the U.S. response. In the spring of 1980, Odom described the exercises to a small Harvard University seminar on communications policy. "President Carter opened up his decision handbook, he really got into the procedures, ran through numerous scenarios, and became very comfortable with it," Odom said. "He wanted to be able to be awakened at three o'clock in the morning and not be confused, and understand what he was going to have to see, or what he was about to hear, what the voice would sound like on the other end of the line, and that sort of thing."

Carter's immersion in the details helps to explain the extraordinary shift in his defense policy toward practical planning for a nuclear war. A posture of minimum deterrence might work if both sides adopted it, but the United States could not move in that direction alone. If they had a lot and we had a few, they might use *some* of theirs without running much danger that we would use *all* of ours. Carter, despite his fundamental opposition to nuclear weapons, found it impossible to stray from the "obvious" course dictated by weapons technology. If you *could* build numerous and accurate weapons, it was hard not to—especially when you could never be sure the other side wasn't doing precisely that. Carter's change in policy represented not a change of heart but an acceptance of one great, unpleasant, and inescapable fact: technical improvement of nuclear weapons meant that they could be used in a traditional military way.

The results of Carter's CPXS were troubling enough in themselves, but something deeper began to worry Odom during the eighteen months in which the exercises continued. It seemed to him that the United States was preparing to fight the wrong kind of war—the very kind everybody feared the most. He had been struck by one of the conclusions of Graham Allison's book about the Cuban missile crisis, *Essence of Decision*: governments tend to do what they're organized to do. The more he thought about

the way we were organized, the more it reminded him of 1914. He had read Sidney B. Fay's great work of 1928, *The Origins of the World War*, which showed in detail how World War I had unfolded in blind obedience to theoretical plans laid down long before the war began. Once the two sides began a general mobilization, it was all but impossible to call a halt. Everyone expected a short war, settled, in effect, by the opening battle—just as the United States expected a third world war to be settled by a cataclysmic nuclear exchange on the opening day. It was all we had organized to do. Intelligence systems were set up to warn us of attack; no one expected them to last long enough to report on the results of the early exchanges. Communications were set up so that the President could execute the SIOP in retaliation. They could not survive a major attack. The Airborne Command Post can't stay in the air long, it is not hardened against nuclear blast, and there are only a few airports with runways long and sturdy enough to accommodate its huge weight. In short, the U.S. was organized for a short, devastating war, and Odom began to fear that that was what we would get if deterrence failed.

ODOM'S CONCLUSIONS FROM CARTER'S SIOP EXERCISES help to explain the fate of PRM 10's strategic-forces study. The arms-controllers on the National Security Council were, in effect, trying to solve the problem of overkill—to open the way for genuine reductions for the first time—by proving that we had more weapons than we needed. Odom was concerned—and to a growing extent Brzezinski was too—with something quite different: the danger that we had failed to take Soviet strategic programs into account, that we were still thinking in archaic terms of “assured destruction” while the Soviets were preparing to fight and win a nuclear war. And subsequently, Presidential Directive 18 betrayed White House nervousness about the strategic balance in its mandate for steps, in the words of General Rosenberg, “to assure national entity survival against an all-out nuclear attack—at least as well as the USSR could survive.”

The first of those steps was the targeting review headed by Leon Sloss, which Brzezinski (at Odom's urging, according to several sources) gave to the Pentagon largely in order to keep it out of the hands of the arms-controllers on the National Security Council. The study consisted of a summary report of about 150 pages and six backup reports dealing with crisis management and escalation control, the problem of deciding whether China would be a friend or an enemy in the event of war with Russia, SIOP methodology—“how to lay a weapon on a target,” in the words of one of the study's authors—and similar matters. A principal goal of the study had been to identify smaller target sets—that is, related things that might be selectively destroyed in the early “trans-SIOP” stages of a nuclear war. The six Soviet armored divisions closest to the Polish border might be an example of a target set, or the dozen largest grain

elevators in the Ukraine, or a series of pumping stations along the oil and natural-gas pipelines that cross the Ural Mountains.

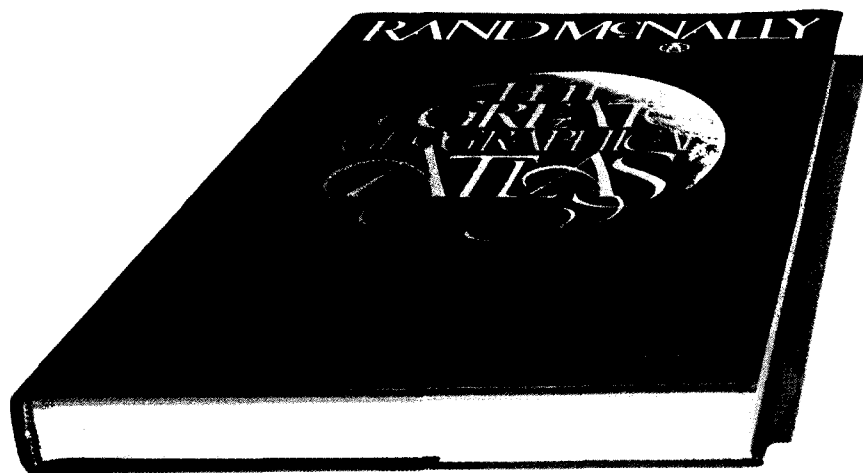
The Sloss study reached two principal conclusions. The first was that Soviet targets were growing steadily more numerous and harder to destroy. Experts argued that some Soviet military targets had been hardened to withstand blast pressures of 4,500 pounds per square inch (psi), an all but unimaginable figure only a few years earlier. (The first Soviet and American liquid-fueled missiles had been big, soft, pushover targets vulnerable to blast pressures of only a couple of pounds.) But it wasn't just missile silos and C³I nodes that would be harder to destroy. The Sloss study also found that Soviet civil-defense measures had been effective. One source said that “it came as a shock to OSD [Office of the Secretary of Defense] analysts” to find that a concentrated attack on Soviet population—a deliberate attempt to kill large numbers of people—would fall far short of the 60 percent that had previously been taken as a matter of course. A more realistic figure, according to this source, was on the order of 25 percent—well under 100 million. The inescapable implication was that American strategic capacities were eroding. The Soviets would still suffer unimaginably in a war—but not so much as they would have even a few years earlier. In short, Soviet attempts to protect their weapons and their citizens—the latter a quixotic attempt, from the conventional American point of view—were *actually working*.

A second major conclusion of the Sloss study was that the biggest weakness in the American strategic forces was not the weapons themselves—despite their age, they could still be made to do—but the wiring for an extended war, the C³I, which would allow the nation to negotiate while it fought in the hope that a war might be ended before it led to the last annihilating stages of all-out attack on cities. In other words, said one of the analysts who worked for Sloss, “We could live with the current inventory as long as we got the C³.”

The Joint Chiefs of Staff were loath to agree, for obvious reasons. They were already pressing hard for a completely new triad—the Trident submarine, a land-based MX missile system to replace (or at least supplement) the Minuteman, and the new, still-secret “stealth” bomber, whose revolutionary design would make it hard to detect by radars. The Joint Chiefs were strongly backed by General Richard Ellis, the commander of SAC and director of the Joint Strategic Target Planning Staff, who argued against a revision of SIOP based on the targeting study, on the grounds that he couldn't do the job he already had. He objected not to the importance of C³I but to its emphasis. In his view, the hardening of Soviet targets demanded new, more accurate American weapons.

The targeting study was sent to the White House in December of 1978, where it fell into the maw of the unknown. Harold Brown heard nothing. For more than a year the

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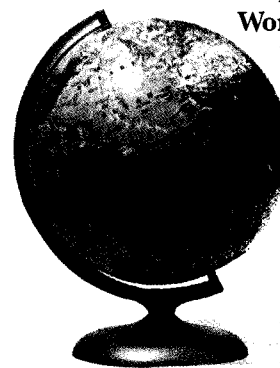
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study languished. Some NSC staffers argued with Brzezinski that it ought to become the basis of a presidential directive that would revise strategic doctrine. Others shrank from the implications of the study, which strongly suggested a continuing Soviet program to prevail in a nuclear war. A presidential directive would inevitably leak, these staffers said. Its tone would inevitably seem harsh, even pugnacious, and would suggest a weakening commitment to SALT. We couldn't talk agreement and amity on one hand while drawing up new sets of Soviet targets for selective destruction on the other. A bureaucracy can't contain a contradiction of that sort; the partisans of the two views would begin to battle each other in the public prints. So the targeting study, probably the most ambitious of its kind in U.S. postwar history, simply lay inert in the NSC while Brzezinski slowly made up his mind what to do about the problems it raised.

THERE IS AN OLD ARGUMENT IN THE STRATEGIC-weapons business about which comes first, strategic doctrine or the weapons to implement it. Do we calculate what it will take to make us safe, and then buy the weapons required? Or do we buy weapons first, and then decide what to do with them? The argument sounds academic, but it is not. If strategy comes first, then the nature of the Soviet-American military confrontation is something we have chosen deliberately, and we may be said to be in control of our fate. But if the weapons come first, spawned by man's sheer technical inventiveness, then the confrontation, with all its attendant dangers, is something that has happened to us—a kind of natural calamity, like a hurricane, or a drought, or the beginning of a new ice age.

This is not a question with an inescapable answer, like a mathematical equation. Civilian strategists tend to think that we are in charge, that we decide what we need before proceeding to build it. In fact, they tend to think that *they* are in charge, and often say that no important nuclear doctrine has a military source. It is the civilians, and among the civilians the academics, who have decided how we should use the bomb. Military men do not seem to take offense at these claims, or even to notice them. They are concerned with what the engineers think they can do, and are generally in favor of anything that serves the traditional military goals of fire and maneuver. They want weapons that are numerous, powerful, quick, accurate, and versatile. The earliest nuclear weapons were only powerful. The first hydrogen bomb, for example, was five feet in diameter, twenty-four feet long, and weighed twenty-one tons. The plane that delivered it had to be jacked up to get the bomb in the bomb bay. It was so heavy that it required jet-assisted takeoff and an extra-long runway. Its yield was in the multi-megaton range, and could flatten the entire downtown of a major city, but it was very far from being versatile.

The deterrent value of nuclear weapons has dominated academic discussion ever since, but it has never satisfied military men. They have wanted weapons to fight with, and by now they have got them. Fission bombs had a yield limit of about 500 kilotons; theoretically, fusion bombs have no limit. Aircraft that took ten hours or more to reach the Soviet Union have been replaced by missiles that can make the trip in thirty minutes from the American Midwest, or in less than ten minutes from American submarines in the North Atlantic, the Arctic, and the Pacific oceans. But the two greatest changes in nuclear weaponry—the ones that explain the situation in which we find ourselves now—have been the development of MIRVs (multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles) and improved accuracy, which allows destruction of pretty much anything in a known location on the surface of the earth. Accurate MIRVs do not enhance deterrence of the traditional sort. A handful of big, clumsy, even roughly accurate weapons can cause unimaginable damage, and thereby deter a rational opponent, so long as the missiles are safe from destruction in a surprise attack. Accurate MIRVs are good for fighting, but as long as the Soviets didn't have them there was little pressure on us to come up with new strategies to reflect the new weapons. It was only when it became clear that the Russians were themselves on the verge of accurate MIRVs—a moment that arrived with dramatic suddenness in the fall of 1977—that we finally succumbed to the inevitable, and began to adopt plans to fight a nuclear war.

THE QUESTION OF ACCURACY IS PARAMOUNT IN missile design—and in strategic doctrine—for the simple reason that inaccurate missiles cannot reliably threaten protected weaponry. So long as either side's weapons are safe, it can credibly threaten to retaliate, and it can ride out an attack before deciding to do so. This means there is no advantage to be gained by striking first, something the strategists refer to as "crisis stability." Weapons that can survive attack help maintain the strategic balance. Accurate missiles threaten to upset the apple cart by offering a chance to destroy an enemy's weapons and thereby limit the damage he can do in retaliation. This falls naturally into the traditional patterns of military thinking, which define the main objective in war as the enemy's military forces. Moreover, accurate missiles promise an advantage from striking first, thus making war *more* likely in a crisis. Almost as dangerous is the increased pressure to adopt a policy of launch on warning, sometimes referred to in defense circles as the "use it or lose it syndrome." Where warning times may be as short as fifteen or twenty minutes, and where "warning" means in fact nothing more substantial than short electronic messages received by computers that activate buzzers and flashing lights, a policy of launching on warning subjects the fate of nations to the reliability of technical systems

that are not, and never can be, infallible. Accurate missiles, therefore, are very much a two-edged sword. They offer the possibility of destroying an enemy's weapons, but only at the cost of making him so nervous that he's bound to be more likely to use them.

The inherent dangers of accurate missiles have been well understood by American strategists and policy-makers for many years, and the military has often chafed under official reluctance to run an aggressive race for improved accuracy. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, the Congress, apparently persuaded of the danger of threatening the Soviet Union's capacity to retaliate, consistently refused to appropriate funds for improving the accuracy of both Minuteman and Poseidon missiles. But this de facto policy of unilateral restraint obviously depended on a Soviet willingness to go along, a matter that was the subject of much controversy in the intelligence community, and nowhere more so than during the annual writing of 11-3/8, as professionals call it—the CIA's National Intelligence Estimate (NIE) for Soviet strategic programs and capabilities.

IN RECENT YEARS, DEBATE OVER THE SOVIET NIE HAS focused on the nature and meaning of the Soviet strategic military buildup, a relentless program of missile development that began, it is now clear, after the Cuban missile crisis, in 1962. The final stages of the Soviet withdrawal of medium-range missiles from Cuba were negotiated by Vasily Kuznetsov and the American lawyer and diplomat John J. McCloy. During one of their conversations, while they were leaning side by side on a fence at McCloy's home in Stamford, Connecticut, Kuznetsov said, "You Americans will never be able to do this to us again."

So it has proved. By the middle of the 1970s, the one-sided American strategic predominance was long gone.

The question that remained was where the Soviet program would stop. Would the Soviets be content with strategic parity, a rough equivalence of nuclear weaponry that would force us to deal with them as equals? This was the position consistently held by CIA analysts. Or did the Soviets hope to achieve outright superiority, eventually including a capacity to strike first in a nuclear war with accurate missiles that might destroy 80 to 90 percent of the American land-based Minutemen with their 2,100 warheads—the quickest, most accurate, and most versatile of American strategic weapons?

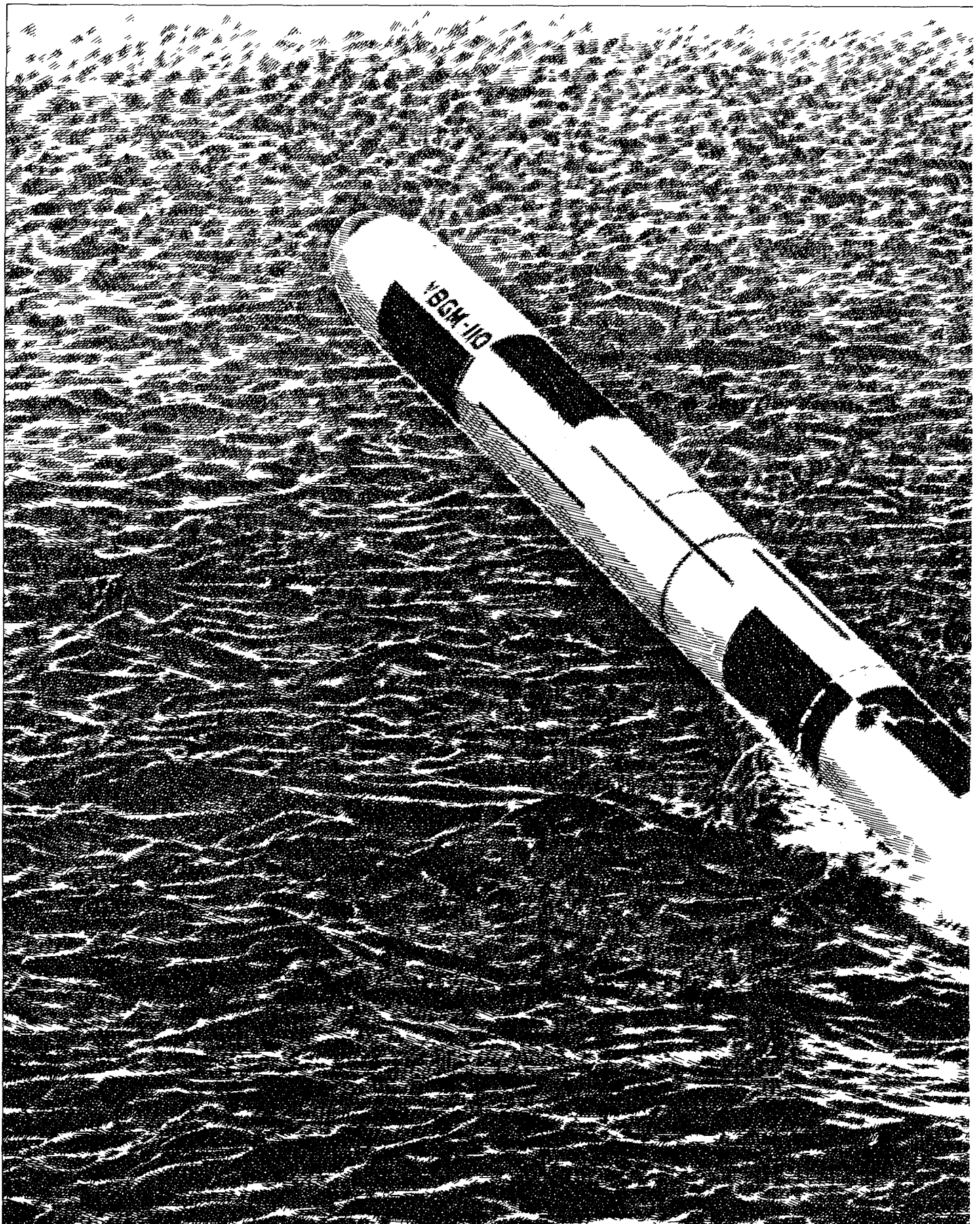
The 1969 NIE had firmly concluded that the Soviets were not gaining strategic superiority. In a paragraph summing up its arguments, the NIE stated:

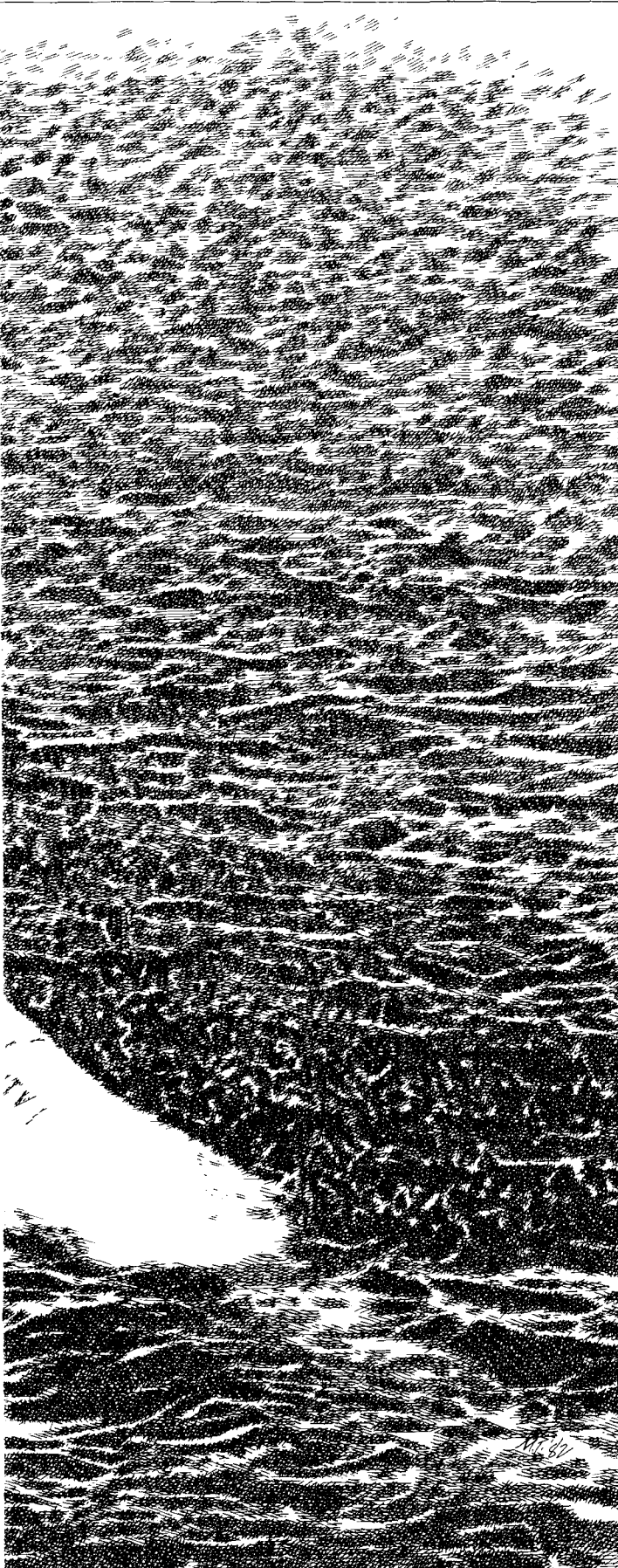
We believe that the Soviets recognize the enormous difficulties of any attempt to achieve strategic superiority of such order as to significantly alter the strategic balance. Consequently, we consider it highly unlikely that they will attempt within the period of this estimate to achieve

a first-strike capability, i.e., a capability to launch a surprise attack against the U.S. with assurance that the USSR would not itself receive damage it would regard as unacceptable. For one thing, the Soviets would almost certainly conclude that the cost of such an undertaking along with all their other military commitments would be prohibitive. More important, they almost certainly would consider it impossible to develop and deploy the combination of offensive and defensive forces necessary to counter successfully the various elements of U.S. strategic attack forces. Finally, even if such a project were economically and technically feasible the Soviets would almost certainly calculate that the U.S. would detect and match or overmatch their efforts.

In the final draft of the 1969 NIE, this paragraph was removed from the main text at the insistence of Melvin Laird, then secretary of defense, but reinserted as a footnote by the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research. Henry Kissinger, Nixon's national security adviser, supported Laird's objection (both men wanted Senate approval of an antiballistic-missile system, and argued that it was essential to counter a possible Soviet first strike) and attacked the very form of the NIE itself. The offending paragraph was typical of CIA paper at the time, a kind of ex cathedra statement without supporting detail which forced policy-makers to take it or leave it. The style had been adopted in the Eisenhower years, when the CIA's Board of National Estimates (BNE) was staffed mainly by men of substance and weight—retired diplomats, military officers, and the like. Since then the BNE had slowly changed. Staffers and analysts had been elevated to board membership and the Office of National Estimates, which supported the board, had even become something of a dumping ground for CIA officers who didn't fit in elsewhere. Kissinger protested vigorously through the NSC staff member for intelligence matters, a former CIA officer named William Hyland, who insisted that future NIEs include more of the evidence on which judgments were based. The following year, the task of writing the NIE was transferred from the Office of National Estimates to the CIA's Office of Strategic Research, and in 1973, William Colby, the director of the CIA, abolished the Board of National Estimates altogether.

Kissinger's objection was shared by many others in the national-security community who felt that the CIA was "underestimating the threat." Year after year, the Agency assumed that Soviet strategic programs were only catch-up ball, while others argued that something more ominous was under way. One locus of skepticism was the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (PFIAB, pronounced "piffy-ab"), a high-level group with an intelligence-oversight function—designed not to keep the Agency on the straight and narrow but to ensure that it didn't fall down on the job. PFIAB consistently took a harder line than the Agency. Its chairman during the last years of the Board of National Estimates was Admiral George Ander-





son, a man blunt in manner and crude in thinking who talked about the "Soviet timetable" for world conquest.

What the PFIAB really objected to was Nixon's, and later Gerald Ford's, commitment to SALT. The 1972 NIE, for example, firmly concluded that Moscow's signature on the ABM treaty proved that the Soviets accepted American deterrence theory. The PFIAB was especially critical of the Soviet NIEs in 1973 and 1974. The PFIAB's estimates review committee, led by John Foster, a former Pentagon official, and the physicist Edward Teller, proposed that a special group of analysts be brought in from the outside for an independent look at the CIA's evidence. William Colby vigorously resisted the proposal in writing and even argued against it before President Ford. He was strongly supported by Howard Stoertz, the CIA's national intelligence officer for Soviet strategic forces, who argued that the exercise would put intolerable pressures on the CIA's regular analysts.

Two things finally overcame the Agency's reluctance to let an outside team work on the NIE. The first was the unexpected result of a compromise that Colby suggested in 1975: he would appoint a special three-man team, led by a retired CIA officer, to study the Soviet NIEs over the previous ten years with an eye to three critical issues—Soviet air defenses, strategic objectives, and missile accuracy. As it turned out, this was an expensive way to buy a year's delay. The CIA's own study group submitted a seventy-five-page report critical of the Agency's performance over the previous decade. Among other things, it concluded that the CIA's force projections had been consistently wrong, badly underestimating how many strategic weapons the Soviets really planned to build.

During the same period, the CIA was harshly criticized by Major General George Keegan, Jr., the head of Air Force intelligence, for underestimating Soviet civil-defense programs. The CIA had done a special civil-defense study in 1969, concluding that the Soviet program was mostly talk, and then neglected the subject. In 1974 and 1975, Keegan made a new study, gathering evidence that the Soviets had put the program under military management, were spending large sums on civil-defense preparations, and were building deep shelters for Russian leaders—seventy-five within the Moscow ring road alone, some of them hardened to withstand blast pressures of 1,000 psi. When the CIA analysts working on the 1975 NIE resisted his conclusions, Keegan took his case around town. One of his stops was at the PFIAB, where he used typically hyperbolic language to criticize the CIA, saying that the 1975 NIE "totally ignores" Soviet civil defense and thus "illustrates one more gross intelligence failure." At that point, Keegan's case was stronger than the Agency's. (The following year, the Agency sponsored a mammoth civil-defense study, including voluminous detail on such things as the exact number of blast and fallout shelters, buses available for evacuation, food distribution points, and so on. The study—highly classified, because it

revealed how much we could find out about Russia—concluded that the Soviets *were* taking civil defense seriously, but that it would not do them a lot of good in a major nuclear war.)

Colby's replacement as director of the CIA, George Bush, put on the defensive by the civil-defense fiasco and the Agency's own critical internal study, accepted the PFIAB's request for an outside group of experts to do its own study of Soviet strategic programs using the same evidence available to CIA analysts working on the 1976 NIE. Bush felt he had to accept the PFIAB's proposal for a B Team, as it was called. But he went further, appointing B Team members with established public reputations as hard-liners suspicious of Russia—such men as Paul Nitze, who had written the most important of American Cold War documents, NSC 68, back in 1950; Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham, a former director of the Defense Intelligence Agency; Thomas Wolfe, of Rand, who had been critical of SALT; Professor William Van Cleave, another SALT critic who later became a Reagan adviser during the 1980 campaign; and retired Air Force General John Vogt, Jr. The leader of this group was the Harvard professor Richard Pipes, who had been led from academe into public life by Senator Henry Jackson. With such men, it was not surprising that the B Team's report reached conclusions almost diametrically opposed to those of the CIA in previous years. Leaked initially to William Beecher, of *The Boston Globe*, in December of 1976, shortly after the election of Jimmy Carter, the B Team report concluded that the Russian strategic buildup over the previous dozen years was aggressive and far-reaching, aiming at the sort of superiority that would give the Russians world predominance, and even allow them to "win" a nuclear war if things came to that.

But the Pipes group was not the only "B Team" working. Two others, similarly staffed by people skeptical of the prevailing Agency wisdom, studied Soviet air defenses—a critical issue if American B-52 bombers were to penetrate Soviet airspace in the event of war—and one of the technically most difficult subjects of all, Soviet missile accuracy. This had been a subject of heated debate the year before. "Individual Soviet MIRVs under development at the time weren't accurate enough to get a high PK ["probability of kill"]," says a CIA analyst, "but two together was very scary." The Air Force, defending the reputation of its own weapons system, had countered that an effect known as "fratricide"—the tendency of exploding warheads to destroy those following close behind—would hinder a disarming strike aimed at Minuteman. The 1975 NIE conclusion that Minuteman would be safe until the mid-1980s was based on an estimate that the most accurate Soviet missiles—the SS-18s and 19s—had a CEP of about a quarter of a nautical mile. In 1976, the team on accuracy concluded that the CIA's accuracy estimates were wrong, possibly as the result of deliberate Soviet attempts at deception. A truer CEP, the team said, would be on the order of a tenth

of a nautical mile, about 600 feet—accurate enough for an attack on a Minuteman with a high probability of kill. That would allow the Soviets to attack Minuteman with only one warhead per silo, avoiding the fratricide effect. Minuteman vulnerability, so long feared, was now imminent.

ESTIMATING SOVIET MISSILE ACCURACY IS A HIGHLY complex undertaking, for the most part debated in vague terms, because the intelligence community is so secretive about its methods of gathering data. The Russians test their missiles from west to east, launching most of them from Tyura Tam, in southern Russia, near the Aral Sea, at targets on the Kamchatka Peninsula, in Siberia, or in the Pacific Ocean. The U.S. has separate technical systems for monitoring Soviet tests during the three stages of flight—the launch phase (when the exact moment of boost termination is critically important), the mid-flight phase, when the post-boost vehicle reorients itself to establish individual trajectories for MIRVs, and the re-entry phase, when the angle of approach, local weather or wind conditions, and the shape of the re-entry vehicle (RV) affect accuracy in the final moments before impact. During all three phases of flight in a missile test, radio equipment (generally installed in the missile's nose cone, in the space provided for warheads) broadcasts messages to the ground, a process referred to as telemetry. These messages report on the missile's performance. The U.S. monitors a test mainly by eavesdropping on Soviet telemetry. The impact phase is also monitored by radar and other means. The first step in estimating Soviet accuracy, then, is simply to gather voluminous data on actual tests.

The second step is to establish a computer model of the missile in question and to draw up something called an "error budget." The error budget is, in effect, a list of all those systems in a missile that affect accuracy—the control and termination of thrust, the performance of accelerometers in the guidance package, the shape of the RV, and so on. Each of these factors is given a number based on the evidence gathered from monitoring tests, which is then fed into the computer model, allowing the missile to be "flown." The performance of these computer "flights" provides an estimate of the missile's accuracy.

This sounds straightforward enough, but, in fact, U.S. monitoring systems suffer from many disadvantages. Monitoring stations—the main ones used to be in Turkey and Iran, and are now in China—are not as close to the launching site as we might like; there is little advance warning of a test; telemetry can be encoded (although this is partly prohibited by SALT); it is hard to be close at hand for the impact; and we can never know the precise aim point. In addition, it is hard to reach agreement on the proper data base. Should it include all tests of a given missile, or only the last ten, say, which might reflect a recent improvement? Finally, there is an "uncertainty band" for each of the factors involved—a range in which it is expected to

perform. Nothing works exactly the same way every time. During the B Team study in 1976, there was much argument about whether to base a final estimate on the "optimistic" or on the "pessimistic" figures in the error budget. "The uncertainty band," said one of the CIA analysts, "would cover the entire range of happiness." He meant you could read the figures any way you liked, and come up with an estimate that the Soviets would be right on target or would miss by a country mile. Everyone knew the Russians would achieve pinpoint accuracy eventually; the argument centered on whether they could do it with their current generation of missiles (the B Team's position) or would have to start from scratch with a whole new missile (the CIA's position). Within a year, it would be clear that the B Team was right.

The leaking of the B Team exercise was clearly intended to force the hand of Jimmy Carter's new administration. The stature of the B Team's members, and the formality with which they studied all the available evidence, gave their pessimistic conclusions a new gravity. CIA analysts privately let it be known that they felt they had been sandbagged. They protested the whole process of the exercise, which involved long hours of debate that brought many compromises in CIA language when it came time to draft the NIE. Ross Cowey, in charge of the 1976 NIE under Howard Stoertz, was said to have been especially unhappy at the way the B Team exercise was tilted to foregone conclusions, and at the implicit criticism of his own work when the B Team report was leaked to the press. But at the CIA, George Bush took the official position that the exercise was "useful," and authorized distribution of the B Team report to all the regular readers of the Soviet NIE. At a PFIAB meeting, Admiral Anderson told Pipes it was about time they got a good estimate. Carter's director of central intelligence, Admiral Stansfield Turner, appointed Robert Bowie to head the intelligence-estimating branch of the CIA, and on Bowie's first day in office he spent three hours discussing the B Team exercise with the PFIAB, which was preparing a formal list of recommendations to the new President.

But Carter saw all this as a kind of bullying. He knew that the PFIAB had been pushing a hard-line view of the Soviets for the best part of a decade, that its members were highly suspicious of the Russian motives for SALT, and that they believed that the government had been deliberately averting its eyes from Russian aggression during the Kissinger years. The PFIAB did not intend to leave Carter much room for maneuver, but Carter, still in the first blush of optimism about arms control, moved first. The PFIAB had been established by executive order, and Carter abolished it the same way.

The question of missile accuracy could not be solved so easily. Early in 1977, Brzezinski's deputy on the NSC, David Aaron, said, "The whole issue of Minuteman vulnerability [is] coming up fast on the horizon." Carter's SALT positions were intended to limit the threat of accurate So-

viet missiles. Even the Joint Chiefs of Staff had been convinced that there was no other way to protect Minuteman. If SALT failed, unbearable pressures would build for a big American land-based missile with enough accurate warheads to threaten Soviet silos, and the existence of these new forces, so well designed for fighting a nuclear war, would demand a major revision of strategic nuclear doctrine. Thus things stood in the fall of 1977, when American monitoring systems reported a new series of Soviet missile tests. According to a CIA analyst who worked on the evidence, it was immediately apparent that the Soviets had found a way to improve accuracy dramatically. They were testing an entirely new front end on the SS-19s. "They built a whole new post-boost vehicle—new accelerometers, better timing of RV releases, with more aerodynamic stability for RVs, they began to spin their RVs on re-entry the way we do. They are really cranking it down. We reported, 'Oh, shit! the modification is going to work!' Come 1978, we had to change our projection of Minuteman vulnerability to the early 1980s."

Defense Department aide James Wade worked up some figures on the Minuteman-vulnerability problem. It was clear that no solution would be available until the late 1980s. Before the new Soviet missile tests in the fall of 1977, the late 1980s had seemed soon enough. Now things had changed. According to one of Wade's colleagues, he drew up a graph of Minuteman survival rates after a hypothetical Russian attack, targeting two warheads per silo. Beginning in 1981 or 1982, the Soviets would be able to achieve 80 to 90 percent PKs on Minuteman silos. The graph line swerved way down as fewer and fewer American land-based missiles could be expected to survive. It would not swing back up again until the late 1980s, when new American missiles—the MX, at that time still in the drawing-board stage—would begin to be deployed. Wade described this dip in the graph line as "the bucket of vulnerability." Later he came up with a new name for it—"the window of vulnerability."

Carter was fully briefed on the new Soviet missile tests in the summer of 1978. The enhanced accuracy of the SS-19 settled one important aspect of the long debate about Russian intentions. Nobody could say for sure what the Russians might be planning to do with their silo-threatening missiles, but it could no longer be denied that they were deliberately building war-fighting weapons. This fact set the stage for a revision of American strategic doctrine. PRM 10 had shown that a posture of pure deterrence would no longer be supported by the defense community. Leon Sloss's targeting study had suggested the ways in which a limited nuclear war might unfold and had spelled out what we needed to fight one. But the doctrine of assured destruction still had many adherents, and Brzezinski was reluctant to tackle them head-on. The administration was committed to building war-fighting weapons, but it was not yet ready to describe in plain words where it was heading—that would take another two years.

ONE RESULT OF THE ENHANCED HARD-TARGET KILL capability provided by the new front end for the SS-19s was Carter's decision to build an American hard-target killer—the MX, the biggest missile allowed the U.S. under SALT, carrying ten warheads (also a SALT limit) with a CEP well under a tenth of a nautical mile. But another result—ultimately, perhaps, more important—was words: a restatement of American strategic doctrine in a 1980 document called Presidential Directive 59.

PD 59 was only a few pages long. It would have struck an unschooled eye as bland and obvious. Harold Brown insisted that it was nothing more than the logical evolution of past doctrine. Other NSC and DOD officials often said that it didn't establish a single new target. They sometimes suggested that it was intended for public effect only: Carter was in the middle of a presidential campaign when PD 59 was leaked to the press in August of 1980; he had a reputation for softness belied by his actual military programs; why give Ronald Reagan a free ride when PD 59 showed that Carter was determined to meet the Russians head on?

All this was true enough. But PD 59 reversed priorities in American targeting strategy; it gave a distinctly military cast to the flexible options it proposed to offer a President in the event of war; it placed heavy emphasis on the communications and intelligence needed to fight a nuclear war over a period of months; it implied a theory of nuclear attrition; and it promised Soviet leaders that they would be hunted down in their new blast-hardened shelters if things went the limit. It may have been only words, but it marked a sea change in official American attitudes toward nuclear war.

PD 59 was a long time coming. When Harold Brown sent Leon Sloss's targeting study to the NSC, he decided not to accompany it with a draft presidential directive, thus giving the initiative to Brzezinski. For the better part of a year, Brzezinski allowed the study to languish. Finally, in late 1979, he gave the job of drafting a PD to General Jasper Welch, an Air Force officer with a background in physics, whom Brzezinski brought over from the Pentagon.

Welch, according to DOD sources, ran into resistance from the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who preferred to let the matter drift. The Joint Chiefs did not want a new targeting doctrine written by interagency committee. Along with the Joint Strategic Target Planning Staff, in Omaha, they had long complained of a lack of basic guidance. What did policy-makers want to do in the event of war? Keep the Russians out of the United States? Block them from the occupation of Western Europe? Take over Russia itself? Answering such questions was the proper province of the White House, not getting down into the details of how to skin a target complex. An interagency effort would bring in too many kibbitzers. The participants would all want supporting detail. "SAC and the JSTPS want to keep the SIOP secret," said one DOD official. "They're not going to

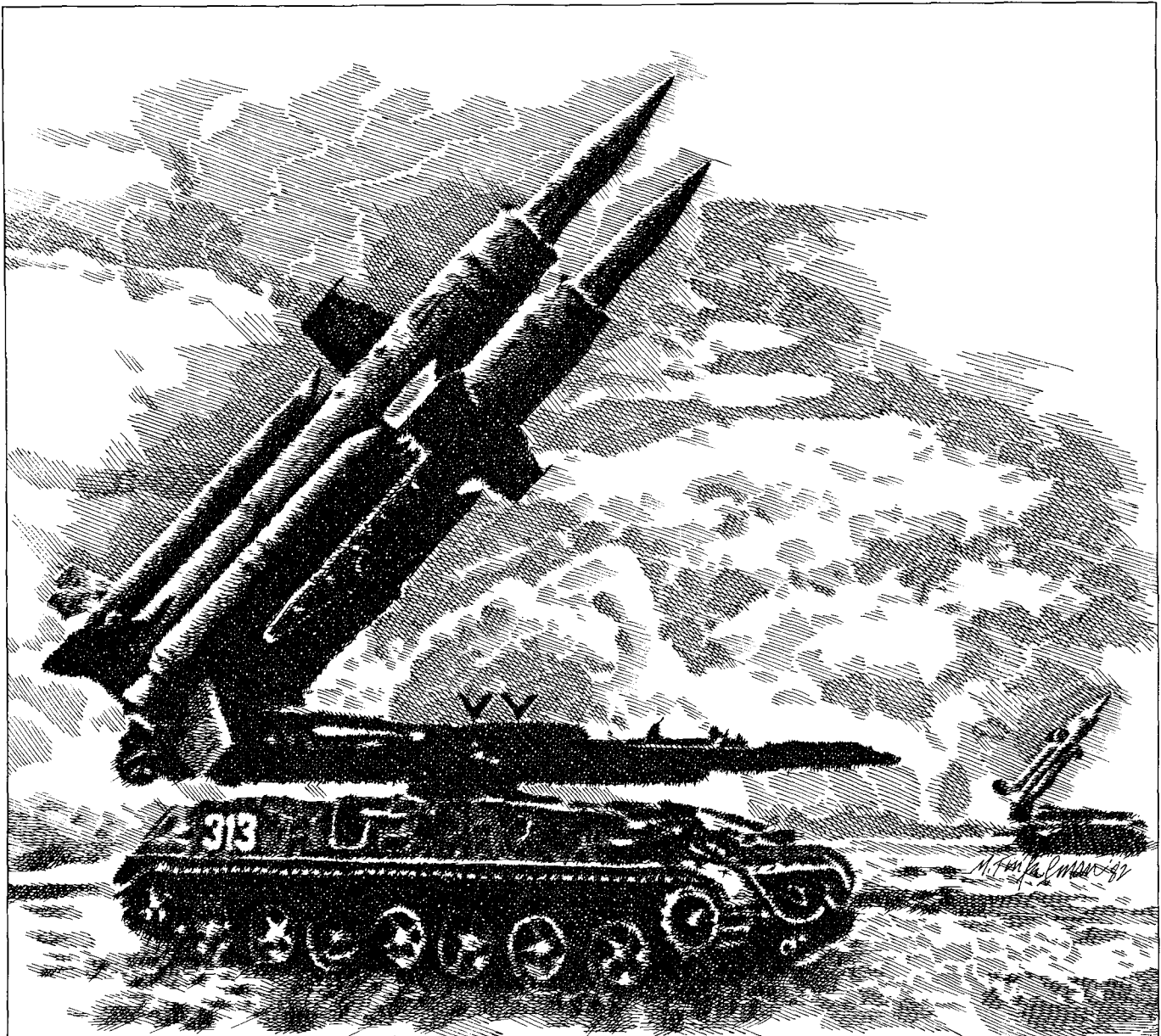
tell anybody where the airplanes are going to refuel . . . [or] why it's a good idea to hit the tank parks even after the tanks are gone." Welch made slow progress in drafting a PD. He was aided by another NSC defense specialist, Victor Utgoff, who had begun his career in aircraft design.

It was not until the turn of the year, following the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, in December of 1979, that Brzezinski really began to push for a presidential directive on strategic doctrine. Harold Brown preferred to write a Nuclear Weapons Employment Policy (NUWEP) on his own and announce the new policy—insofar as letting the Russians know was *part* of the new policy—in his annual posture statements.

But General Odom convinced Brzezinski that he needed a PD. Only the Russians read the posture statements, he argued; a presidential directive would limit criticism of Carter as soft on defense and would prod the bureaucracy to take the new strategy seriously. By this time there was another source of urgency for a restatement of strategic doctrine. The Carter Administration had committed itself to building the MX missile. The accuracy and warhead yield of the MX made it a potential first-strike weapon, something bound to generate a lot of opposition in Congress. The problem was that existing strategic doctrine, embodied in National Security Decision Memorandum 242, signed by Nixon in January of 1974, expressed no need for a weapon like the MX. As so often before, weapons technology was out in front of doctrine; we were building a weapon that, on paper at least, we didn't need. How could the administration persuade Congress to fund a hard-target weapon without a strategic doctrine that said we had to have it?

During the early months of 1980, Welch and Utgoff worked on the directive both quietly and slowly. The quietly had Brzezinski's support. For one thing, it satisfied some of the Joint Chiefs' objections. More important, it kept the State Department—and especially the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency—from diluting the final document. Odom, in particular, wanted a strong, clear, unambiguous statement of the new countervailing strategy implicit in Sloss's targeting study. ("Countervailing" refers to an exchange of blows aimed at the immediate sources of an enemy's strength. "Countervalue" targets are things an enemy holds dear—his cities, mines, and factories. Thus a countervailing strategy implies fighting to defeat an enemy, while a countervalue strategy implies punishment to persuade him to back down.)

But Brzezinski grew impatient with the slow progress toward a draft PD. Welch and Utgoff had been working closely with Walter Slocombe at International Security Affairs, with the Joint Chiefs, and even with the JSTPS, trying to ensure that the targeters were on board all the way. In the spring of 1980, Brzezinski abruptly asked Odom for a final draft, which he quickly produced. When it had been signed by Harold Brown, the text went directly to Carter.



NSC staffers who worked on the study say a plan to brief fully the new secretary of state, Edmund Muskie, was inadvertently omitted. Inadvertence to this degree seems unlikely on its face. Brzezinski apparently convinced the President that a full NSC meeting to consider the new strategy was not necessary. Carter signed PD 59 in July.

EARLY IN AUGUST, RICHARD BURT, OF *THE NEW YORK TIMES*, published an account of PD 59 that is still the basis of most scholarly discussion of the new doctrine. There is some evidence that Burt even saw an early draft of PD 59, a fact suggesting that his informant was at a high level. Utgoff and other staffers who worked on PD 59 in its various forms never saw the final document, so closely was it held. Burt's access can be ex-

plained only by a White House desire to achieve maximum public impact with its reworking of strategy.

The impact was everything that might have been hoped for. PD 59 was seen from the beginning as a radical departure from the conventional wisdom of deterrence through mutual assured destruction. If Carter was hoping for a hard new tinge to his image, he got it. Indeed, Harold Brown has since made it clear that he felt the public went overboard. He has stressed the "evolutionary" aspects of PD 59, and other officials have insisted that it did not really change much.

But this fails to account for the significant shift in targeting priorities embodied in PD 59, for its new emphasis on command and control (costing billions of dollars a year) needed to fight a nuclear war, and for the continuing refinement of targeting plans that make full use of the extraordinary numbers and versatility of modern nuclear

weapons. Accurate MIRVs, which the United States began to deploy in 1970 and has refined since, are weapons designed for fighting—a point that can hardly have been lost on the Soviets. In the mid-1970s, the United States retrofitted Minuteman III missiles with the Mark 12A warhead, doubling yield to 350 kilotons, and with the NS-20 guidance package, improving its CEP to a tenth of a nautical mile. If Russian silos are as hard as some U.S. experts say they are—built to withstand blast in the vicinity of 4,500 psi—then Minuteman III's 1,650 warheads cannot threaten them with a high probability of kill. But if a more realistic figure would be 2,000 psi, then Minuteman, in the words of a high official in Brown's DOD, "is a super silo-killer"—that is, a war-fighting weapon suitable for a disarming first strike. According to the same official, Brown himself, the oldest of old hands in the defense business, "does not believe in hardness numbers above 600 [psi]."

The inescapable conclusions are that Brown thought the U.S. had a reliable capacity to destroy Soviet missiles and that the Russians, sharing the military caution instinctive in the Pentagon, must have felt the same way. In short, even before we started to talk about war-fighting we were building the weapons we would need for the job. The weapons came first, doctrine later. For all the argument in the American intelligence community about Soviet strategic thinking (hard to know, because they do not write about it as compulsively as we do), it seems clear that the Soviets were building the same sort of weapons for the same sort of purpose. Back in 1969, there was much talk about the Russian SS-9, a huge missile with three warheads with the staggering yield of seven to ten megatons each. At the time, the argument centered on whether the warheads were independently targetable, thus enhancing the SS-9's first-strike value. As it turned out, the CIA was right in insisting that they weren't. But later we found a way to determine where they were pointed. The SS-9 has a "preferred azimuth"—that is, the course on which it can most reliably be aimed. This is indicated by the alignment of radio antennas that broadcast messages that help the SS-9 orient itself during the first phase of flight. The SS-9's preferred azimuth unmistakably terminated at the missile fields in the American Midwest. Since only 300 SS-9s were built, analysts concluded that they were targeted not on actual missile silos but on the 100 Launch Control Centers (LCCs) that would have fired Minuteman in the event of war. The threat was compensated for by new firing systems that would have bypassed the LCCs. But the purpose of the SS-9 seemed self-evident to U.S. defense analysts. The Soviets' reaction to a threatening weapon was an attempt to find a way to destroy it. We might argue endlessly about why the Soviets wanted the ability to destroy U.S. weapons, but the fact was apparent. It is this methodical and steady development of war-fighting weapons on both sides that explains the drift toward a war-fighting strategy.

THE ROAD FROM A PRESIDENTIAL DOCUMENT ON strategy to a new SIOP is a long one. Five pages of general directions from the White House eventually culminate in volume upon volume of target descriptions and strike plans. But the plans at the end are always the recognizable offspring of the strategy laid down in the beginning. And it is true that, in many ways, PD 59 was like its predecessor, NSDM 242, which also insisted that it did "not constitute a major new departure in U.S. nuclear strategy." Two-forty-two said that there were three general purposes for which nuclear weapons might be used. The first was deterrence—of nuclear attack on American territory or forces, of nuclear or conventional attack on American allies, and of "coercion" of the United States or its allies by nuclear threats. If deterrence failed, the second purpose of nuclear forces, according to 242, was "to conduct selected nuclear operations" in order "to seek early war termination . . . at the lowest level of conflict feasible." In the literature this is sometimes referred to as "intra-war deterrence," a notion that suggests that even when fear of nuclear weapons can't deter their use altogether, it still might deter all-out nuclear war.

Until 1974, the low option—the smallest strike we were organized to deliver—would have launched 2,500 nuclear weapons against Soviet nuclear forces, a blow so enormous that it virtually guaranteed an all-out response. Two-forty-two rejected this approach for what appears to be reasons of psychology. A policy of going all out from the beginning would make a President triply reluctant to respond to attack, since the United States would be certain to get the same in return. The net effect might be not deterrence but self-deterrence. The main contribution of 242 to U.S. nuclear strategy was to request preparation of "limited" or "selected" nuclear options as a way of preserving the use of nuclear weapons to deter things other than all-out nuclear attack—that is, limited attacks, threats of attack, and even conventional attack.

But of course the Soviets might not realize that we were trying to fight a limited nuclear war, or might insist on cease-fire terms that we couldn't accept. "In the event that escalation cannot be controlled," 242 said, the United States should use some—not all; we didn't want to find ourselves "defenseless" at war's end—of our strategic forces to destroy "the political, economic, and military resources critical to the enemy's . . . ability to recover at an early time as a major power."

In spite of the fact that 242 introduced the notion of "limited" nuclear war, both the revision of the NUWEP that Schlesinger signed in April, 1974, and the new SIOP that followed gave precedence to the "recovery" mission of American strategic forces, and focused on the practical question of how to cripple the Soviet Union for a prolonged period of time. One reason for this was the fact that 242 assumed an American arsenal with no hard-target kill capability. A lawyer might have insisted that 242 provided authority for the development of such weaponry under the



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guise of a request to planners for "limitation of damage to those political, economic, and military resources critical to the continued power and influence of the United States and its allies." If damage limitation means anything, it means an ability to destroy enemy weaponry before it can be used against you. But this was an oblique concession to the Pentagon's long-standing desire for silo-killers; it was tacked on to the end of the "recovery" mission; and it has all the signs of representing a bureaucratic compromise—something smuggled into the final document, not a new order from the President. It was not until PD 59, with its attendant NUWEP and revised SIOP (in December of 1980), that the emphasis in strategic targeting shifted from the mechanics of (presumably unthinkable) all-out destruction to the technique of actually fighting a strategic war.

Strategic war is something new in the world. A strategy, in its traditional military sense, is a broad theory of how to defeat an enemy. The strategic bombing of World War II gave a new meaning to the term. Its targets were not military forces as such but the sources of an enemy's fundamental strength. The idea was to attack an enemy's economy so as to starve his troops in the field of supplies and munitions, or, failing that—since it proved extraordinarily difficult to destroy industry from the air—to demoralize the general population. This wasn't very successful either. Constant bombing attacks and heavy civilian casualties

doubtless demoralized German citizenry during the latter half of World War II, but that did not keep Germany from fighting until it was beaten on the ground. Atomic weaponry opened the door to strategic bombing on a new scale, promising, as it did, the obliteration of whole cities.

Strategic war in its current sense retains the notion of striking at the sources of enemy strength, with the added meaning of striking from long range. A strategic weapon is now generally defined as one that can go from our country, or our submarines at sea, to their country. Strategic war, then, is a kind of mighty hammering, across oceans and continents, at an enemy's whole capacity to wage war. The signal difference between conventional war and strategic war is that in the latter one does not contemplate direct engagement of the enemy on the ground (except in peripheral theaters), nor does one expect to occupy his territory at the close of hostilities.

PD 59, and the new SIOP it led to, put the "war" back in strategic war. It was based on a theory of what mattered most to the Soviet government—military forces, war-related industry, continued control of the satellite countries in Eastern Europe, security from China in the East, and domination of the USSR by the Communist Party. In the event that deterrence failed and hostilities broke out, PD 59 proposed a military campaign in the traditional sense, targeted on the immediate sources of an enemy's ability to fight. It did not plan to cripple the enemy the first day; that would be certain to bring an all-out response. The new strategy proposed limited strikes of military and geopolitical significance, which would have a real but limited effect. If the fighting continued, similar strikes would follow. Each exchange would leave the Soviets weaker, more exposed, less in control. The pattern would be unmistakable; at the end would be an awful choice between quitting while there was anything yet to salvage, or undergoing a final spasm of destruction. The purpose of the new strategy, as before, was to deter—not just all-out holocaust but nuclear war at any level. In the words of Harold Brown, when he announced the new doctrine officially in a speech at the Naval War College, on August 20, 1980, PD 59's goal was to convince the Soviets "that no . . . use of nuclear weapons—on any scale of attack and at any stage of conflict—could lead to victory, however they may define victory."

PD 59's stress on limited options—strikes that would injure the Soviets in highly particular ways—in effect opened the door to imaginative new targeting plans made feasible by our possession of thousands of weapons of great (and steadily improving) accuracy. In 1947, the Strategic Air Command had a priority list of about seventy Soviet targets. This number was vastly increased after 1960 by one of the Joint Strategic Target Planning Staff's two components, the National Strategic Target List Division (NSTLD), whose job is to identify Soviet targets with intelligence from all sources. The result is a voluminous, ever-changing information bank called the National Target



SUDDEN JOURNEY

Maybe I'm seven in the open field—
the straw-grass so high
only the top of my head makes a curve
of brown in the yellow. Rain then.
First a little. A few drops on my
wrist, the right wrist. More rain.
My shoulders, my chin. Until I'm looking up
to let my eyes take the bliss.
I open my face. Let the teeth show. I
pull my shirt down past the collar-bones.
I'm still a boy under my breast spots.
I can drink anywhere. The rain. My
skin shattering. Up suddenly, needing
to gulp, turning with my tongue, my arms out
running, running in the hard, cold plenitude
of all those who reach earth by falling.

—Tess Gallagher

Base. Since it is fundamental U.S. policy to allocate at least two targets to every warhead in the American arsenal, the NTB must find something to aim at in the USSR for every new weapon, no matter how many the weapons. When the U.S. began to deploy MIRVs in 1970, the targeters in Omaha had to "scrounge" for additional targets.

By 1974, the NSTLD had managed to find 25,000 "targets"—many of them highly particular indeed. There are 886 cities in the Soviet Union with a population of more than 25,000. The Soviets have 1,398 missiles in twenty-eight missile fields (including the test centers at Tyura Tam and Plesetsk) with 300 command-and-control centers, 500 airfields with runways longer than 4,000 feet (suitable for intercontinental bombers), three submarine bases (Murmansk, Petropavlovsk, Vladivostok), 167 infantry and armored divisions, sixteen headquarters of PVO Strany (the Soviet air-defense command), and five naval fleet headquarters. Fifty percent of key Soviet industry is contained in 200 complexes. Only six Soviet rail trans-shipment yards load 80 percent of all empty railcars. There are twenty-six low-frequency radio transmitting stations that broadcast military traffic, and thirty-six stations of one type or another that handle communications with satellites. That comes to a total of 3,543 "targets." Where, one might ask, were the other 21,500 identified by the NSTLD in 1974? In that year, NSDM 242 opened the door wider still in the search for "limited" and "selected" options. By 1980, the number of targets had grown to 40,000, and it is still growing. Long gone are the days when an analyst at SAC considered it a feather in his cap if he managed to justify inclusion of a new target on the list. Now *everything* is on the list. Clearly, the JSTPS has got some highly refined new ideas about what is worth aiming at.

A general cataclysm of the sort promised by the first SIOP—everything in one flush—is hard to grasp imaginatively. It is too big and too final. It can elicit nothing but numb despondency. The JSTPS's more recent efforts have been to come up with sanctions—the threat of awful things—that are particular enough to be grasped whole by Soviet leaders. Military and war-related economic targets are of course still high on the strike lists. By some estimates, the Soviets spend as much as 15 or even 20 percent of their gross national product on weaponry. They are notorious for never throwing anything away. The purchase and preservation of hardware for defense is a kind of mania with the Soviets, and helps to explain American fears that Russia has ambitions and plans for something more than defense of the motherland.

But there are also four new sub-categories of targets that the planners assume to be especially frightening to Soviet leaders. The destruction of these targets would threaten Soviet control of Eastern Europe, would open the USSR to China in the Far East, would precipitate the breakup of the Russian empire put together in the nineteenth century, and, finally, would end—or at the very least, severely "stress" (to use the analysts' term)—the

monopoly on political power of the Soviet Communist Party. When the planners speak of "selected options," it is this kind of selectivity they are talking about. In the first SIOP, no distinction was drawn between Russia and its client states. Warsaw and Peking were targeted along with Moscow and Leningrad. This is no longer the case. Strikes in Eastern Europe would hit Soviet divisions and other Warsaw Pact forces, but the Polish citizenry and domestic economy would be spared insofar as possible. If Russia wanted to ensure its ability to recover more quickly than Poland and thus retain its hegemony, it would have to destroy the Poles on its own. The same would hold true for the fifteen individual republics in the USSR. The "Russian" republics would be hit harder than those of nationalities with aspirations for independence—the Ukraine, for example.

But not even this fully suggests the particularity of new targeting theories, which are only rational attempts to frighten or injure an enemy with weapons grown accurate and numerous. One aspect of PD 59 stressed in public by Harold Brown and other officials was the emphasis given to "leadership" targets. The hardened shelters built for party officials would be hunted out and destroyed, they said. Unmentioned were ancillary plans to target leading institutions of the Soviet Union, in order to destroy the bureaucratic apparatus that runs the country. Among these institutions are the Communist Party (with its leadership cadre at the national, republic, district, regional, and city levels), the KGB, and the *sovnaarkhoz*—the forty-seven regional councils that plan the centralized Russian economy. The important fact to note here is that each of these institutions maintains offices with desks, chairs, files, and staff; that each of these offices has a particular address; and that each of these addresses would be targeted by a nuclear weapon—on the front doorstep, if necessary, or close enough to sweep it away along with some other target or targets. Colin Gray, an independent analyst who has advocated targeting Soviet leadership, once lamented the impossibility of conducting "a surgical war" against the Communist Party and the KGB without destroying the rest of Russia. But in a major war, those institutions would be destroyed deliberately and specifically, not left to their chances in general attacks on cities. The earliest missiles were aimed at some central point in Soviet cities, but no one knew where they would land. Now it is known almost exactly where they would land, and the planners have to decide which end of the street—even which side of the street—they would choose to have in the very heart of the blast.

IN THE LATE 1940S, AN AIDE TO SECRETARY OF STATE George C. Marshall once suggested the use of atomic weapons against the Soviet Union. Marshall answered, "If we were to atomic bomb the Soviet Union, what targets would you choose? Would you bomb Leningrad, with the Hermitage?"

The aide hesitated. The Hermitage, with its art collections, is one of the treasures of the world. Well, he said, maybe not Leningrad . . .

"But if you're really serious about this," said Marshall, "why is there any question? Go home and think about it."

The JSTPS has, in effect, gone home and thought about it, and they are really serious about it. The "selected nuclear options" first authorized by NSDM 242, elaborated in Leon Sloss's targeting study, and given priority in PD 59, represent pieces of the whole plan; they are promises of what is to come in the event that a compromise armistice cannot be achieved; they guarantee an injury inflicted for every injury received—but highly specific injuries, to things that matter, not some vague form of human suffering. It is the weapons themselves that have demanded this new approach. The machine gun and the high-explosive artillery shell told the military planners what to do in World War II. Nuclear weapons in general, and especially the many accurate missiles that are pre-eminent in the arsenals of both sides, foretell the course of events in World War III.

The principal purpose of PD 59, and of the continuing refinements of war-fighting strategies that have followed, is still deterrence, but it is deterrence of the sort that prevailed before 1914. In the years after 1945, when the bomb was as cumbersome as it was destructive, the theory of deterrence emphasized the ghastly consequences—the holocaust—that would follow if deterrence failed. We did not build the bomb in order to deter war; we built it because we *could* build it, and were afraid they might build it first. Deterrence was simply the best theory we could devise for its "use," once we had it. But theory plods where technology sprints. Long after the early behemoths in massive steel casings had become sleek, cone-shaped re-entry vehicles with a carbon-carbon skin, small enough to fit comfortably in the back of a sub-compact station wagon, the theorists finally began to catch up. War-fighting strategists treat the bomb as a weapon, not because they are eager for war but because it *is* a weapon. The result has been regression to deterrence of the sort implied in the Roman maxim "Let him who desires peace prepare for war." This approach worked well for thirty years before World War I. One crisis after another was muddled through without war, because each side feared the war-readiness of its opponent, just as the United States and the Soviet Union fear each other's war-readiness now.

When deterrence failed, in 1914, the war that followed was awful beyond precedent, but it ended as wars traditionally do, with victory on one side, defeat on the other. This is not the way the war would end if deterrence failed now. The strategists hope that the execution of "selected" and "limited" attack options would persuade the other side

to compromise; doubtless the other side hopes the same of us.

But no one in the American defense community is confident that escalation can be controlled. Despite our best efforts to make a limited attack look limited, it might not appear that way to the other side. If a nuclear war should slip out of control, it would end with all-out attacks on recovery targets. The science of all-out attack has been making progress too. It represents a kind of "public health in reverse," in the words of one student—an attempt to analyze all those things in a society that make it healthy, effective, stable, prosperous, and strong. These would become targets in the final stage of a nuclear war because neither side would be in a position to occupy the other. When exhaustion set in, and the fighting dwindled, the two sides would be left to manage their recovery as best they could.

The American military has never assumed, and does not assume now, that a nuclear war would "end the world," in the popular sense of the term. Since the McNamara SIOP in 1962, we have planned to destroy 70 percent of Soviet "urban-industrial" targets in the event of all-out war. Seventy percent represents the "flat of the curve"—the point where more weapons produce sharply diminishing results. In 1974, we re-defined "urban-industrial" targets as "war-supporting industry" and "targets critical to recovery." But "recovery" of what? Not the *status quo ante bellum*. That would be gone for good. What the planners are trying to delay is recovery of the ability to wage nuclear war.

Until the early 1970s, the SIOP made no provision for a reserve of strategic weaponry. It was merely assumed that some bombers would turn back, or some missiles fail to fire, and these would be available for a second round. This was a hit-or-miss approach. NSDM 242 changed all that, placing great emphasis on "maintenance of survivable strategic forces in reserve for protection and coercion during and after major nuclear conflict." The simplest way to create a secure strategic reserve was to withdraw one or more missile-launching submarines from the SIOP. These would go to ground until the war was over. PD 59 and subsequent documents have reasserted the importance of a strategic reserve, and plans are under way to provide for a post-war force of land-based missiles as well.

Strategic planners hesitate to say what the world would be like after a nuclear war. There are too many variables. But they agree—for planning purposes, at any rate—that both sides would "recover," and that the most probable result of a general nuclear war would be a race to prepare for a second general nuclear war. As a practical matter, then, a general nuclear war would not end the threat of nuclear war. That threat, in fact, would be one of the very few things the pre-war and post-war worlds would have in common. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

GUSTAV MAHLER AND SIGMUND FREUD

They were Jews by birth (unreligious, but puritanical) and Viennese by adoption. Freud had been a medical student in Vienna when Mahler was at the conservatory. Later Mahler served as conductor of the Vienna Court Opera. Opera was one of Freud's few diversions. But they did not meet until Freud was fifty-four and Mahler, at fifty, had less than a year to live.

The encounter was occasioned by Mahler's marital problems with the young and beautiful Alma. Immersed in his tenth symphony, Mahler suddenly found himself the object of domestic rebellion. Alma had, she said, submitted to his tyranny and neglect long enough; she felt used, drained by his self-absorption. The truth of her accusations, together with a case of impotence, produced both guilt and panic—panic that was not eased by the appearance of another man (Walter Gropius) on the scene. Action was called for.

Freud, vacationing in Leyden, Holland, that summer of 1910, received a telegram asking for an appointment.

Next day came another telegram, canceling. Mahler's vacillation was repeated twice more before he managed to conquer his resistance. They met in a Leyden hotel and spent the next four hours strolling about the town—the stocky, confident doctor and the thin, intense composer—smoking the cigars both adored. Freud conducted a sort of mini-analysis. A mother-fixation was diagnosed—Mahler was attracted by his wife's youthful beauty but resented that she was not old and careworn like his mother. Alma, to even things out, had a father complex and found her husband's age appealing. Mahler was reassured.

They parted friends. Mahler's potency returned—and psychoanalysis got the credit. Alma said later that Freud had reproached her husband for marrying one so young, but his attitude was closer to sympathy than to censure. A good wife—in Freud's view as in Mahler's—was but a ministering angel put on earth for the comfort and support of her husband.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel



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HIM WITH HIS FOOT IN HIS MOUTH

A STORY
BY SAUL BELLOW

DEAR MISS ROSE: I ALMOST BEGAN "MY DEAR child," because in a sense what I did to you thirty-five years ago makes us the children of each other. I have from time to time remembered that I long ago made a bad joke at your expense and have felt uneasy about it, but it was spelled out to me recently that what I said to you was so bad, so lousy, gross, insulting, unfeeling, and savage that you could never in a thousand years get over it. I wounded you for life, so I am given to understand, and I am the more greatly to blame because this attack was so gratuitous. We had met in passing only, we scarcely knew each other. Now, the person who charges me with all this is not without prejudice toward me, he is out to get me, obviously. Nevertheless, I have been in a tizzy since reading his accusations. I wasn't exactly in great shape when his letter arrived. Like many elderly men, I have to swallow all sorts of pills. I take Inderal and quinidine for hypertension and cardiac disorders and I am also, for a variety of psychological reasons, deeply distressed and for the moment without ego-defenses.

It may give more substance to my motives in writing to you now if I tell you that for some months I have been visiting an old woman who reads Swedenborg and other occult authors. She tells me (and a man in his sixties can't easily close his mind to such suggestions) that there is a life to come—wait and see—and that in the life to come we will feel the pains that we inflicted on others. We will suffer all that we made them suffer, for after death everything is reversed, we enter into the souls of those whom we knew in life. They enter also into us and feel and judge us from within. On the outside chance that this old Canadian woman has it right, I must try to take up this matter with you. It's not as though I had tried to murder you but my offense is palpable all the same.

I will say it all and then revise, send the woman only the suitable parts.

. . . In this life between birth and death, while it is still possible to make amends . . .

I wonder whether you remember me at all, other than as the person who wounded you—a tall man and, in those

days, dark on the whole, with a moustache (not worn thick), physically a singular individual, a touch of the camel about him, something amusing in his composition. If you recall the Shawmut of those days, you should see him now. *Edad Con Sus Desgracias* is the title Goya gave to the etching of an old man who struggles to rise from the chamber pot, his pants dropped to his ankles. "Together with most weak hams," as Hamlet wickedly says to Polonius, being merciless about old men. To the disorders aforementioned I must add teeth with cracked roots, periodontia requiring antibiotics that gave me the runs and resulted in a hemorrhoid the size of a walnut, plus creeping arthritis of the hands. Winter is gloomy and wet in British Columbia, and when I awoke one morning in this land of exile from which I face extradition, I discovered that something was wrong with the middle finger of the right hand, the hinge had stopped working and the finger was curled like a snail—a painful new affliction. Quite a joke on me. And the extradition is real. I have been served.

So at the very least I can try to reduce the torments of the afterlife by one.

It may appear that I come groveling with hard-luck stories after thirty-five years, but as you will see such is not the case.

I traced you through Miss Da Sousa at Ribier College where we were all colleagues in the late forties. She has remained there, in Massachusetts, where so much of the nineteenth century still stands, and she wrote to me when my embarrassing and foolish troubles were printed in the papers. She is a kindly, intelligent woman who *like yourself, should I say that?* never married. Answering with gratitude, I asked what had become of you and was told that you were a retired librarian living in Orlando, Florida.

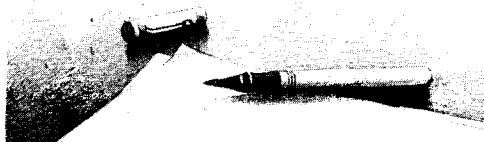
I never thought that I would envy people who had retired, but that was when retirement was still an option. For me it's not in the cards now. The death of my brother leaves me in a deep legal-financial hole. I won't unload all the facts of the case, garbled in the newspapers. His felonies and my own faults or vices have wiped me out. On bad legal advice I took refuge in Canada, and the courts will be rough. I may not be sent to prison, but I will die in harness, and damn queer harness, hauling my load to a peculiar peak. One of my father's favorite parables was about a

Saul Bellow, whose most recent novel is The Dean's December, won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1976.

feeble horse flogged cruelly by its driver. A bystander tries to intercede: "The load is too heavy, the hill is steep, it's useless to beat your old horse on the face, why do you do it?" "To be a horse was *his* idea," the driver says.

I have a lifelong weakness for this sort of Jewish humor, which may be alien to you not only because you are Scotch-Irish (so Miss Da Sousa says) but also because you as a librarian are in another sphere—zone of quiet, within the circumference of the Dewey decimal system. It is possible that you may dislike the life of a nun or shepherdess which the word *librarian* suggests. You may resent it for keeping you out of the modern "action"—erotic, narcotic, dramatic, dangerous, salty. Maybe you have loathed circulating other people's lawless raptures, handling wicked books (for the most part fake, take it from me, Miss Rose). Allow me to presume that you are old-fashioned enough not to be furious at having led a useful life. If you aren't an old-fashioned person I haven't hurt you so badly after all. No modern woman would brood for forty years over a stupid wisecrack. She would say, "Get lost!"

Who accuses me of wounding you? Eddie Walsh, that's who. He has become the main planner of college humanities surveys in the State of Missouri, I am given to understand. At such work he is wonderful, a man of genius. But he still seems to think of nothing but Massachusetts in the old days. He can't forget the evil I did. He was there when I did it (whatever *it* really was), and he writes, "I have to remind you of how you hurt Carla Rose. So characteristic of you, when she was trying to be agreeable, not just to miss her gentle intentions but to give her a shattering kick in the face. I happen to know that you traumatized her for life." (Notice how the liberal American vocabulary is used as a torture device: "You are not a *good person*, Shawmut.") Now, were you really traumatized, Miss Rose? How does Walsh "happen to know"? Did you tell him? Or is it, as I conjecture, nothing but gossip? I wonder if you remember the occasion at all. It would be a mercy if you didn't. And I don't want to thrust unwanted recollections on you, but if I did indeed give you such a trauma, is there any way to avoid them?



SO LET'S GO BACK AGAIN TO RIBIER COLLEGE. WALISH and I were great friends then, young instructors, he in literature, I in fine arts—music history is my specialty. As if this were news to you—my book on Pergolesi is in all the libraries. Impossible that you shouldn't have come across it. Besides, I've done those musicology programs on public television, which were quite popular.

But we are back in the forties. The term began just after

Labor Day. My first teaching position. After seven or eight weeks I was still wildly excited. Let me start with the beautiful New England setting. Fresh from Chicago and from Bloomington, Indiana, where I took my degree, I had never seen birches, roadside ferns, deep pinewoods, little white steeples. What could I be but out of place? It made me scream with laughter to be called "Dr. Shawmut." I felt absurd here, a camel on the village green. I am a high-waisted and long-legged man, who is susceptible to paradoxical, ludicrous images of himself. I hadn't yet gotten the real picture of Ribier, either. It wasn't New England, it was a bohemian college for rich kids from New York who were too nervous for the better schools, unadjusted.

Now then: Eddie Walsh and I walking together past the college library. Sweet autumnal warmth against a background of chill from the surrounding woods—it's all there for me. The library is a Greek Revival building and the light in the porch is mossy and sunny—bright-green moss, leafy sunlight. I am turned on, manic, flying. My relations with Walsh at this stage are easy to describe: very cheerful, not a kink in sight, not a touch of darkness. I am keen to learn from him, because I have never seen a progressive college, never lived in the East, never come in contact with the Eastern Establishment, of which I have heard so much. What is it all about? A girl to whom I was assigned as adviser has asked for another one because I haven't been psychoanalyzed and can't even begin to relate to her. And this very morning I have spent two hours in a committee meeting to determine whether a course in history should be obligatory for fine-arts majors. Tony Lemnitzer, professor of painting, said, "Let the kids read about the kings and the queens, what can it hoit them." Brooklyn Tony, who had run away from home to be a circus roustabout, became a poster artist and eventually an Abstract Expressionist. "Don't ever feel sorry for Tony," Walsh advises me. "The woman he married is a millionairess. She built him a studio fit for Michelangelo. He's embarrassed to paint, he only whittles there. He carved out two wooden balls inside a birdcage." Walsh himself, Early Hip with a Harvard background, suspected at first that my ignorance was a put-on. A limping short man, Walsh looked at me—looked upward—with real shrewdness and traces of disbelief about the mouth. From Chicago, a Ph.D. out of Bloomington, Indiana, can I be as backward as I seem? But I am good company, and by and by he tells me (is it a secret?) that although he comes from Gloucester, Mass., he's not a real Yankee. His father, a second-generation American, is a machinist, retired, uneducated. One of the old man's letters reads, "Your poor mother—the doctor says she has a groweth on her virginia which he will have to operate. When she goes to surgery I expect you and your sister to be here to stand by me."

There were two limping men in the community, and their names were similar. The other limper, Edmund Welch, justice of the peace, walked with a cane. Our Ed, who suffered from curvature of the spine, would not carry

a stick, much less wear a built-up shoe. He behaved with sporting nonchalance and defied the orthopedists when they warned that his spinal column would collapse like a stack of dominoes. His style was to be free and limber. You had to take him as he came, no concessions offered. I admired him for that.

Now, Miss Rose, you have come out of the library for a breath of air and are leaning, arms crossed, and resting your head against a Greek column. To give himself more height, Walish wears his hair thick. You couldn't cram a hat over it. But I have on a baseball cap. Then, Miss Rose, you say, smiling at me, "Oh, Dr. Shawmut, in that cap you look like an archaeologist." Before I can stop myself I answer, "And you look like something I just dug up."

Awful!

THE PAIR OF US, WALISH AND I, HURRIED ON. EDDIE, whose hips were out of line, made an effort to walk more quickly, and when we were beyond your little library temple I saw that he was grinning at me, his warm face looking up into my face with joy, with accusing admiration. He had witnessed something extraordinary. What this something might be, whether it came under the heading of fun or psychopathology or wickedness, nobody could yet judge, but he was glad. Although he lost no time in clearing himself of guilt, it was exactly his kind of wisecrack. He loved to do the Groucho Marx bit, or give an S. J. Perelman turn to his sentences. As for me, I had become dead sober, as I generally do after making one of my cracks. I am as astonished by them as anybody else. They may be hysterical, in the clinical sense of the term. I used to consider myself absolutely normal, but I became aware long ago that in certain moods my laughing bordered on hysteria. I myself could hear it. Walish knew very well that I was subject to such seizures. When he sensed that one of my fits was approaching, he egged me on. And after he had had his fun he would say, with a grin like Pan Satyrus, "What a bastard you are, Shawmut. The nasty stabs you can give." He took care, you see, not to be incriminated as an accessory.

And my joke wasn't even witty, just vile, no excuse for it, certainly not "inspiration." Why should inspiration be so idiotic? It was simply idiotic and wicked. Walish used to tell me, "You're a Surrealist in spite of yourself." His interpretation was that I had raised myself by painful efforts from immigrant origins to a middle-class level but that I avenged myself for the torments and falsifications of healthy instincts that had been imposed on me by this adaptation to respectability. Clever, intricate analysis of this sort was popular in Greenwich Village at that time, and Walish had picked up the habit. His letter of last month was filled with insights of this kind. People seldom give up the mental capital accumulated in their "best" years. At sixty-odd, Eddie is still a youthful Villager and associates with young people, mainly. I have accepted old age.

It isn't easy to write with arthritic fingers. My lawyer, whose fatal advice I followed (he is the youngest brother of my wife, who passed away last year), urged me to go to British Columbia because of the Japanese current, flowers in midwinter, and purer air. There are indeed primroses out in the snow, but my hands are crippled and I wonder whether I may not have to take gold injections if they don't improve. Nevertheless, I build up the fire and sit concentrating in the rocker because I need to make it worth your while to consider these facts with me. If I am to believe Walish, you have trembled from that day onward like a flame on a middle-class altar of undeserved humiliation.

From my side I have to admit that it was hard for me to acquire decent manners, not because I was naturally rude but because I felt the strain of my position. I came to believe for a time that I couldn't get on in life until I, too, had a false self like everybody else and so I made special efforts to be considerate, deferential, civil. And of course I overdid things and wiped myself twice where people of better breeding only wiped once. But no such program of betterment could hold me for long. I set it up, and then I tore it down, and burned it in a raging bonfire.

Walish, I must tell you, gives me the business in his letter. Why was it, he asks, that when people groped in conversations I supplied the missing phrases and finished their sentences with greedy pedantry? Walish alleges that I was showing off, shuffling out of my vulgar origins, making up to the genteel and qualifying as the kind of Jew acceptable (just barely) to the Christian society of T. S. Eliot's dreams, an upwardly mobile pariah seeking bondage as one would seek salvation. In reaction, I had rebellious fits and became wildly insulting. Walish notes all this well but he did not come out with it during the years when we were close. He saved it all up. At Ribier College we liked each other. We were friends, somehow. But in the end, somehow, he was a mortal enemy. All the while that he was making the gestures of a precious friend he was fattening my soul in a coop till it was ready for killing. My success in musicology may have been too much for him.

Eddie told his wife, he told everyone, what I had said to you. It probably got around the campus. People laughed, but I was depressed. Remorse: you were a pale woman with thin arms, absorbing the colors of moss, lichen, and limestone into your skin. The heavy library doors were open, and within there were green reading lamps and polished tables, and books massed up to the gallery and above. A few of these books were exalted, some were usefully informative, the majority of them would only congest the mind. My Swedenborgian old lady says that angels do not read books. Why should they? Nor, I imagine, can librarians be great readers. They have too many books, most of them burdensome, the shelves giving off an inviting, consoling, seductive odor which is also tintured faintly with something pernicious, with poison and doom. Human beings can lose their lives in libraries. They ought to be warned. And you, an underpriestess of this temple

stepping out to look at the sky, and Mr. Lubeck, your chief, a gentle refugee always stumbling over his big senile dog and apologizing to the animal, "Ach, excuse me!" (heavy on the sibilant).

Personal note: Miss Rose never was pretty, not even what the French call une belle laide, or ugly beauty, a woman whose command of sexual forces makes ugliness itself contribute to erotic power. A belle laide (it would be a French idea!) has to be a rolling mill of lusts. Such force was lacking. No organic basis for it. Fifty years ago Miss Rose would have been taking Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Nevertheless, even if she looked green, a man might have loved her—loved her for her timid warmth, or for the courage she had had to muster to compliment me on my cap. Thirty years ago I might have bluffed out this embarrassment with compliments, saying, "Only think, Miss Rose, how many objects of rare beauty have been dug up by archaeologists—the Venus de Milo, Assyrian winged bulls with the faces of great kings. And Michelangelo even buried one of his statues to get the antique quality and then exhumed it." But it's too late for rhetorical gallantries. I'd be ashamed. Unpretty, unmarried, the nasty little community laughing at my crack, the poor thing must have been in despair.

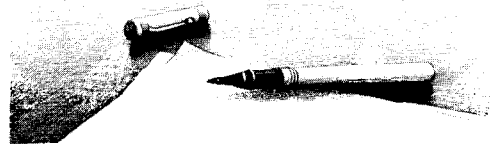
Eddie Walish, as I told you, would not act the cripple despite his spiral back. Even though he slouched and walked with an outslapping left foot, he carried himself with style. He wore good English tweeds and Lloyd and Haig brogans. He himself would say that there were enough masochistic women around to encourage any man to preen and cut a figure. You would have done better to save your compliment for him. But his wife was expecting; I was the bachelor.

Almost daily during the first sunny days of the term we went out walking. I found him mysterious then.

Who is he, anyway, this (suddenly) close friend of mine? What is this strange figure, the big head low beside me, whose hair grows high and thick? With a different slant, like whipcord stripes, it grows thickly also from his ears. One of the campus ladies has suggested that I urge him to shave his ears, but why should I? She wouldn't like him better with shaved ears, she only dreams that she might. He has a sort of woodwind laugh, closer to oboe than to clarinet, and he releases his laugh from the wide end of his nose as well as from his carved pumpkin mouth. He grins like Alfred E. Newman from the cover of *Mad* magazine, the successor to Peck's Bad Boy. His eyes, however, are warm and induce me to move closer and closer, but they withhold what I want most. I long for his affection, I distrust him and love him, I woo him with wisecracks. For he is a wise guy in an up-to-date postmodern existentialist sly manner. He also seems kindly. He is all sorts of things. Fond of Brecht and Weill, he sings "Mickey Messer" and trounces out the tune on the upright piano. This, however, is merely period stuff, this German cabaret jazz of the twenties, Berlin's answer to trench warfare and exploded

humanism. Catch Eddie allowing himself to be dated like that! He was always a vanguardist. An early fan of the Beat poets, he was the first to quote me Allen Ginsberg's wonderful line "America I'm putting my queer shoulder to the wheel."

Eddie made an appreciative Ginsberg reader of me, from whom I learned much about wit. You will find it odd (I myself do) that I should have kept up with Ginsberg from way back. Allow me, however, to offer a specimen statement from one of his recent books, which is memorable and also charming. Ginsberg writes that Walt Whitman slept with Edward Carpenter, the author of *Love's Coming-of-Age*; Carpenter afterward became the lover of the grandson of one of our obscurer Presidents, Chester A. Arthur; Gavin Arthur when he was very old was the lover of a San Francisco homosexual who, when he embraced Ginsberg, completed the entire cycle and brought the Sage of Camden in touch with his only true successor and heir. It's all a little like Dr. Pangloss's account of how he was infected with syphilis.



PLEASE FORGIVE THIS, MISS ROSE. IT SEEMS TO ME that we will need the broadest possible human background for this inquiry, which may so much affect your emotions and mine. You ought to know to whom you were speaking on that day when you got up your nerve, smiling and trembling, to pay me a compliment—to give me, us, your blessing. Which I repaid with a bad witticism drawn, characteristically, from the depths of my nature, that hoard of strange formulations. I had almost forgotten the event when Walish's letter reached me in Canada. A strange *megillah* of which I myself was the Haman. He must have brooded with *ressentiment* for decades on my character, drawing the profile of my inmost soul over and over and over. He compiled a list of all my faults, my sins, and the particulars are so fine, the inventory so extensive, the summary so condensed, that he must have been formulating and polishing furiously throughout the warmest goldenest days of our friendship. To receive such a document—I ask you to imagine, Miss Rose, how it affected me at a time when I was coping with grief and gross wrongs, mourning my wife (and funnily enough also my swindling brother), and experiencing *Edad Con Sus Disgracias*, discovering that I could no longer straighten my middle finger, reckoning up the labor and sorrow of threescore and ten (rapidly approaching). At our age, my dear, nobody can be indignant or surprised when evil is manifested, but I ask myself again and again, why should Eddie Walish work up my faults for thirty-some years to cast into my

teeth? That's what excites my keenest interest, so keen it makes me scream inwardly. The whole comedy comes over me in the night with the intensity of labor pains. I lie in the back bedroom of this little box of a house, which is scarcely insulated, and bear down hard so as not to holler. All the neighbors need is to hear such noises at three in the morning. And there isn't a soul in British Columbia I can discuss this with. My only acquaintance is Mrs. Gracewell, the old woman (she is very old) who studies occult literature, and I can't bother her with so different a branch of experience. Our conversations are entirely theoretical. —One helpful remark she did make, and this was, "The lower self is what the Psalmist referred to when he wrote 'I am a worm and no man.' The higher self, few people are equipped to observe. That's why they speak so unkindly of one another."

More than once Walish's document (denunciation) took off from Ginsberg's poetry and prose, and so I finally sent an order to City Lights in San Francisco and have spent many evenings studying books of his I had missed—he publishes so many tiny ones. Ginsberg takes a stand for true tenderness and full candor. Real candor means excremental and genital literalness. What Ginsberg opts for is the warmth of a freely copulating, manly, womanly, comradesly, "open road" humanity that doesn't neglect to pray and meditate. He speaks with horror of the plastic culture, which he connects somewhat obsessively with the CIA. And in addition to the CIA there are other spydoms, linked with Exxon, Mobil, Standard Oil of California, sinister Occidental with its Kremlin connections (that is a weird one to contemplate, undeniably). Supercapitalism and its carcinogenic petrochemical technology are linked through James Jesus Angleton, a high official of the Intelligence Community, to T. S. Eliot, one of his pals. Angleton, in his youth the editor of a literary magazine, had the declared aim of revitalizing the culture of the West against the "so-to-speak Stalinists." The ghost of Eliot, interviewed by Ginsberg on the fantail of a ship somewhere in death's waters, admits to having done little jobs for Angleton. Against these Children of Darkness, Ginsberg ranges the gurus, the bearded meditators, the poets loyal to Blake and Whitman, the "holy creeps," the lyrical, unsophisticated homosexuals whose little groups the secret police track on their computers, amongst whom they plant provocateurs, and whom they try to corrupt with heroin. This psychopathic vision, so touching because there is, realistically, so much to be afraid of, and also because of the hunger for goodness reflected in it, a screwball defense of beauty, I value more than my accuser, Walish, does. I truly understand. To Ginsberg's sexual Fourth of July fireworks I say, Teehee. But then I muse sympathetically over his obsessions, combing my moustache downward with my fingernails, my eyes feeling keen as I try to figure him. I am a more disinterested Ginsberg admirer than Eddie is. Eddie, so to speak, comes to the table with a croupier's rake. He works for the house.

One of Walish's long-standing problems was that he looks distinctly Jewy. Certain people were distrustful and took against him with gratuitous hostility, suspecting that he was trying to pass for a full American. They'd sometimes say, as if discovering how much force it gave them to be brazen (force is always welcome), "What was your name before it was Walish?" His parents were descended from north of Ireland Protestants, actually, and his mother's family name was Ballard. He signs himself Edward Ballard Walish. A taste of persecution made him friendly to Jews, or so he said. Uncritically delighted with his friendship, I chose to believe him.

It turns out that after many years of study Walish concluded that I was a fool. It was when the public began to take me seriously that he lost his patience and his affection. My TV programs on music history were what did it. I can envision this—Walish in a soiled woolen dressing gown, cupping one elbow in his hand and sucking a cigarette and assailing me while I go on about Haydn's last days, or Mozart and Salieri, developing themes on the harpsichord: "Superstar! What a horseshit idiot!" "Christ! how phony can you get." "Huckleberry Fink!"

My own name, Shawmut, had obviously been tampered with. The tampering was done long years before my father landed in America by his brother Pinye, the one who wore a pince-nez and was a music copyist for Sholem Secunda. The family must have been called Shamus or, even more degrading, Untershamus. The *untershamus*, lowest of the low in the Old World synagogue, was a quasi-unemployable incompetent and hanger-on, tangle-bearded and cursed with comic ailments like a large hernia or scrofula, a pauper's pauper. "Orm," as my father would say, "*auf steiffleivent*." *Steiffleivent* was the stiff linen-and-horsehair fabric that tailors would put into the lining of a jacket to give it shape. There was nothing cheaper. "He was so poor that he dressed in dummy cloth." Cheaper than a shroud. But in America Shawmut turns out to be the name of a chain of banks in California. How do you like *them* apples! You may have heard charming, appealing, sentimental things about Yiddish, but Yiddish is a *hard* language, Miss Rose. Yiddish is severe and bears down without mercy. Yes, it is often delicate, lovely, but it can be explosive as well. "A face like a slop jar," "a face like a bucket of swill." (Pig connotations give special force to Yiddish epithets.) If there is a demiurge who inspires me to speak wildly, he may have been attracted to me by this violent unsparing language.

AS I TELL YOU THIS, I BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE WILLINGLY following, and I feel the greatest affection for you. I am very much alone in Vancouver, but that is my own fault too. I was invited to a party by local musicians, and I failed to please. They gave me their Canadian test for U.S. visitors: Was I a Reaganite? I couldn't be that, but the key question was whether El Salvador might

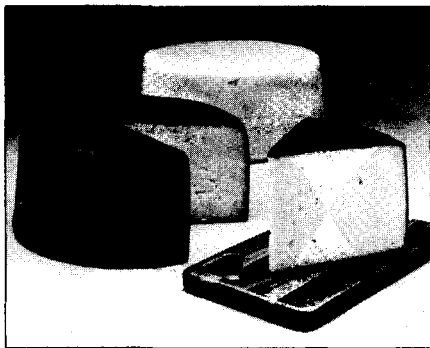
TOOLS FOR LIVING[™]

Slip-On Spikes

Ice and feet make a treacherous combination. With ice underfoot walking is no longer a mere habit but a reckless challenge to the law of gravity. Fear of falling whispers to us about the danger of our feet flying out from under us in a sudden, total and undignified loss of control. But there is a way to get a grip on the situation. These rubber harnesses slip right over shoes or boots and put four tungsten-carbide-tipped spikes between you and the ice. The new traction and control is effective psychologically as well as physically. The spikes are portable enough to fit easily in a coat pocket or bag and slip on in seconds. Order size small #A633 for shoe sizes up to 8, medium #A634 for 8½-11 and large #A635 for 11½ and over. If you plan to wear the spikes over heavy boots, order the next larger size. The slip-on spikes cost \$16.00 (\$2.95) a pair.



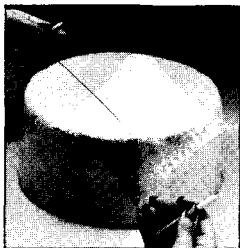
Big Wheels



It takes 100 lbs. of whole milk to make 10 lbs. of cheddar cheese. But a great cheddar requires 3 special milk characteristics. First, through breeding and herd management, the farmer must be less interested in volume than in producing high-protein milk, for this is what

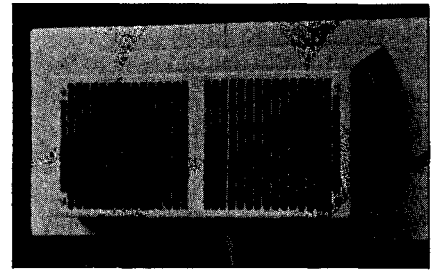
makes the cheese age well. Second, to give the cheese proper character, the cows must be fed on fresh grass, hay and corn, not just silage or a commercial mash. Third, the milk must be of such quality it can be used in an unpasteurized state. Heating the milk to 162° for 16 seconds, as required for pasteurization, kills many of the good bacteria that help produce a rich flavor as the

cheese ages. The best cheddar we've ever tasted comes from a 50-year-old Vermont cooperative of 525 hillside farms where all these special milk qualities are present. Now we've arranged to make wheels of their exceptional cheese available *direct from the creamery to you* through *Tools for Living*. As a bonus, we are including a free cheesecutting wire imported from England with each cheese. This is the classic smooth natural white cheddar, no coloring added. Where supermarket cheeses are seldom aged more than 5 months, these mellow flavored cheeses are aged 8-12 months (for sharp) and 14-24 months (for extra sharp). The wheels are available in 12-lb. or 38-lb. sizes, each encased in wax and store indefinitely under refrigeration. The size offers a considerable price advantage—up to \$1.25 less *per pound* than what you pay in a gourmet cheese shop. But we especially like the neighborliness of these large sizes—perfect for a large party or for several families to buy together and then share. The 38-lb. cheese comes in a lovely handmade wooden box. The 12-lb. cheddar costs \$55.00 (\$8.95) #A610 for sharp or \$58.00 (\$8.95) #A611 for extra sharp. The 38-lb. boxed wheel is \$160.00 (\$14.95) #A612 for sharp or \$170.00 (\$14.95) #A613 for extra sharp. These cheeses also make splendid outsized gifts.

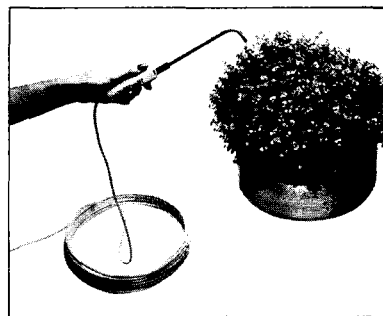


Register Fan

Every hot air heating system has at least one or two. Cold spots, that is—places that for some reason never quite get up to temperature. Often it is the rooms furthest from the furnace, an unusually large room, or rooms in a later addition. This booster fan (actually it is two small 4" fans running together) fits right in the register outlet, sucks heat up the duct and pushes it out into the room. A heat sensor in the switch turns the fan on automatically as the heat comes up (there is also a manual control, which means you can use it in the summer to move the cool air off the floor and up into the room). The fan fits all registers up to 6" x 14" and plugs into any electrical outlet. It comes with 9' of cord. The register fans cost \$40.00 (\$3.95) #A536.



Watering Whiz

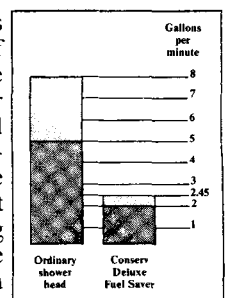
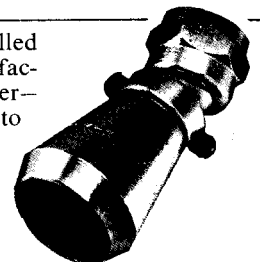


Do your houseplants run you ragged, back and forth, trip after trip, watering can in hand? There is an easier way: with an indoor garden hose you can water them all in a single trip. Think of the steps waiting to be saved! This 50' (that is a lot of reach) vinyl hose readily attaches to any household faucet. From

there you just take the water where you want it—an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed. This indoor hose comes with a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage and wash away the dust accumulation that impairs a plant's health as well as its beauty. The complete indoor garden hose kit costs just \$11.00 (\$1.95) #A341.

Savings In The Shower

This finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver and manufactured by Con-Serv, cuts the use of water—hot water—in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gallons of water—much of it heated—everyday. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between \$150 and \$350 depending on the utility rates. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated—utilizing the Venturi principle—for an invigorating shower. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a one-year limited warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½" shower arm with pliers or a wrench—no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for \$16.00 (\$2.95) #A351.



Attract Dust Like A Magnet

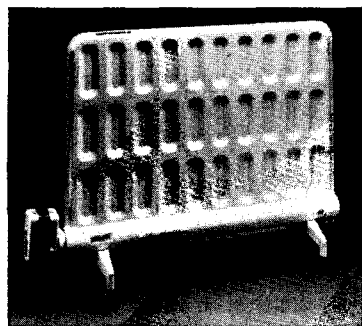
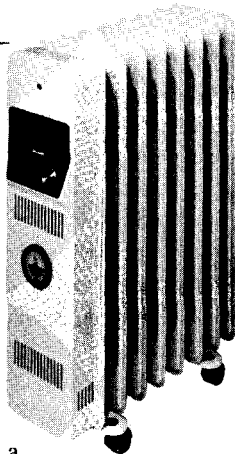


If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways*, we will certainly include a chapter on the lamb's wool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. On its own it actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lamb's wool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has

accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. When soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water. We are happy to offer a 20" authentic lamb's wool duster for \$8.00 (\$1.95) #A163.

Heat Where You Need It

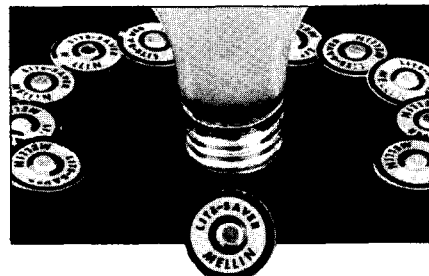
We've tried many different space heaters in search of the best combination of safety, economy and heating efficiency. The two portable oil-filled radiators presented here won our favor for many reasons, especially safety. There are no exposed flames, they do not get overly hot (making them suitable even for a child's room), and they emit no fumes or odors. They are filled with a special oil that heats up quickly, cools down slowly and never needs replacing. Both styles have easy roll wheels for room-to-room portability and a built-in thermostat that responds to changing room temperatures. When functioning as a supplement to your central heating system these European-made heaters can make your home more comfortable and much more energy efficient. The DeLonghi heater, shown above, has a feature not common to most space heaters—an automatic timer. You can program it to go on and off in 15 minute intervals day or night. For example, set it to go off a few minutes before you wake in the morning so your bathroom or bedroom has started to warm before you get up! This unit has three heat settings (600w, 900w, 1,500w) and provides a maximum of 5,100 BTUs. The DeLonghi comes in a neutral oyster color, weighs 38 lbs and is UL listed. This model with automatic timer is *not generally available in retail stores* and costs \$150.00 (\$12.95) #A485. An identical model without the timer costs \$140.00 (\$12.95) #A487. The Dimplex panel radiator, (shown below) offers an unusual, yet



attractive contemporary design. The large heating surface of the panel provides an ideal balance of half radiant and half convected heat—no energy is wasted. The unit draws a maximum of 750 watts and produces 2559 BTUs. It's 31½" long x 23½" high and comes in two colors: bronze #A563 or white #A562. The Dimplex radiators cost \$150.00 (\$12.95) each.

Lite Savers

If you're tired of climbing ladders and getting into precarious (often dangerous) positions to change an out of the way light bulb then you should know about Mellin Lite-Savers. Adhered to the base of any one way bulb the Lite-Savers



can extend bulb life from 50 to 100 times! Just think of the money saved in light bulbs! Most bulbs have a rated life of 750 hours or 32 days if used continuously. With Lite-Savers your bulbs will burn up to 75,000 hours or about eight years if used 24 hours a day. They're ideal for hallways, staircases, or anyplace where replacing light bulbs is a time consuming nuisance. You'll notice that Lite-Savers reduce light output so you may want to increase bulb wattage. They're safe, dependable and install quickly and easily with any one way bulb. The manufacturer offers a limited eight year warranty. We offer the Lite-Savers in a package of 6 for \$17.00 (\$1.95) #A548, 12 for \$27.00 (\$2.95) #A549 or 24 for \$49.00 (\$3.95) #A642.

Proper Pepper Preparation

Fresh ground pepper is in the same category as fresh ground coffee—neither bears more than passing resemblance to the pallid tinned variety. Which makes it all the more mystifying why there are so many design flaws in peppermills, including the classic wooden twist kind. Most peppermills are hard to fill, don't hold much, offer little or no choice of grind, and make it virtually impossible to measure what you have ground (you have to grind over a plate and then try to collect the grounds into a measuring spoon). Here at last is a peppermill that does justice to this



pungent and delightful condiment. This mill holds a full 3 oz. of corns and the fully removable top makes it so easy to fill and empty that you can switch from black to white or from one variety of peppercorn to another at will. A detachable clear plastic receptacle at the bottom collects the grind anytime measuring is a necessity. The mill is sleek-looking, 6" high, made of cream-colored plastic and operated by a turnkey. The grinding mechanism is hand-assembled and made of nickel-plated hardened steel for long trouble-free use. An adjustment knob takes the grind from fine powder to coarse grains. Five revolutions of the turnkey, which operates with practically no effort at all, produces ½ teaspoon of pepper. This proper peppermill costs \$35.00 (\$2.95) #A617.

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not be another Vietnam, and I lost half of the company at once by my reply: "Nothing of the kind. The North Vietnamese are seasoned soldiers with a military tradition of many centuries—*really* tough people." Why couldn't I have kept my mouth shut? What do I care for Vietnam? Two or three sympathetic guests remained, and these I drove away as follows: A professor from UBC observed that he agreed with Alexander Pope about the ultimate unreality of evil. Seen from the highest point of metaphysics. To a rational mind nothing bad ever really happens. I said, "Oh? Do you mean that every gas chamber has a silver lining?"

That did it, and now I take my daily walks alone.

It is very beautiful here, with snow mountains and still harbors. Port facilities are said to be limited and freighters have to wait (at a daily fee of \$10,000). To see them at anchor is pleasant. They suggest the *Invitation au Voyage*, and also *Anywhere, Out of This World!* But what a clean and civilized city this is, with its clear northern waters and, beyond, the sense of an unlimited wilderness beginning where the forests bristle, spreading northward for millions of square miles and ending at ice whorls around the Pole.

Provincial academics took offense at my quirks. Too bad.

But lest it appear that I am always dishing it out let me tell you, Miss Rose, that I have often been on the receiving end, put down by virtuosi, by artists greater than myself, in this line. The late Kippenberg, prince of musicologists, when we were at a conference in the Villa Serbelloni on Lake Como, invited me to his rooms one night to give him a preview of my paper. Well, he didn't actually invite me. I was eager. The suggestion was mine and he didn't have the heart to refuse. He was a huge man dressed in velvet dinner clothes, a copious costume, kelly green in color, upon which his large, pale, clever head seemed to have been deposited by a boom. Although he walked with two sticks, a sort of *diable boiteux*, there was no one faster with a word. He had published the great work on Rossini, and Rossini himself had made immortal wisecracks (like the one about Wagner: "*Il a de beaux moments mais de mauvais quarts d'heure*"). You have to imagine also the suite that Kippenberg occupied at the villa, eighteenth-century rooms, taffeta sofas, brocades, cool statuary, hot silk lamps. The servants had already shuttered the windows for the night, so it was very close. Anyway, I was reading to the worldly-wise and learned Kippenberg, all swelled out in green, his long mouth agreeably composed. Funny eyes the man had, too, set at the sides of his head as if for bilateral vision, and eyebrows like caterpillars from the Tree of Knowledge. As I was reading he began to nod. I said, "I'm afraid I'm putting you to sleep, Professor." "No, no, on the contrary, you're keeping me awake," he said. That, and at my expense, was genius, and it was a privilege to have provoked it. He had been sitting, massive, with his two sticks, as if he were skiing into profound sleep. But even at the brink, when it was being extinguished, the unique treasure of his

consciousness could still dazzle. I would have gone around the world for such a put-down.

Let me, however, return to Walish for a moment. The Walishes lived in a small country house belonging to the college. It was down in the woods, which at that season were dusty. You may remember what New England woods are in a dry autumn—pollen, woodsmoke, decayed and mealy leaves, spider webs, perhaps the wing powder of dead moths. Arriving at the Walishes' stone gateposts, if we found bottles left by the milkman we'd grab them by the neck and, yelling, hurl them into the bushes. The milk was ordered for Peg Walish, who was pregnant but hated the stuff and wouldn't drink it anyway. Peg was socially above her husband. Anybody, in those days, could be; he had below him only Negroes and Jews and, owing to his Jewy look, was not secure even in this advantage. Bohemianism therefore gave him strength. Mrs. Walish enjoyed her husband's bohemian style, or said she did. My Pergolesi and Haydn made me less objectionable to her than I might otherwise have been. Besides, I was lively company for her husband. Believe me, he needed lively company. He was depressed, his wife was worried. When she looked at me I saw the remedy-light in her eyes.

Like Alice after she had emptied the *Drink Me* bottle in Wonderland, Peg was very tall; bony but delicate, she resembled a silent movie star named Colleen Moore, a round-eyed ingenue with bangs. In her fourth month of pregnancy, Peg was still working at Filene's, and Eddie, unwilling to get up in the morning to drive her to the station, spent long days in bed under the faded patchwork quilts. Pink, when it isn't fresh and lively, can be a desperate color. The pink of Walish's quilts sank my heart when I came looking for him. The cottage was paneled in walnut-stained boards, the rooms were sunless, the kitchen especially gloomy. I found him upstairs sleeping, his jaw under-shot and his Jewish lip prominent. The impression he made was both brutal and innocent. In sleep he was bereft of the confidence into which he put so much effort. Not many of us are fully wakeful, but Walish took particular pride in being alert. That he was nobody's fool was his main premise.

I got him up. He was embarrassed. He was not the complete bohemian after all. His muzziness distressed him, and he grumbled, putting his thin legs out of bed. We went to the kitchen and began to drink.

Peg insisted that he see a psychiatrist in Providence. He kept this from me a while, finally admitting that he needed a tune-up, minor internal adjustments. Becoming a father rattled him. His wife eventually gave birth to male twins. The facts are trivial and I don't feel that I'm betraying a trust. Besides, I owe him nothing. His letter upset me badly. What a time he chose to send it. Thirty-five years without a cross word. He allows me to count on his affection. Then he lets me have it. When do you shaft a pal, when do you hand him the poison cup? Not while he's still young enough to recover. Walish waited till the very end—

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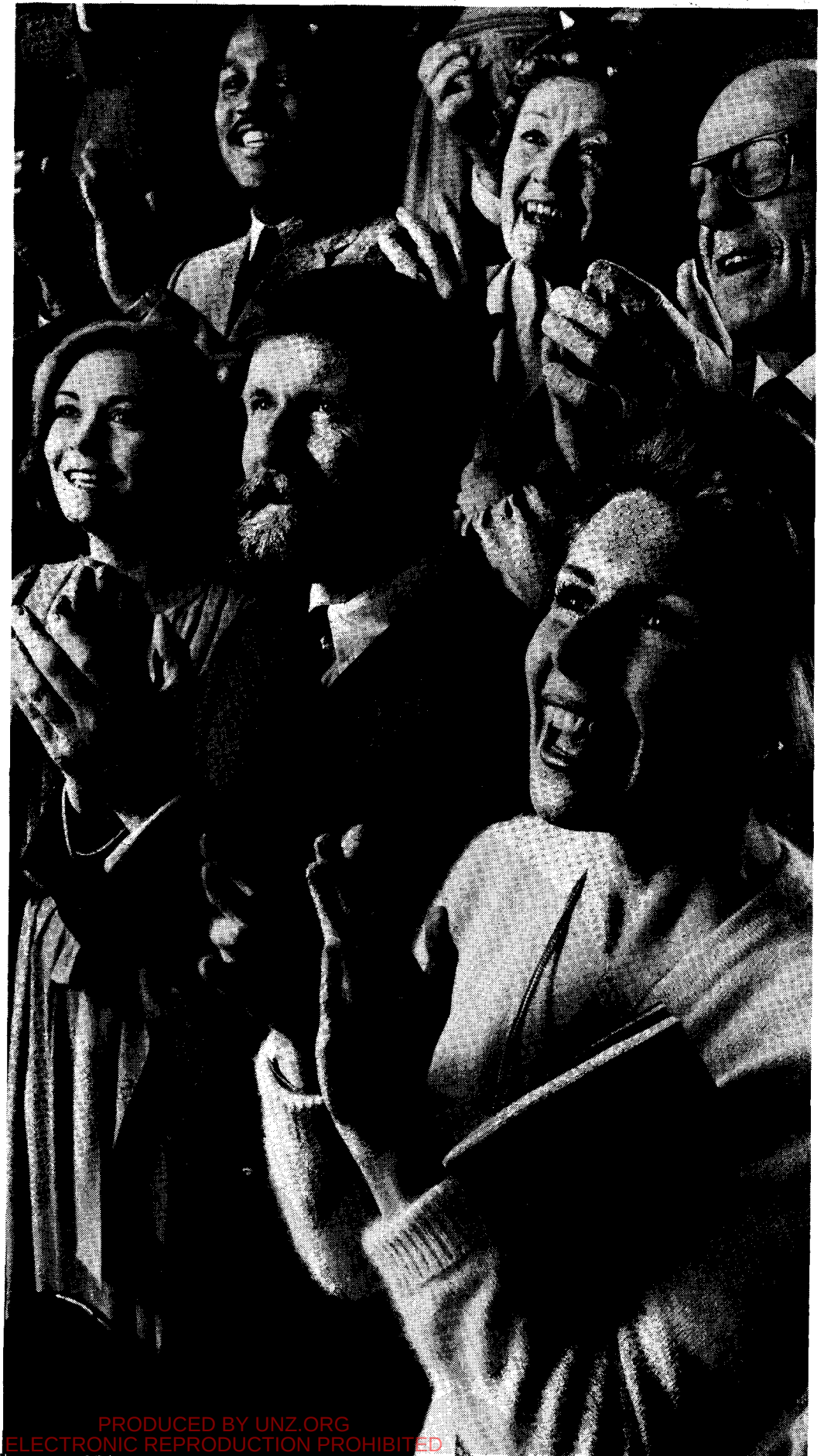
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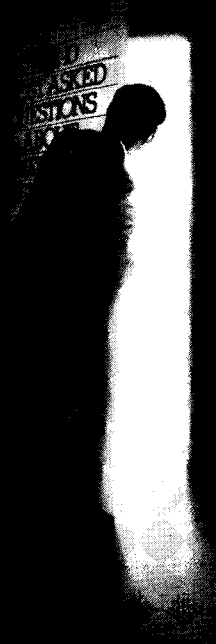


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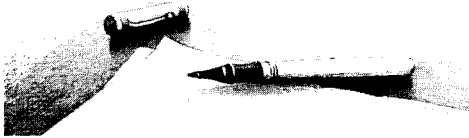
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my end, of course. He is still youthful, he writes me. Evidence of this is that he takes a true interest in young lesbians out in Missouri, he alone knows their inmost hearts and they allow him to make love to them—Walish, the sole exception. Like the explorer McGovern, who went to Lhasa in disguise, the only Westerner to penetrate the sacred precincts. They trust only youth, they trust him, so it's certain that he can't be old.



THIS DOCUMENT OF HIS TAKES ME TO PIECES ENTIRELY. And I agree, objectively, that my character is not an outstanding success. I am inattentive, spiritually lazy, I tune out. I have tried to make this indolence of mine look good, he says. For example, I never would check a waiter's arithmetic; I refused to make out my own tax returns; I was too "unworldly" to manage my own investments, and hired experts (read crooks). Realistic Walish wasn't too good to fight over nickels, it was the principle that counted, as honor did with Shakespeare's great soldiers. When credit cards began to be used, Walish, after computing interest and service charges to the fourth decimal, cut up Peg's cards and threw them down the chute. Every year he fought it out with tax examiners, both federal and state. Nobody was going to get the better of Eddie Walish. By such hardness he connected himself with the skinflint rich, the founding Rockefeller, who wouldn't tip more than a dime, or Getty the billionaire, in whose mansion weekend guests were forced to use coin telephones. Walish wasn't being petty, he was being hard, strict, tighter than a frog's ass. It wasn't simply basic capitalism. Insofar as Walish was a Brecht fan it was also Leninist or Stalinist hardness. And if I was, or appeared to be, misty about money, it was conceivably "a semi-unconscious strategy," he said. Did he mean that I was trying to stand out as a Jew who disdained the dirty dollar? Wanting to be taken for one of my betters? In other words, assimilationism? Only I never admitted that anti-Semites of any degree were my betters.

I wasn't trying to be absentmindedly angelic about my finances. In fact, Miss Rose, I was really not with it. My ineptness with money was part of the same hysterical syndrome that caused me to put my foot in my mouth. I suffered from it genuinely, and continue to suffer. Walish has forgotten that when he went to a psychiatrist to be cured of sleeping eighteen hours a day I told him how well I understood his problem. I said to him, "On a good day I can be acute for about half an hour, then I start to fade out and anybody can get the better of me." I was speaking of the dream condition or state of vague turbulence in which,

with isolated moments of clarity, most of us exist. And it never occurred to me to adopt a strategy. I told you before that at one time it seemed a practical necessity to have a false self but that I soon gave up on it. Walish, however, assumes that every clever modern man is his own avant-garde invention. To be avant-garde means to tamper with yourself, to have a personal project requiring a histrionic routine—in short, to put on an act. But what sort of act was it to trust a close relative who turned out to be a felon, or to let my late wife persuade me to turn over my legal problems to her youngest brother? It was the brother-in-law that did me in. Where others were simply unprincipled and crooked, he was in addition bananas. Patience, I am getting around to that.

Walish writes, "I thought it was time you knew what you were really like," and gives me a going-over such as few men ever face. I abused and badmouthed everybody, I couldn't bear that people should express themselves (this particularly irritated him, he mentions it several times) but put words into their mouths, finished their sentences for them, making them forget what they were about to say (supplied the platitudes they were groping for). I was, he says, "a mobile warehouse of middle-class spare parts," meaning that I was stocked with that irrelevant and actually insane information that makes the hateful social machine tick on toward the bottomless pit. And so forth. As for my supernal devotion to music, that was merely a cover. The real Shawmut was a canny promoter whose *Introduction to Music Appreciation* was adopted by a hundred colleges ("which doesn't happen of itself") and netted him a million in royalties. He compares me to Kissinger, a Jew who made himself strong in the Establishment, having no political base or constituency but succeeding through promotional genius, operating as a celebrity. —Impossible for Walish to understand the strength of character, even the constitutional, biological force such an achievement would require; to appreciate (his fur-covered ear sunk in his pillow, and his small figure thrice bent, like a small fire escape, under the wads of pink quilt) what it takes for an educated man to establish a position of strength among semiliterate politicians. No, the comparison is farfetched. Doing eighteenth-century music on PBS is not very much like taking charge of U.S. foreign policy and coping with drunkards and liars in the executive branch.

An honest Jew? That would be Ginsberg the Confessor. Concealing no fact, Ginsberg appeals to Jew-haters by exaggerating everything that they ascribe to Jews in their pathological fantasies. He puts them on, I think, with crazy simplemindedness, with his actual dreams of finding someone's anus in his sandwich or with his poems about sticking a dildo into himself. This bottom-line materialistic eroticism is most attractive to Americans, proof of sincerity and authenticity. It's on this level that they tell you they are "leveling" with you, although the deformities and obscenities that come out must of course be assigned to somebody else, some "morphodite" faggot or exotic junkie

queer. When they tell you they're "leveling," put your money in your shoe at once, that's my advice.

I see something else in Ginsberg, however. True, he's playing a traditional Jewish role with this comic self-degradation, just as it was played in ancient Rome, and probably earlier. But there's something else, equally traditional. Under all this all-revealing candor (or aggravated self-battery) is purity of heart. As an American Jew he must also affirm and justify democracy. The United States is destined to become one of the great achievements of humanity, a nation made up of many nations (not excluding the queer nation, how can anybody be left out?). The USA itself is to be the greatest of poems, as Whitman prophesied. And the only authentic living representative of American Transcendentalism is this fat-breasted, bald, bearded homosexual in smeared goggles, innocent in his uncleanness. Purity from foulness, Miss Rose. The man is a Jewish microcosm of this Midas earth whose buried corpses bring forth golden fruits. This is not a Jew who goes to Israel to do battle with Leviticus to justify homosexuality. He is a faithful faggot Buddhist in America, the land of his birth. The petrochemical capitalist enemy (an enemy that needs sexual and religious redemption) is right here at home. Who could help loving such a comedian! Besides, Ginsberg and I were born under the same birth sign, and both of us had crazy mothers and are given to inspired utterances. I, however, refuse to overvalue the erotic life. I do not believe that the path of truth must pass through all the zones of masturbation and buggery. He is consistent; to his credit he goes all the way, which can't be said of me. Of the two of us, he is the more American. *He* is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters—I've never even been proposed as a candidate—and although he has suggested that some of our recent Presidents were acid-heads he has never been asked to return his national prizes and medals. The more he libels them (did LBJ use LSD?) the more medals he is likely to get. Therefore I have to admit that he is closer to the American mainstream than I am. I don't even look like an American. (Nor does Ginsberg, for that matter.) Hammond, Indiana, was my birthplace (just before Prohibition my old man had a saloon there) but I might have come straight from Kiev. I certainly haven't got the build of a Hoosier—I am tall but I slouch, my buttocks are set higher than other people's, I have always had the impression that my legs are disproportionately long—it would take an engineer to work out the dynamics. Apart from Negroes and hillbillies, Hammond is mostly foreign, there are lots of Ukrainians and Finns there. These, however, look completely American, whereas I recognize features like my own in Russian church art—the compact faces, small round eyes, arched brows, and bald heads of the ikons. And in highly structured situations in which champion American executive traits like prudence and discretion are required, I always lose control and I am, as Arabs say, a hostage to my tongue.

THE PRECEDING HAS BEEN FUN—BY WHICH I MEAN that I've avoided rigorous examination, Miss Rose. We need to get closer to the subject. I have to apologize to you, but there is also a mystery here (perhaps of karma, as old Mrs. Gracewell suggests) that cries out for investigation. Why does anybody *say* such things as I said to you? Well, it's as if a man were to go out on a beautiful day, a day so beautiful that it pressed him incomprehensibly to *do* something, to perform a commensurate action—or else he will feel like an invalid in a wheelchair by the seashore, a valetudinarian whose nurse says, "Sit here and watch the ripples."

My late wife was a gentle, slender woman, quite small, built on a narrow medieval principle. She had a way of bringing together her palms under her chin when I upset her, as if she were praying for me, and her pink color would deepen to red. She suffered extremely from my fits and assumed the duty of making amends for me, protecting my reputation and persuading people that I meant no harm. She was a brunette and her complexion was fresh. Whether she owed her color to health or excitability was an open question. Her eyes were slightly extruded, but there was no deformity in this, it was one of her beauties as far as I was concerned. She was Austrian by birth (Graz, not Vienna), a refugee. I never was attracted to women of my own build, we made an incomprehensible jumble together. Also I preferred to have to search for what I wanted. As a schoolboy, I took no sexual interest in teachers, I fell in love with the smallest girl in the class, and I followed my earliest taste in marrying a slender Van Leyden or Lucas Cranach woman. The rose color was not confined to her face. There was something not exactly contemporary about her complexion, and her conception of gracefulness also went back to a former age. She had a dipping way about her, her figure dipped when she walked, her hands dipped from the wrist while she was cooking, she was a dippy eater, she dipped her head attentively when you had anything serious to tell her and opened her mouth a little to appeal to you to make better sense. In matters of principle, however irrational, she was immovably obstinate. Death has taken Gerda out of circulation, and she has been wrapped up and put away for good. No more straight, flushed body and pink breasts, nor blue extruded eyes.

What I said to you in passing the library would have appalled her. She took it to heart that I should upset people. Let me cite an example. It is years later, at another university (a real one), and we put on a dinner for a large group of academics—all three leaves were in our cherry-wood Scandinavian table. I didn't even know who the guests were. A certain Professor Schulteiss was mentioned. Schulteiss was one of those bragging polymath types who gave everybody a pain in the ass. Whether it was Chinese cookery or particle physics or the connections of Bantu with Swahili (if any) or why Lord Nelson was so fond of William Beckford or the future of computer sci-



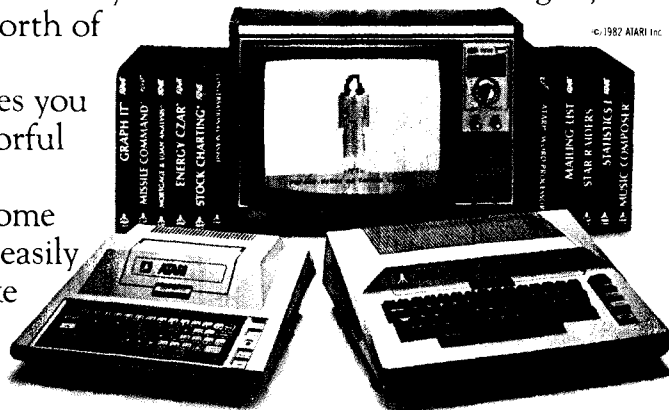
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ence, you couldn't interrupt him long enough to complain that he didn't let you get a word in edgewise. He was a big, bearded man with an assault-defying belly and fingers that turned back at the tips, so that if I had been a cartoonist I would have sketched him yodeling, with black whiskers and retrousée fingertips. One of the guests said to me that Schulteiss was terribly worried that no one would be learned enough to write a proper obituary when he died. "I don't know if I'm qualified," I said, "but I'd be happy to write it, if that would be any comfort to him." Mrs. Schulteiss, hidden from me by Gerda's table flowers, was being helped just then to dessert. Whether she had actually heard me didn't matter for five or six guests immediately told her what I had just said, and I saw her move aside the flowers to look at me.

In the night I tried to convince Gerda that no real harm had been done. Anna Schulteiss was not easily wounded. She and her husband were on the outs continually—why had she come without him? Besides, it was hard to guess what she was thinking and feeling; some of her particles (a reference to Schulteiss's learning in the field of particle physics) were surely out of place. This sort of thing just made matters worse. Gerda did not tell me that, but only lay stiff on her side of the bed. In the field of troubled breathing in the night she was an accomplished artist, and when she sighed heavily there was no sleeping. I yielded to the same stiffness and suffered with her. Adultery, which seldom tempted me, couldn't have caused more guilt. While I drank my morning coffee Gerda telephoned Anna Schulteiss and made a lunch date with her. Later in the week they went to a symphony concert together. Before the month was out we were baby-sitting for the Schulteisses in their dirty little university house, which they had turned into a Stone Age kitchen midden. When that stage of conciliation had been reached Gerda felt better. My thought, however, was that a man who allowed himself to make such jokes should be brazen enough to follow through, not succumb to conscience as soon as the words were out. He should carry it off like the princely Kippenberg. Anyway, which was the real Shawmut, the man who made insulting jokes or the one who had married a wife who couldn't bear that anyone should be wounded by his insults?

You will ask: With a wife willing to struggle mortally to preserve you from the vindictiveness of the injured parties, weren't you perversely tempted to make trouble, just to set the wheels rolling? The answer is no, and the reason is not only that I loved Gerda (love terribly confirmed by her death) but also that when I said things I said them for art's sake, i.e. without perversity or malice, not as if malice had an effect like alcohol and I got drunk on wickedness. I reject that. Yes, there has to be some provocation, but then what happens happens because the earth heaves up underfoot, and from opposite ends of the heavens I get a simultaneous shock to both ears. I am deafened, and I have to open my mouth. Gerda, in her simplicity, tried to

neutralize the ill effects of the words that came out and laid plans to win back the friendship of all kinds of unlikely parties whose essential particles were missing and who had no friendship in them. She sent azaleas, begonias, cut flowers, she took the wives to lunch. She came home and told me earnestly how many fascinating facts she had learned about them, how they were underpaid, or that they had sick old parents, or madness in the family, or fifteen-year-old kids who burglarized houses or were into heroin.

I never said anything wicked to Gerda, only to provocative people. Yours is the only case I can remember where there was no provocation, Miss Rose—hence this letter of apology, the first I have ever written. You are the cause of my self-examination. I may get back to this later. But I am thinking now about Gerda. For her sake I tried to practice self-control, and eventually I began to learn the value of keeping my mouth shut, and how it gives a man strength to block his inspired words and let the wickedness (if wickedness is what it is) be absorbed into the system again. Like the "right speech" of Buddhists, I imagine. And did it make much sense to utter choice words at a time when words have sunk into grossness and decadence? If a La Rochefoucauld were to show up, people would turn away from him in mid-sentence, and yawn. Who needs maxims now?



THE SCHULTEISSES WERE COLLEAGUES, AND GERDA could work on them, she had access to them, but there were occasions when she couldn't protect me.

We were, for instance, at a formal university dinner, and I was sitting beside an old woman who gave millions of dollars to opera companies and orchestras. I was something of a star that evening and wore tails, a white tie, because I had just conducted a performance of Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*; surely one of the most moving works of the eighteenth century. You would have thought that such music had ennobled me, at least until bedtime. But no, I soon began to spoil for trouble. It was no accident that I was on Mrs. Pergamon's right. She was going to be hit for a big contribution. Somebody had dreamed up a schola cantorum, and I was supposed to push it (tactfully). The real pitch would come later. Frankly, I didn't like the fellows behind the plan. They were a bad lot, and a big grant would have given them more power than was good for anyone. Old Pergamon had left his wife a prodigious fortune. So much money was almost a sacred attribute. And also I had conducted sacred music, so it was sacred against sacred. Mrs. Pergamon talked money to me, she didn't men-

tion the *Stabat Mater* or my interpretation of it. It's true that in the U.S. money leads all other topics by about a thousand to one, but this was one occasion when the music should not have been omitted. The old woman explained to me that the big philanthropists had an understanding, and how the fields were divided up among Carnegie, Rockefeller, Mellon, and Ford. Abroad there were the various Rothschild interests and the Volkswagen Foundation. The Pergamons did music, mainly. She mentioned the sums spent on electronic composers, computer music, and I was boiling all the while that I bent a look of perfect courtesy from Kiev on her. I had seen her limousine in the street with campus cops on guard, supplementing the city police. The diamonds on her bosom lay like the Finger Lakes among their hills. I am obliged to say that the money conversation had curious effects on me. It reached very

deep places. My late brother, whose whole life was devoted to money, was my mother's favorite. He is her favorite still, and she is in her nineties. Presently I heard Mrs. Pergamon say that she wanted to write her memoirs. Then I asked—and the question is what Nietzsche called a *Fatum*—"Will you use a typewriter or an adding machine?"

Should I have said *that*? Did I actually *say* it? Too late to ask, the tempest had fallen. She looked at me, quite calm. Now, she was a great lady and I was from Bedlam. Because there was no visible reaction in her diffuse old face and the blue of her eyes was wonderfully clarified and augmented by her glasses, I was tempted to believe that she didn't hear or else had failed to understand. But that didn't wash. I changed the subject. I understood that despite the almost exclusive interest in music, she had from time to



THE ABDUCTION

Some things I do not profess
to understand, perhaps
not wanting to, including
whatever it was they did
with you or you with them
that timeless summer day
when you stumbled out of the wood,
distracted, with your white blouse torn
and a bloodstain on your skirt.
"Do you believe?" you asked.
Between us, through the years,
from bits, from broken clues,
we pieced enough together
to make the story real:
how you encountered on the path
a pack of sleek, grey hounds,
trailed by a dumbshow retinue
in leather shrouds; and how
you were led, through leafy ways,
into the presence of a royal stag,
flaming in his chestnut coat,
who kneeled on a swale of moss
before you; and how you were borne
aloft in triumph through the green,
stretched on his rack of budding horn,
till suddenly you found yourself alone
in a trampled clearing.

That was a long time ago,
almost another age, but even now,
when I hold you in my arms,
I wonder where you are.
Sometimes I wake to hear
the engines of the night thrumming
outside the east bay window
on the lawn spreading to the rose garden.
You lie beside me in elegant repose,
a hint of transport hovering on your lips,
indifferent to the harsh green flares
that swivel through the room,
searchlights controlled by unseen hands.
Out there is childhood country,
bleached faces peering in
with coals for eyes.
Our lives are spinning out
from world to world;
the shapes of things
are shifting in the wind.
What do we know
beyond the rapture and the dread?

—Stanley Kunitz

time supported scientific research. The papers reported that she had endowed a project for research in epilepsy. Immediately I tried to steer her into epilepsy. I mentioned the Freud essay in which the theory was developed that an epileptic fit was a dramatization of the death of one's father. This was why it made you stiff. But finding that my struggle to get off the hook was only giving me a bloody lip, I went for the bottom and lay there coldly silent. With all my heart I concentrated on the *Fatum*. *Fatum* signifies that in each human being there is something that is inaccessible to revision. This something can be taught *nothing*. Maybe it is founded in the Will to Power, and the Will to Power is nothing less than Being itself. Moved, or as the young would say, stoned out of my head, by the *Stabat Mater* (the glorious mother who would not stand up for me), I had been led to speak from the depths of the *Fatum*. I believe that I misunderstood old Mrs. Pergamon entirely. To speak of money to me was kindness, even magnanimity on her part—a man who knew Pergolesi was as good as rich and could be addressed as an equal. And in spite of me she endowed the schola cantorum. You don't penalize an institution because a kook at dinner speaks wildly. She was so very old that she had seen every sort of maniac there is. I startled myself more than I did her.

She was being gracious, Miss Rose, and I had been trying to go beyond her, to pass her on a dangerous curve. A power contest? What might that mean? Why did I need power? Well, it means that from a position of power you can say anything. Powerful men give offense with impunity. Take as an instance what Churchill said about an M.P. named Driberg: "He is the man who brought pederasty into disrepute." And Driberg instead of being outraged was flattered, so that when another member of Parliament claimed the distinction for himself and insisted that his was the name Churchill had spoken, Driberg said, "*You?* Why would Winston take notice of an insignificant faggot like *you!*" This quarrel amused London for several weeks. But then Churchill was Churchill, the descendant of Marlborough and his great biographer, the savior of his country. To be insulted by him guaranteed your place in history. Churchill was, however, a holdover from a more civilized age. A less civilized case would be that of Stalin. Stalin, receiving a delegation of Polish Communists in the Kremlin, said, "But what has become of that fine, intelligent woman, Comrade Z?" The Poles looked at their feet. Because, as Stalin had had Comrade Z murdered, there was nothing to say.

This is contempt, not wit. It is Oriental despotism, straight, Miss Rose. Churchill was human, Stalin merely a colossus. As for us, here in America, we are a demotic, hybrid civilization. We have our virtues but are ignorant of style. It's only because American society has no place for style (in the sense of Voltairean or Gibbonesque style, in the manner of Saint-Simon or Heine) that it is possible for a man like me to make such statements as he makes, harming no one but himself. If people are offended it's by the

"hostile intent" they sense, not by the keenness of the words. They classify me then as a psychological curiosity, a warped personality. It never occurs to them to take a full or biographical view. In the real sense of the term, biography has fallen away from us. We all flutter like new-hatched chicks between the feet of the great idols or monuments of power.

So what are words? A lawyer, the first one, the one who represented me in the case against my brother's estate (the second one was Gerda's brother)—Lawyer Klaussen said to me when an important letter had to be drafted, "*You do it, Shawmut. You're the man with the words.*"

"And you're the whore with ten cunts!"

But I didn't say this. He was too powerful. I needed him. I was afraid.

But it was inevitable that I should offend him, and presently I did.

I can't tell you *why*. It's a mystery. When I tried to discuss Freud's epilepsy essay with Mrs. Pergamon I wanted to hint that I myself was subject to strange seizures that resembled falling sickness. But it wasn't just brain pathology, lesions, *grand mal* chemistry. It was a kind of perversely happy *gaieté de coeur*. Elements of vengefulness, or blasphemy? Well, maybe. What about demonic inspiration, what about energumens, what about Dionysus the God? After a distressing luncheon with Klaussen the lawyer at his formidable club, where he bullied me in a dining room filled with bullies, a scene from Daumier (I had been beaten down ten or twelve times, my suggestions all dismissed, and I had paid him a \$25,000 retainer, but Klaussen hadn't bothered yet to master the elementary facts of the case)—after lunch, I say, when we were walking through the lobby of the club, where federal judges, machine politicians, paving contractors, and chairmen of boards conferred in low voices, I heard a great noise. Workmen had torn down an entire wall. I said to the receptionist, "What's happening?" She answered, "The entire club is being rewired. We've been having daily power failures from the old electrical system." I said, "While they're at it they might arrange to have people electrocuted in the dining room."

I was notified by Klaussen next day that for one reason or another he could no longer represent me. I was an incompatible client.

The intellect of man declaring its independence from worldly power—okay. But I had gone to Klaussen for protection. I chose him because he was big and arrogant, like the guys my brother's widow had hired. My late brother had swindled me. Did I want to recover my money or not? Was I fighting or doodling? Because in the courts it was big arrogance or nothing. And with Klaussen as with Mrs. Pergamon there was not a thing that Gerda could do—she couldn't send them flowers or ask them to lunch. Besides, she was already sick, and concerned about my future. She remonstrated with me, "Did you have to needle him? He's a proud man."

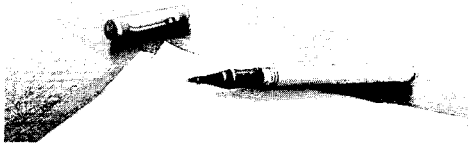
"I gave in to my weakness. What's with me? Like, am I too good to be a hypocrite?"

"Hypocrisy is a big word . . . A little lip service."

And again I said what I shouldn't have, especially given the state of her health: "It's a short step from lip service to ass-kissing."

"Oh, my poor Herschel, you'll never change!"

She was then dying of leukemia, Miss Rose, and I had to promise her that I would put my case in the hands of her brother Hansl. She believed that for her sake Hansl would be loyal to me. Sure, his feeling for her was genuine. He loved his sister. But as a lawyer he was a disaster, not because he was disloyal but because he was a born conniver. Also he was plain crackers.



LAWYERS, LAWYERS. WHY DID I NEED ALL THESE lawyers? you will ask. Because I loved my brother fondly. Because we did business, and business can't be done without lawyers. They have insidiously made a position for themselves at the very heart of money. Some of the cheerfulest passages in Walsh's letter refer to my horrible litigation. He says, "I always knew you were a fool." Himself, he took the greatest pains never to be one. Not that any man can ever be absolutely certain about this. But if you've had to retain lawyers it's perfectly clear proof that you're a patsy. Walsh has me there.

My brother, Philip, offered me a proposition, and that too was my fault. I made the mistake of telling him how much money my music-appreciation book had earned. He was impressed. He said to his wife, "Tracy, guess who's loaded!" Then he asked, "What are you doing with it? How do you protect yourself against taxes and inflation?"

I admired my brother, not because he was a "creative businessman," as they said in the family—that meant little to me—but because . . . Well, there is in fact no "because," there's only the *given*, a lifelong feeling, a mystery. His interest in my finances excited me. For once he spoke seriously to me, and my head was turned. I told him, "I never even tried to make money, and now I'm knee deep in the stuff." Such a statement was a little disingenuous. It was, if you prefer, untrue. To take such a tone was also a mistake, for it implied that money wasn't so hard to make. Brother Philip had knocked himself out for it, while Brother Harry had earned heaps of it, incidentally, while fiddling. This, I now acknowledge, was a provocative booboo. He made a dark note of it. I even saw the note being made.

As a boy, Philip was very fat. We had to sleep together when we were children and it was like sharing the bed with a dugong. But since then he had firmed up quite a lot.

In profile his face was large, with bags under the eyes, a sharp serious face upon a stout body. My late brother was a crafty man. He laid long-distance schemes. Over me he enjoyed the supreme advantage of detachment. My weakness was my fondness for him, contemptible in an adult male. He slightly resembled Spencer Tracy but was more avid and sharp. He had a Texas tan, his hair was "styled," not barbered, and he wore Mexican rings on every one of his fingers.

Gerda and I were invited to visit his estate near Houston. Here he lived in grandeur, and when he showed me around the place he said to me, "Every morning when I open my eyes I say, 'Philip, you're living right in the middle of a park. You own a whole park.'"

I said, "It certainly is as big as Douglas Park in Chicago."

He cut me short, not wishing to hear about the old West Side, our dreary origins, Roosevelt Road with its chicken coops stacked on the sidewalks, the Talmudist horseradish grinder in the doorway of the fish store, or the daily drama of the Shawmut kitchen on Independence Boulevard. He abominated these reminiscences of mine, for he was thoroughly Americanized. On the other hand, he no more belonged on this Texas estate than I did. Perhaps no one belonged here. Numerous failed entrepreneurs had preceded him in this private park, the oilmen and land developers who had caused this monument to be built. You had the feeling that they must all have died in flophouses or on state funny-farms, cursing the grandiose *fata morgana* that Philip now owned, or seemed to own. The truth was that he didn't like it either, he was stuck with it. He had bought it for his wife's sake.

He said in confidence that he had a foolproof investment for me. People were coming with hundreds of thousands, asking to be cut into the deal, but he would turn them all down for my sake. For once he was in a position to do something for me. One rule was that he was never to be questioned, that was how he did business, but I could be sure that he would protect me as a brother should and that there was nothing to fear. In the fragrant plantation gardens he flew for one instant (no more) into Yiddish. He'd never let me lay my sound head in a sick bed. Then he flew out again. He said that his wife, who was the best woman in the world and the soul of honor, would respect his commitments and carry out his wishes with fanatical fidelity if anything were to happen to him. I didn't understand Tracy, he said. She was difficult to know but she was a true woman and he wasn't going to have any clauses in our partnership agreement that would bind her formally. She would take offense at that and so would he. And you wouldn't believe, Miss Rose, how all these clichés moved me. I responded as if to an accelerator under his fat elegant foot, pumping blood, not gasoline, into my mortal engine. I was wild with feeling and said yes to it all. Yes, yes! The plan was to create an auto-wrecking center, the biggest in Texas, which would supply auto parts to the entire

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South and to Latin America as well. The big German and Italian exporters were notoriously short of replacements; I had experienced this myself—I had once had to wait four months for a BMW front-wheel stabilizer unobtainable in the U.S. But it wasn't the business proposition that carried me away, Miss Rose. What affected me was that my brother and I should be really associated for the first time in our lives. As our joint enterprise could never in the world be Pergolesi, it must necessarily be business. I was unreasonably stirred by emotions that had waited a lifetime for expression; they must have worked their way into my heart at a very early age, and now came out full strength to drag me down.

"What have you got to do with wrecking automobiles?" said Gerda. "And grease, and metal, and all that noise?"

I said, "What has IRS ever done for music that it should collect half my royalties?"

My wife was an educated woman, Miss Rose, and she began to reread certain books and to tell me about them, especially at bedtime. We went through much of Balzac. *Père Goriot* (what daughters can do to a father), *Cousin Pons* (how an elderly innocent was dragged down by relatives who coveted his art collection). One swindling relative after another, and all of them merciless. She related the destruction of poor César Birotteau, the trusting perfumer. She also read me selections from Marx on the obliteration of the ties of kinship by capitalism. But it never occurred to me that such evils could affect a man who had read about them. I had read about venereal diseases and had never caught any. Besides, it was now too late to take a warning.

On my last trip to Texas I visited the vast, smoking wrecking-grounds, and on our way back to the mansion Philip told me that his wife had become a breeder of pit bulldogs. You may have read about these creatures, which have scandalized American animal lovers. They are the most terrifying of all dogs. Part terrier, part English bulldog, smooth-skinned, broad-chested, immensely muscular, they attack all strangers, kids as well as grown-ups. As they do not bark, no warning is given. Their intent is always to kill and once they have begun to tear at you they can't be called off. The police, if they arrive in time, have to shoot them. In the pit the dogs fight and die in silence. Aficionados bet millions of dollars on the fights (which are illegal, but what of it?). Humane societies and civil-liberties groups don't quite know how to defend these murderous animals or the legal rights of their owners. There is a Washington lobby trying to exterminate the breed, and meantime enthusiasts go on experimenting, doing everything possible to create the worst of all possible dogs.

Philip was very proud of his wife. "Tracy is a wonder, isn't she?" he said. "There's terrific money in these animals. Trust her to pick up a new trend. Guys are pouring in from all over the country to buy pups."

He took me to the dog runs to show the pit bulls off. As we passed, they set their paws on the wire meshes and

bared their teeth. I didn't enjoy the inspection. My own teeth were on edge. Philip himself wasn't comfortable with the animals by any means. He owned them, they were assets, but he wasn't the master. Tracy, appearing among the dogs, gave me a silent nod. The black employees who brought meat were tolerated. "But Tracy," Philip said, "she's their goddess."

I must have been afraid, because nothing satirical or caustic came to mind. I couldn't even make up funny impressions to take home to Gerda, with whose amusement I was preoccupied in those sad days.

But as a reverberator, which it is my nature to be, I tried to connect the breeding of these terrible dogs with the mood of the country. The pros and cons of the matter add some curious lines to the spiritual profile of the USA. Not long ago a lady wrote to *The Boston Globe* that it had been a failure of judgment in the Founding Fathers not to consider the welfare of cats and dogs in our democracy, people being what they are. The Founders were too lenient with human viciousness, she said, and the Bill of Rights ought to have made provision for the safety of those innocents who are forced to depend upon us. The first connection to come to mind was that egalitarianism was now being extended to cats and dogs. But it's not egalitarianism, it's a merging of the species, the line between man and other animals is becoming blurred. A dog will give you such simple heart's truth as you will never get from a lover or a parent. I seem to recall from the thirties (or did I read this in the memoirs of Lionel Abel?) how scandalized the French Surrealist André Breton was when he visited Leon Trotsky in exile. While the two men were discussing World Revolution, Trotsky's dog came up to be caressed and Trotsky said, "This is my only true friend." What? A dog the friend of this Marxist theoretician and hero of the October Revolution, the organizer of the Red Army? Symbolic surrealist acts, like shooting at random into a crowd in the street, Breton could publicly recommend, but to be sentimental about a dog like any bourgeois was shocking. Today's psychiatrists would not be shocked. Asked whom they love best, their patients reply in increasing numbers, "My dog." At this rate, a dog in the White House becomes a real possibility. Not a pit bulldog, certainly, but a nice golden retriever who would appoint his veterinarian secretary of state.

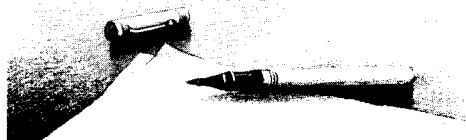
I didn't try these reflections out on Gerda. Nor, since it would have been unsettling, did I tell her that Philip too was unwell. He had been seeing a doctor. Tracy had him on a physical-fitness program. Mornings he entered the annex to the master bedroom, in which the latest gymnastic equipment had been set up. Wearing overlong silk boxer shorts (I reckon that their theme was the whiskey sour, since they were decorated with orange slices resembling wheels), he hung by his fat arms from the shining apparatus, he jogged on a treadmill with an odometer, and tugged at the weights. When he worked out on the exercycle, the orange-slice wheels of his underpants extended the vehicu-

lar fantasy, but he was going nowhere. The queer things he found himself doing as a rich man, the false position he was in! His adolescent children were rednecks. The druidic Spanish moss vibrated to the shocks of rock music. The dogs bred for cruelty bided their time. My brother, it appeared, was only the steward of his wife and children.

Still, he wanted me to observe him at his exercises and to impress me with his strength. As he did push-ups his dipping titties touched the floor before his chin did, but his stern face censored any comical comments I might be inclined to make. I was called upon to witness that under the fat there was a block of primal powers, a strong heart in his torso, big veins in his neck, and bands of muscle across his back. "I can't do any of that," I told him, and indeed I couldn't, Miss Rose. My behind is like a rucksack that has slipped its straps.

I made no comments, because I was a General Partner who had invested \$600,000 in the wreckage of rusty automobiles. Two miles behind the private park, there were cranes and compactors, and hundreds of acres were filled with metallic pounding and dust. I understood by now that the real power behind this enterprise was Philip's wife, a short round blonde of butch self-sufficiency, as dense as a meteorite and, somehow, as spacey. But no, it was I who was spacey while she was intricately shrewd.

And most of my connubial ideas derived from the gentleness and solicitude of my own Gerda!



DURING THIS LAST VISIT WITH BROTHER PHILIP I tried to get him to speak about Mother. The interest he took in her was minimal. Family sentiment was not his dish. All that he had was for the new family; for the old family, nix. He said he couldn't recall Hammond, Indiana, or Independence Boulevard. "You were the only one I ever cared for," he said. He was aware that there were two departed sisters, but their names didn't come to him. Without half trying, he was far ahead of André Breton, and could never be overtaken. Surrealism wasn't a theory, it was an anticipation of the future.

"What was Chink's real name?" he said.

I laughed. "What, you've forgotten Helen's name? You're bluffing. Next you'll tell me you can't remember her husband, either. What about Kramm? He bought you your first pair of long pants. Or Sabina? She got you the job in the bucket shop in the Loop."

"They fade from my mind," he said. "Why should I keep those dusty memories? If I want details I can get you to fill me in. You've got such a memory hang-up—what use is it?"

As I grow older, Miss Rose, I don't dispute such views but tend instead to take them under consideration. True, I counted on Philip's memory. I wanted him to remember that we were brothers. I had hoped to invest my money safely and live on an income from wrecked cars—summers in Corsica, handy to London at the beginning of the musical season. Before the Arabs sent London real estate so high, Gerda and I discussed buying a flat in Kensington. But there was not a single distribution from the partnership. "We're doing great," said Philip. "By next year I'll be able to remortgage, and then you and I will have more than a million to cut up between us. Until then, you'll have to be satisfied with the tax write-offs."

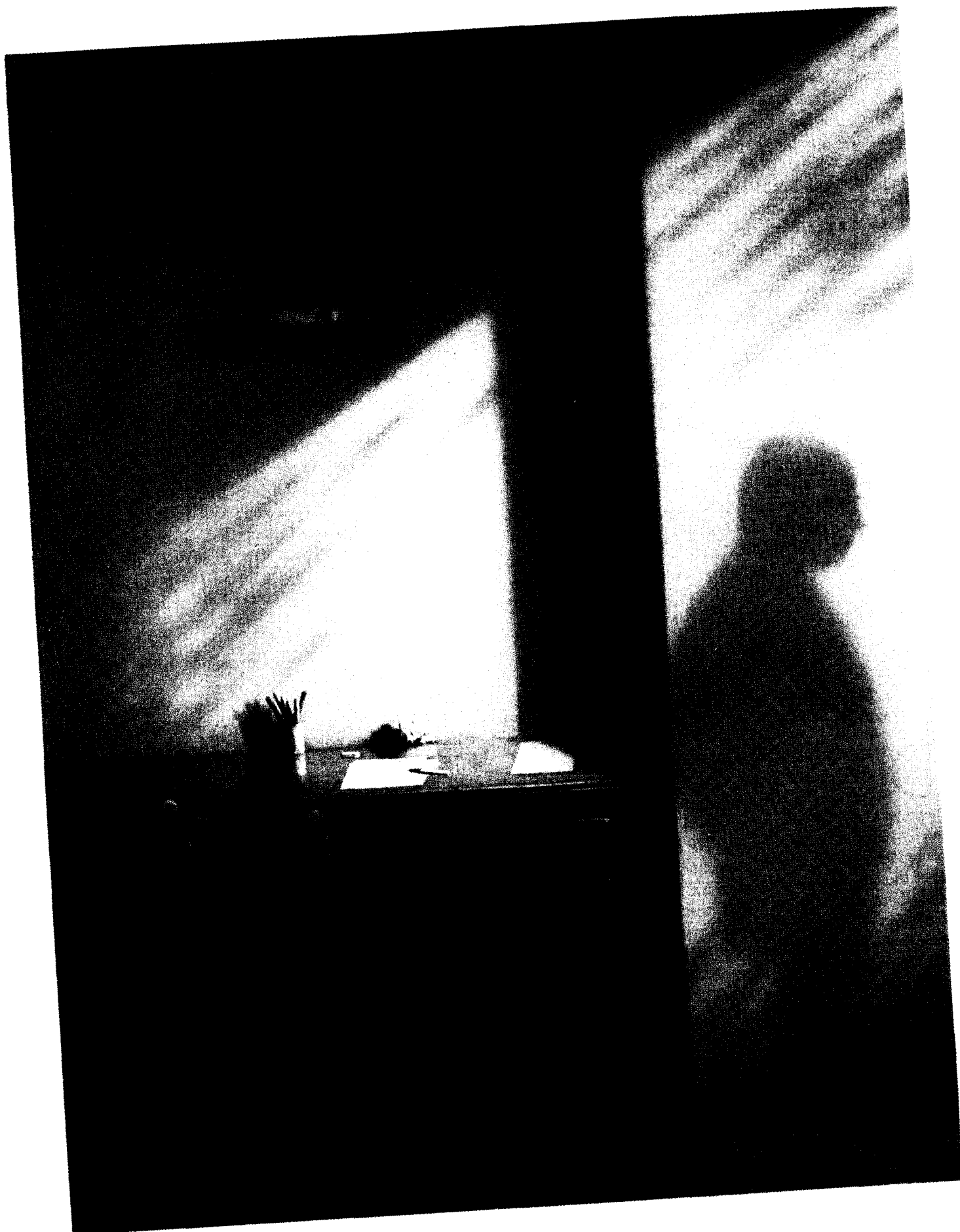
I started to talk about our sister Chink, thinking my only expedient was to stir such family sentiments as might have survived in this atmosphere where the Spanish moss was electronicized by rock music (and, at the back, the pit bulldogs were drowning silently in the violence of their blood instincts). I recalled that we had heard very different music on Independence Boulevard. Chink would play "Jimmy Had a Nickel" on the piano, and the rest of us would sing the chorus, or yell it out. Did Philip remember that Kramm who drove a soda-pop truck (it was from affection, because he doted on Helen, that he called her Chink) could accurately pitch a case filled with bottles into a small opening at the very top of the pyramid? No, the pop truck wasn't exactly stacked like a pyramid, it was a ziggurat.

"What's a ziggurat?"

Assyrian or Babylonian, I explained, terraced, and not coming to a peak.

Philip said, "Sending you to college was a mistake, although I don't know what else you would have been fit for. Nobody else went past high school . . . Kramm was okay, I guess."

Yes, I said, Chink got Kramm to pay my tuition. Kramm had been a doughboy, did Philip remember that? Kramm was squat but powerful, full-faced, smooth-skinned like a Samoan, and wore his black hair combed flat to his head in the Valentino or George Raft style. He supported us all, paid the rent. Our dad, during the Depression, was peddling carpets to farm women in northern Michigan. *He* couldn't earn the rent. From top to bottom, the big household became Mother's responsibility, and if she had been a little tetchy before, melodramatic, in her fifties she seemed to become crazed. There was something military about the way she took charge. Her command post was the kitchen. Kramm had to be fed because he fed us, and he was an enormous eater. She cooked tubs of stuffed cabbage and of chop suey for him. He could swallow soup by the bucket, put down a pineapple upside-down cake by himself. Mother shopped, peeled, chopped, boiled, fried, roasted, and baked, served and washed. Kramm ate himself into a stupor and then, in the night, he might come out in his pajama bottoms, walking in his sleep. He went straight to the icebox. I recalled a summer's night when I



watched him cutting oranges in half and ripping into them with his teeth. In his somnambulism he slurped away about a dozen of them, and then I saw him go back to bed, following his belly to the right door.

"And gambled in a joint called the Diamond Horseshoe, Kedzie and Lawrence," said Philip. He did not, however, intend to be drawn into any reminiscences. He began, a little, to smile, but he remained basically gloomy, reserved.

Of course. He had entered upon one of his biggest swindles.

He changed the subject. He asked if I didn't admire the way Tracy ran this large estate. She was a magician. She didn't need interior decorators, she had done the whole place by herself. All the linens were Portuguese. The gardens were wonderful. Her roses won prizes. The appliances never gave trouble. She was a cordon bleu cook. It was true the kids were difficult, but that was how kids were nowadays. She was a terrific psychologist, and fundamentally the little bastards were well adjusted. They were just American youngsters. His greatest satisfaction was that everything was so American. It was, too—an all-American production.

For breakfast, if I called the kitchen persistently, I could have freeze-dried coffee and a slice of Wonder Bread. They were brought by a black person who answered no questions. Was there an egg, a piece of toast, a spoonful of jam? Nothing. It wounds me desperately not to be fed. As I sat waiting for the servant to come with the freeze-dried coffee and the absorbent cotton bread, I prepared and polished remarks that I might make to her, considering how to strike a balance between satire and human appeal. It was a waste of time to try to reach a common human level with the servants. It was obvious that I was a guest of no importance, Miss Rose. No one would listen. I could almost hear the servants being instructed to "come slack off former services" or "Put on what weary negligence you please"—the words of Goneril in *King Lear*. Also the room they had given me had been occupied by one of the little girls, now too big for it. The wallpaper, illustrated with Simple Simon and Goosey Gander, at the time seemed inappropriate (it now seems sharply pertinent).

And I was obliged to listen to my brother's praise of his wife. Again and again he told me how wise and good she was, how clever and tender a mother, what a brilliant hostess respected by the best people on the largest estates. And a shrewd counselor (I could believe that!). Plus a warm sympathizer when he was anxious, an energetic lover, and she gave him what he had never had before—peace. And I, Miss Rose, with \$600,000 sunk here, was constrained to go along, nodding like a dummy. Forced to underwrite all of his sustaining falsehoods, countersigning the bill of goods he sold himself, I muttered the words he needed to finish his sentences. (How Walish would have jeered!) Death breathing over both the odd brothers with the very fragrance of subtropical air—magnolia, honey-

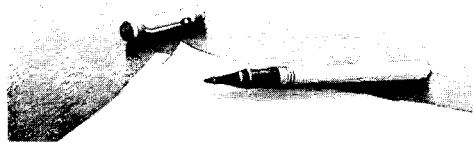
suckle, orange blossom, or whatever the hell it was, puffing into our faces. Oddest of all was Philip's final confidence (untrue!). For my ears only, he whispered in Yiddish-Hebrew that for the first time in his life he had *Shalom bait* here, domestic tranquillity.

After this lapse, he reversed himself with a vengeance. We drove in two Jaguars to a Chinese restaurant, a huge showplace constructed in circles, or dining wells, with tables highlighted like symphonic kettledrums. Here Philip made a scene. He ordered far too many hors d'oeuvres, and when the table was jammed with dishes he summoned the manager to complain that he was being hustled, he hadn't wanted double portions of all these fried wontons, egg rolls, and barbecued ribs, and when the manager refused to take them back Philip went from table to table with egg rolls and ribs saying, "Here! Free! Be my guest!" Restaurants always did excite him but this time Tracy imposed an armistice. She said, "Enough, Philip, we're here to eat, not raise everybody's blood pressure." Yet a few minutes later he pretended that he had found a pebble in his salad. I had seen this before. He carried a pebble in his pocket for the purpose. Even the kids were onto him, and one of them said, "He's always doing this routine, Uncle." It gave me a start to be called Uncle.

Indulge me for a moment, Miss Rose. I am covering the ground as quickly as I can. There's not a soul to talk to in Vancouver except ancient Mrs. Gracewell, and with her I have to ride in esoteric clouds. Pretending that he had cracked his tooth, Philip had shifted from the Americanism of women's magazines (lovely wife, beautiful home, the highest standard of normalcy) to that of the rednecks—yelling at the Orientals, ordering his children to get his lawyer on the table telephone. The philistine idiosyncrasy of the rich American brute. But you can no longer be a philistine without high sophistication, matching the sophistication of what you hate. However, it's no use talking about "false consciousness" or any of that baloney. Philly had put himself into Tracy's hands for full Americanization. To achieve this (obsolete) status, he paid the price of his soul. But then he may never have been absolutely certain that there is any such thing as a soul. What he resented about me was that I wouldn't stop hinting at its existence. What was I, a Reform rabbi or something? Except at a funeral service Philip wouldn't have put up with Pergolesi for two minutes. And wasn't I—never mind Pergolesi—looking for a hot investment?

When Philip died soon afterward, you may have read in the papers that he was mixed up with chop-shop operators in the Midwest, people who stole expensive cars and tore them apart for export to Latin America and the whole of the Third World. Chop-shops, however, were not Philip's crime. On the credit established by my money, the partnership acquired and resold land, but much of the property lacked clear title, there were liens against it. Defrauded purchasers brought suit. Big trouble followed. Convicted, Philip appealed, and then he jumped bail and escaped to

Mexico. There he was kidnapped while jogging in Chapultepec Park. His kidnappers were bounty hunters. The bonding companies he had left holding the bag when he skipped out had offered a bounty for his return. Specialists exist who will abduct people, Miss Rose, if the sums are big enough to make the risks worthwhile. After Philip was brought back to Texas, the Mexican government began extradition proceedings on the ground that he was snatched illegally, which he was, certainly. My poor brother died while doing push-ups in a San Antonio prison yard during the exercise hour. Such was the end of his picturesque struggles.



AFTER WE HAD MOURNED HIM, AND I TOOK MEASURES to recover my losses from his estate, I discovered that his personal estate was devoid of assets. He had made all his wealth over to his wife and children.

I could not be charged with Philip's felonies, but since he had made me a general partner I was sued by the creditors. I retained Mr. Klaussen, whom I lost by the remark I made in the lobby of his club about electrocuting people in the dining room. The joke was harsh, I admit, although no harsher than what people often think, but nihilism, too, has its no-nos, and professional men can't allow their clients to make such cracks. Klaussen drew the line. Thus I found myself after Gerda's death in the hands of her energetic but unbalanced brother, Hansl. He decided, on sufficient grounds, that I was an incompetent, and as he is a believer in fast action he took dramatic measures and soon placed me in my present position. Some position! Two brothers in flight, one to the south, the other northward and faced with extradition. No bonding company will set its bounty hunters on me. I'm not worth the risks. And even though Hansl had promised that I would be safe in Canada, he didn't bother to check the law himself. One of his student clerks did it for him, and since she was a smart sexy girl it didn't seem necessary to review her conclusions.

Knowledgeable sympathizers when they ask who represents me are impressed when I tell them. "Hansl Genauer? Real smart fellow. You ought to do all right."

Hansl dresses very sharply, in Hong Kong suits and shirts. A slender man, he carries himself like a concert violinist and has a manner that, as a manner, is fully convincing. For his sister's sake ("She had a wonderful life with you, she said to the last") he was, or intended to be, my protector. I was a poor old guy, bereaved, incompetent, accidentally prosperous, foolishly trusting, thoroughly

swindled. "Your brother fucked you but good. He and his wife."

"She was a party to it?"

"Try giving it a little thought. Has she answered any of your letters?"

"No."

Not a single one, Miss Rose.

"Let me tell you how I reconstruct it, Harry. Philip wanted to impress his wife. He was scared of her. Out of terror, he wanted to make her rich. She told him she was all the family he needed. To prove that he believed her, he had to sacrifice his old flesh and blood to the new flesh and blood. Like, 'I give you the life of your dreams, all you have to do is cut your brother's throat.' He did his part, he piled up dough, dough, and more dough—I don't suppose he liked you anyway—and he put all the loot in her name. So that when he died, which was *never* going to happen . . ."

Cleverness is Hansl's instrument, he plays it madly, bowing it with elegance as if he were laying out the structure of a sonata, phrase by phrase, for his backward brother-in-law. What did I need with his fiddling? Isn't there anybody, dear God, on *my* side? My brother picked me up by the trustful affections as one would lift up a rabbit by the ears. Hansl, now in charge of the case, analyzed the betrayal down to the finest fibers of its brotherly bonds, and this showed that he was completely on my side—right? He examined the books of the partnership, which I had never bothered to do, pointing out Philip's misdeeds. "You see? He was leasing land from his wife, the nominal owner, for use by the wrecking company, and every year that pig paid himself a rent of \$98,000. There went your profits. More deals of the same kind all over these balance sheets. While you were planning summers in Corsica."

"Not cut out for business."

"He was a full-time con artist. He might have started a service called Dial-a-Fraud. When Klaussen handed over your files to me, he told me what offensive, wicked things you said. Why he decided he couldn't represent you anymore."

"But he didn't return the unused part of the fat retainer I gave him."

"I'll be looking out for you now. Gerda's gone, and that leaves me to see that things don't get worse—the one adult of us three. My clients who are the greatest readers are always in the biggest trouble. What they call culture, if you ask me, causes mostly confusion and stunts their growth. I wonder if you'll ever understand why you let your brother do you in the way he did."

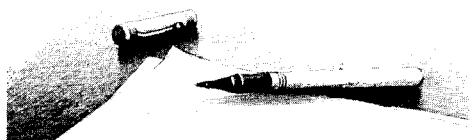
Philip's bad world borrowed me to live in. I had, however, approached him in the expectation of benefits, Miss Rose. I wasn't blameless. And if he and his people—accountants, managers, his wife—forced me to feel what they felt, colonized me with their realities, even with their daily moods, saw to it that I should suffer everything they

had to suffer, it was after all *my* idea, I tried to make use of *them*.

I never again saw my brother's wife, his children, nor the park they lived in, nor the pit bulldogs.

"That woman is a legal genius," said Hansl.

Hansl said to me, "You'd better transfer your trust account to my bank, where I can look after it. I'm on good terms with the officers over there. The guys are efficient, and no monkey business, you'll be taken care of."



I HAD BEEN TAKEN CARE OF BEFORE, MISS ROSE. WALISH was dead right about "the life of feeling" and the people who lead it. Feelings are dreamlike and dreaming is usually done in bed. Evidently I was always looking for a safe place to lie down. Hansl offered to make secure arrangements for me so that I wouldn't have to wear myself out with finance and litigation, which were too stressful and labyrinthine and disruptive; so I accepted his proposal and we met with an officer of his bank. Actually it looked like a fine old institution, with Oriental rugs, heavy carved furniture, nineteenth-century paintings, and dozens of square acres of bank atmosphere above us. Between Hansl and the vice president he did business with there was small talk about the commodity market, the capers over at City Hall, the prospects for the Chicago Bears, intimacies with a couple of girls in a Rush Street bar. I saw that Hansl badly needed the points he was getting for bringing in my account. He wasn't doing well. Though nobody was supposed to say so, I was soon aware of it. Many forms were put before me, which I signed. But then two final cards were laid down just as my signing momentum seemed irreversible. But I applied the brake. I asked the vice president what these were for and he said, "If you're busy, or out of town, these will give Mr. Genauer the right to trade for you—buy or sell stocks for your account."

I slipped the cards into my pocket, saying that I'd take them home with me and mail them back. We passed to the next item of business.

Hansl made a scene in the street, pulling me away from the great gates of the bank and down a narrow Loop alley. Behind the kitchen of a hamburger joint he let me have it. He said, "You humiliated me."

I said, "We didn't discuss a power of attorney beforehand. You took me by surprise, completely. Why did you spring it on me like that?"

"You're accusing me of pulling a fast one! If you weren't Gerda's husband I'd tell you to beat it. You undermined me with a business associate. You weren't like this with your

own brother, and I'm closer to you by affection than he was by blood, you nitwit. I wouldn't have traded your securities without notifying you."

He was tearful with rage.

"For God's sake, let's move away from this kitchen ventilator. I'm disgusted with these fumes."

He shouted, "You're out of it! Out!"

"And you're in it."

"Where the hell else is there to be?"

Miss Rose, you have understood us, I am sure of it. We were talking about the vortex. A nicer word for it is the French one, *le tourbillon*, or whirlwind. I was not out of it, it was only my project to get out. It's a case of disorientation, my dear. I know that there's a right state for each of us. And as long as I'm not in the right state, the state of vision I was meant or destined to be in, I must assume responsibility for the unhappiness others suffer because of my disorientation. Until this ends there can only be errors. To put it another way, my dreams of orientation or true vision taunt me by suggesting that the world in which I—together with others—live my life is a fabrication, an amusement park that, however, does not amuse. It resembles, if you are following, my brother's private park, which was supposed to prove by external signs that he made his way into the very center of the real. Philip had prepared the setting, paid for by embezzlement, but he had nothing to set in it. He was forced to flee, pursued by bounty hunters who snatched him in Chapultepec, and so forth. At his weight, at that altitude, in the smog of Mexico City, to run was suicidal.

Now Hansl explained himself, for when I said to him, "Those securities can't be traded anyway. Don't you see? The plaintiffs have legally taken a list of all my holdings," he was ready for me. "Bonds, mostly," he said. "That's just where I can outfox them. They copied that list two weeks ago, and now it's in their lawyers' file and they won't check it for months to come. They think they've got you, but here's what we do, we sell those old bonds off and buy new ones to replace them. We change all the numbers. All it costs you is brokerage fees. Then, when the time comes, they find out that what they've got sewed up is bonds you no longer own. How are they going to trace the new numbers? And by then I'll have you out of the country."

Here the skin of my head became intolerably tight, which meant even deeper error, greater horror anticipated. And, at the same time, temptation. People had kicked the hell out of me with, as yet, no reprisals. My thought was, "It's time I made a bold move." We were in the narrow alley between two huge downtown institutions (the hamburger joint was crammed in tight). An armored Brink's truck could hardly squeeze between the colossal black walls.

"You mean I substitute new bonds for the old, and I can sell from abroad if I want to?"

Seeing that I was beginning to appreciate the exquisite

sweetness of his scheming, Hansl gave a terrific smile and said, "And you will. That's the dough you'll live on."

"That's a dizzy idea," I said.

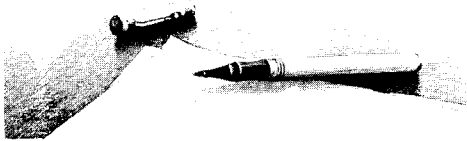
"Maybe it is, but do you want to spend the rest of your life battling in the courts? Why not leave the country and live abroad quietly on what's left? Pick a place where the dollar is strong and spend the rest of your life in musical studies or what you goddamn well please. Gerda, God bless her, is gone. What's to keep you?"

"Nobody but my old mother."

"Ninety-four years old? And a vegetable? You can put your textbook copyright in her name and the income will take care of her. So our next step is to check out some international law. There's a sensational chick in my office. She was on the *Yale Law Journal*. They don't come any smarter. She'll find you a country. I'll have her do a report on Canada. What about British Columbia, where old Canadians retire?"

"Whom do I know there? Whom will I talk to? And what if the creditors keep after me?"

"You haven't got so much dough left. There isn't all that much in it for them. They'll forget you."



I TOLD HANSL I'D CONSIDER HIS PROPOSAL. I HAD TO go and visit Mother in the nursing home.

The home was decorated with the intention of making everything seem normal. Her room was much like any hospital room, with plastic ferns and fireproof drapes. The chairs resembling wrought-iron garden furniture were also synthetic and light. I had trouble with the ferns. I disliked having to touch them to see if they were real. It was a reflection on my relation to reality that I couldn't tell at a glance. But then, Mother didn't know me, either, and I was no fun.

I preferred to come at mealtimes, for she had to be fed. To feed her was infinitely meaningful for me. I took over from the orderly. I had long given up telling her, "This is Harry." Nor did I expect to establish rapport by feeding her. I used to feel that I had inherited something of her rich crazy nature and love of life, but it now was useless to think such thoughts. The tray was brought and the orderly tied her bib. She willingly swallowed the cream of carrot soup. When I encouraged her, she nodded. Recognition, nil. Two faces from ancient Kiev, similar bumps on the forehead. Dressed in her hospital gown, she wore a thread of lipstick on her mouth. The rough skin of her cheeks gave her color also. By no means silent, she spoke of her family, but I was not mentioned.

"How many children have you got?"

"Three, two daughters and a son, my son Philip."

All three were dead. Maybe she was already in communion with them. There was little enough of reality remaining in this life, perhaps they had made connections in another. In the census of the living, I wasn't counted.

"My son Philip is a clever businessman."

"Oh, I know."

She stared but did not ask how I knew. My nod seemed to tell her that I was a fellow with plenty of contacts and that was enough for her.

"Philip is very rich," she said.

"Is he?"

"A millionaire, and a wonderful son. He would always give me money. I used to put it into Postal Savings. Have you got children?"

"No, I haven't."

"My daughters come to see me. But best of all is my son. He pays all my bills."

"Do you have friends in this place?"

"Nobody. And I don't like it. I hurt all the time, especially my hips and legs. I have so much misery that there are days when I think I should jump from the window."

"But you won't do that, will you?"

"Well, I think, what would Philip and the girls do with a mother, a cripple?"

I let the spoon slip into the soup and uttered a high laugh. It was so abrupt and piercing that it roused her to examine me.

The kitchen on Independence Boulevard had been filled with such cockatoo cries, mostly feminine. In the old days the Shawmut women would sit in the kitchen while giant meals were cooked, tubs of stuffed cabbage, slabs of brisket. Pineapple cakes glazed with brown sugar came out of the oven. There were no low voices here. In that cage of birds you couldn't make yourself heard if you didn't shriek, and I had learned as a kid to shriek with the rest, like one of those operatic woman-birds. That was what Mother now heard from me, the sound of one of her daughters. But I had no bouffant hairdo, I was bald and wore a moustache, and there was no eyeliner on my lids. While she stared at me I dried her face with the napkin and continued to feed her.

"Don't jump, Mother, you'll hurt yourself."

But everyone here called her Mother, there was nothing personal about it.

She asked me to switch on the TV set so that she could watch *Dallas*.

I said it wasn't time yet, and I entertained her by singing snatches of the *Stabat Mater*. I sang, "*Eja mater, fons amooris*." Pergolesi's sacred chamber music (different from his formal masses for the Neapolitan church) was not to her taste. Of course I loved my mother, and she had once loved me. I well remember having my hair washed with a bulky bar of castile soap and how pained she was when I cried from the soap in my eyes. When she dressed me in a pongee suit (short pants of Chinese silk) to send me

off to a surprise party, she kissed me ecstatically. These were events that might have occurred just before the time of the Boxer Rebellion or in the back streets of Siena six centuries ago. Bathing, combing, dressing, kissing, these now are remote antiquities. There was, as I grew older, no way to sustain them.

When I was in college (they sent me to study electrical engineering but I broke away into music) I used to enjoy saying, when students joked about their families, that because I was born just before the Sabbath, my mother was too busy in the kitchen to spare the time and my aunt had to give birth to me.

I kissed the old girl—she felt lighter to me than wicker-work. But I wondered what I had done to earn this oblivion, and why fat-assed Philip the evildoer should have been her favorite, the true son. Well, he didn't lie to her about *Dallas*, or try for his own sake to resuscitate her emotions, to appeal to her maternal memory with Christian music (fourteenth-century Latin of J. da Todì). My mother, two thirds of her erased, and my brother—who knew where his wife had buried him?—had both been true to the present American world and its liveliest material interests. Philip therefore spoke to her understanding. I did not. By waving my long arms, conducting Mozart's Great Mass or Handel's *Solomon*, I wafted myself away into the sublime. So for many years I had not made sense, had talked strangely to my mother. What had she to remember me by? Half a century ago I had refused to enter into *her* kitchen performance. She had belonged to the universal regiment of Stanislavski mothers. During the twenties and thirties those women were going strong in thousands of kitchens across the civilized world from Salonika to San Diego. They had warned their daughters that the men they married would be rapists to whom they must submit in duty. And when I told her that I was going to marry Gerda, Mother opened her purse and gave me three dollars, saying, "If you need it so bad, go to a whorehouse." Nothing but histrionics, of course.

Realizing how we suffer, as Ginsberg wrote in *Kaddish*, I was wickedly tormented. I had come to make a decision about Ma, and it was possible that I was fiddling with the deck, stacking the cards, telling myself, Miss Rose, "It was always me that took care of this freaked-in-the-brain, afflicted, calamitous, shrill old mother, not Philip. Philip was too busy building himself up into an imperial American." Yes, that was how I put it, Miss Rose, and I went even further. The consummation of Philip's up-building was to sink me. He got me under the waterline, a direct hit, and my fortunes exploded, a sacrifice to Tracy and his children. And now I'm supposed to be towed away for salvage.

I'll tell you the truth, Miss Rose, I was maddened by injustice. I think you'd have to agree not only that I'd been had but that I was singularly foolish, a burlesque figure. I could have modeled Simple Simon for the nursery-rhyme wallpaper of the little girl's room in Texas.

As I was brutally offensive to you without provocation, these disclosures, the record of my present state, may gratify you. Almost any elderly person, chosen at random, can provide such gratification to those he has offended. One has only to see the list of true facts, the painful inventory. Let me add, however, that while I too have reason to feel vengeful, I haven't experienced a Dionysian intoxication of vengefulness. In fact I have had feelings of increased calm and of enhanced strength—maddened steadily, not fitfully.



THE TEXAS PARTNERSHIP, WHAT WAS LEFT OF IT, was being administered by my brother's lawyer, who answered all my inquiries with computer printouts. There were capital gains, but only on paper, and I paid taxes on them too. The \$300,000 remaining would be used up in litigation and so I decided to go along with Hansl even if it were to mean the *Götterdämmerung* of my remaining assets. All the better for your innocence and peace of mind if you don't understand these explanations. Time to hit back, said Hansl. His crafty looks were a study. That a man who was able to look so crafty shouldn't also be a genius of intrigue was the most unlikely thing in the world. His smiling wrinkles of deep cunning gave me confidence in Hansl. The bonds that the plaintiffs (creditors) had recorded were secretly traded for new ones. My tracks were covered, and I took off for Canada, a foreign country in which my own language, or something approaching it, is spoken. There I was to conclude my life in peace, and at an advantageous rate of exchange. I have developed a certain sympathy with Canada. It's no easy thing to share a border with the USA. Canada's chief entertainment—it has no choice—is to watch (from a gorgeous setting) what happens in our country. The disaster is that there is no other show.

"Now that you've made your arrangements, I can tell you," said Hansl, "how proud I am that you're hitting back. To go on taking punishment from those pricks would be a disgrace."

Busy Hansl really was crackers, and even before I took off for Vancouver I began to see that. I told myself that his private quirks didn't extend to his professional life. But before I fled he came up with half-a-dozen unsettling ideas of what I had to do for him. He was a little bitter because I hadn't let him make use of my cultural prestige. I was puzzled and asked for an example. He said that for one thing I had never offered to put him up for membership in the University Club. I had had him to lunch there and it turned out that he was deeply impressed by the Ivy

League class, the dignity of the bar, the leather seats, and the big windows of the dining room decorated with the seals of the great universities in stained glass. He had graduated from DePaul, in Chicago. He had expected me to ask whether he'd like to join, but I had been too selfish or too snobbish to do that. Since he was now saving me, the least I could do was to use my influence with the membership committee. I saw his point and nominated him willingly, even with relish.

He next asked me to help him with one of his ladies. "They're Kenwood people, an old mail-order-house fortune. The family is musical and artistic. Babette is an attractive widow. The first guy had the Big C, and to tell the truth I'm a little nervous of getting in behind him, but I can fight that. Now, Babette is impressed by you, she's heard you conduct and read some of your music criticism, watched you on Channel 11. Educated in Switzerland, knows languages, and this is a case where I can use your cultural clout. What I suggest is that you take us to Les Nomades—private dining without crockery noise. I gave her the best Italian food in town at the Roman Rooftop but they not only bang the dishes there, they poisoned her with the sodium glutamate on the veal. So feed us at Nomades. You can deduct the amount of the tab from my next bill. I always believed that the class you impressed people with you picked up from my sister. After all, you were a family of Russian peddlers and your brother was a lousy felon. My sister not only loved you, she taught you some style. Someday it'll be recognized that if that goddamn Roosevelt hadn't shut the doors on Jewish refugees from Germany this country wouldn't be in such trouble today. We could have had ten Kissingers, and nobody will ever know how much scientific talent went up in smoke at the camps."

Well, at Les Nomades I did it again, Miss Rose. On the eve of my flight I was understandably in a state. Considered as a receptacle, I was tilted to the pouring point. The woman was attractive in ways that you had to come to terms with. It was fascinating to me that anybody with a Hapsburg lip could speak so rapidly, and I would have said that she was a little uncomfortably tall. Gerda, on whom my taste was formed, was a short, delicious woman. However, there was no reason to make comparisons.

When there are inquiries I always try earnestly to answer them. People have told me that I am comically wooden-headed in this respect, a straight-man. Babette had studied music, her people were patrons of the Lyric Opera, but after she had asked for my opinion on the production of Monteverdi's *Coronation of Poppaea*, she took over, answering all her own questions. Maybe her great loss had made her nervously talkative. I am always glad to let somebody else carry the conversation, but this Babette, in spite of her big underlip, was a rattle. The light voice was relentless. She repeated for half an hour what she had heard from influential relatives about the politics of selling cable-TV franchises in Chicago. She followed up with a

long conversation on films. I seldom go to the movies. My wife had no taste for them. Hansl, too, was lost in all the talk about directors, actors, the treatment of the sexes, the progress of social and political ideas in the development of the medium. I had nothing at all to say. I thought about death, and also about the best topics for reflection appropriate to my age, the on-the-whole agreeable openness of things toward the end of the line. I didn't too much mind the chatter, I admired Babette's taste in clothing, the curved white and plum stripes of her enchanting blouse from Bergdorf's. She was well set up. Conceivably her shoulders were too high and square. It wouldn't matter to Hansl, he was thinking about Brains wedded to Money. I hoped I wouldn't have a stroke in Canada. There would be no one to look after me.

I wasn't aware of the approach of one of my seizures, but when we were at the half-open door of the checkroom and Hansl was telling the attendant that the lady's coat was a three-quarter-length sable wrap, Babette said, "I realize now that I monopolized the conversation, I talked and talked all evening. I'm so sorry . . ."

"That's all right," I told her. "You didn't say a thing."

You, Miss Rose, are in the best position to judge the effects of such a remark.

Hansl next day said to me, "You just can't be trusted, Harry, you're a born betrayer. I was feeling sorry for you, having to sell your car and furniture and books, and about your brother who shafted you, and your old mother, and my poor sister passing, but you have no gratitude or consideration in you. You insult everybody."

"I didn't realize that I was going to hurt anybody's feelings."

"See what you did with Babette. I could have married her. I had it wrapped up. But I had to bring *you* into it. And now, let me tell you, you've made one more enemy."

"Who, Babette?"

Hansl chose not to answer. He laid an ambiguous silence on me. His eyes, dilated with his discovery of my enormity, sent daft waves toward me. The message of those waves was that the foundations of his good will were crumbling. In all the world, I had only Hansl to turn to. Everybody else was estranged. And I couldn't count on him, either. It was not a happy juncture for me, Miss Rose. I can't say that it didn't bother me, although I couldn't by now believe in my brother-in-law's dependability. By the standards of stability at the strong core of American business society, Hansl himself was a freak. Quite apart from his disjunctive habits of mind, he was disqualified by the violinist's figure he cut, the noble hands and the manicured filbert fingernails, his eyes, which were like the eyes you glimpse in the heated purple corners of the small-mammal house that reproduces the gloom of nocturnal tropics. Would any Aramco official have become his client? Hansl had no reasonable plans but only crafty fantasies, restless schemes. They puffed out like a lizard's throat and then collapsed like bubble gum.



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AS FOR INSULTS, I NEVER INTENTIONALLY insulted anyone. I sometimes think that I don't have to say a word for people to be insulted by me, that my existence itself insults them. I come to this conclusion unwillingly, for God knows that I consider myself a man of normal social instincts and am not conscious of any will to offend. In various ways I have been trying to say this to you, using words like seizure, rapture, demonic possession, frenzy, *Fatum*, divine madness, or even solar storm—on a microcosmic scale. The better people are, the less they take offense at this gift, or curse, and I have a hunch that you will judge me less harshly than Walish. He, however, is right in one respect. You did nothing to offend me. You were the meekest, the only one of those I wounded whom I had no reason whatsoever to wound. That's what grieves me most of all. But there is still more. The writing of this letter has been the occasion of important discoveries about myself, so I am even more greatly in your debt, for I see that you have returned me good for the evil I did you. I opened my mouth to make a coarse joke at your expense and thirty-five years later the result is a communion.

But to return to what I literally am: a basically unimportant old party, ailing, cut off from all friendships, scheduled for extradition, and with a future of which the dimmest view is justified (shall I have an extra bed put in my mother's room and plead illness and incompetency?).

Wandering about Vancouver this winter, I have considered whether to edit an anthology of sharp sayings. Make my fate pay off. But I am too demoralized to do it. I can't pull myself together. Instead, fragments of things read or remembered come to me persistently while I go back and forth between my house and the supermarket. I shop to entertain myself, but Canadian supermarkets unsettle me. They aren't organized the way ours are. They carry fewer brands. Items like lettuce and bananas are priced out of sight while luxuries like frozen salmon are comparatively cheap. But how would I cope with a big frozen salmon? I couldn't fit it into my oven, and how, with arthritic hands, could I saw it into chunks?

Persistent fragments, inspired epigrams, or spontaneous expressions of ill will come and go. Clemenceau saying about Poincaré that he was a hydrocephalic in patent leather boots. Or Churchill answering a question about the queen of Tonga as she passes in a barouche during the coronation of Elizabeth II: "Is that small gentleman in the admiral's uniform the queen's consort?" "I believe he is her lunch."

Disraeli on his deathbed, informed that Queen Victoria has come to see him and is in the anteroom, says to his attendant, "She only wants me to carry a message to dear Albert."

Such items might be delicious if they were not so persistent and accompanied by a despairing sense that I am no longer in control.

"You look pale and exhausted, Professor X."

"I've been exchanging ideas with Professor Y, and I feel absolutely drained."

Worse than this is the nervous word game I am unable to stop playing.

"She is the woman who put the 'dish' into 'fiendish.' "

"He is the man who put the 'rat' into 'rational.' "

"The 'fruit' in 'fruitless.' "

"The 'con' in 'icon.' "

Recreations of a crumbling mind, Miss Rose. Symptoms perhaps of high blood pressure, or minor tokens of private resistance to the giant public hand of the law (that hand will be withdrawn only when I am dead).

No wonder, therefore, that I spend so much time with old Mrs. Gracewell. In her ticktock Meissen parlor with its uncomfortable chairs I am at home. Forty years a widow and holding curious views, she is happy in my company. Few visitors want to hear about the Divine Spirit, but I am seriously prepared to ponder the mysterious and intriguing descriptions she gives. The Divine Spirit, she tells me, has withdrawn in our time from the outer, visible world. You can see what it once wrought, you are surrounded by its created forms. But although natural processes continue, Divinity has absented itself. The wrought work is brightly divine but Divinity is not now active within it. And this is our human setting, devoid of God, she says with great earnestness. But in this deserted beauty man himself still lives as a God-pervaded being. It will be up to him—to us—to bring back the light that has gone from these molded likenesses, if we are not prevented by the forces of darkness. Intellect, worshiped by all, brings us as far as natural science, and this science although very great is incomplete. Redemption from *mere* nature is the work of feeling and of the awakened eye of the Spirit. The body, she says, is subject to the forces of gravity. But the soul is ruled by levity, pure.

I listen to this and have no mischievous impulses. I shall miss the old girl. After much monkey business, dear Miss Rose, I am ready to listen to words of ultimate seriousness. There isn't much time left. The federal marshal, any day now, will be setting out from Seattle. □

POEMS

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

BRIEF LIEF

Pray
pay
no attention to my greatness

You
too
could do as well as

I
by
letting root bring forth first

stem
leaf

then
when
ready, at the last (if ever)

sweet
meat.

ELECTION DAY

Warm sun, quiet air
an old man sits

in the doorway of
a broken house—

boards for windows
plaster falling

from between the stones
and strokes the head

of a spotted dog



CONVENTIONAL BALLAD

Ladies, ladies! what you offer
is not always what we please—
Why shouldn't he stand in a
telephone booth a block
from home and chew candy?

Our heads fail us
the measure lags behind the
elastic order grasped in
a split second by our
more ready knees.

Take off the wraps. Let us
breathe, let us breathe only!
Is there no choice
save only by a process of
condemnation? Ladies,
Ladies, ladies, ladies!

10/14

Rose in the park
with a white center
blood red
single rose—

the scraping of
fallen leaves still leaves
your loveliness
unshaken

REPLY

(crumpled on her desk)

Dear Bill: I've made a
couple of sandwiches for you.
In the icebox you'll find
blueberries—a cup of grapefruit
a glass of cold coffee.

On the stove is the teapot
with enough tea leaves
for you to make tea if you
prefer—Just light the gas—
boil the water and put in the tea

Plenty of bread in the breadbox
and butter and eggs—
I didn't know just what to
make for you. Several people
called up about office hours—

See you later. Love. Floss.

Please switch off the telephone.

These unpublished poems were discovered by Professor Robert Bertholf in the Poetry Collection of the State University of New York at Buffalo. They are not in Williams's Collected Poems. This marks their first known magazine appearance.



THE YEARS OF LYNDON JOHNSON

BY ROBERT A. CARO

LONGLEA

IF HERMAN BROWN, THE FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF Brown & Root, Inc., the giant construction firm, was the behind-the-scenes force in Texas's Tenth Congressional District in the 1930s, the public force was the district's most influential daily newspaper, the *Austin American-Statesman*.

Charles E. Marsh, the owner of the *American-Statesman*, did not share Brown's immunity to flattery. His susceptibility, in fact, was acute.

Marsh, who had earned a Phi Beta Kappa key at the University of Oklahoma while working his way through college stoking furnaces, had made money early—while still in his twenties, he had purchased, for a few hundred

dollars, a small North Dakota newspaper, had promptly sold it to the Scripps-Howard chain for \$10,000, and, with a partner, E. S. Fentress, had headed for Texas to begin a chain of his own. And he had made it fast. By 1930, either alone or in partnership with Fentress, he owned newspapers not only in Austin but in eleven other Texas cities—and in another dozen cities in other states. Thanks to his guarantee of Sid Richardson's bank loans, he was Richardson's partner in some of the most profitable oil wells in west Texas—and the sole owner of other profitable wells in addition. And in Austin, he owned the streetcar franchise and the largest single bloc of stock in the Capital National Bank, as well as vast tracts of real estate. Having

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD MANTEL

made it, he liked to play the patron with it. A tall man—six feet three—he had the broad, high forehead and the beaked nose of a Roman emperor, and a manner to match. Tips to headwaiters were dispensed with a gesture reminiscent of a king tossing coins to subjects. Gifts were on an imperial scale, particularly to young men in whom he took a paternal interest: pleased with an aide's work, he had told him he deserved a "tip"—and had thereupon given him a weekly newspaper. He was almost as generous with a profitable daily, selling the Orlando (Florida) *Sentinel* to Martin Andersen for what Andersen says was "nothing down and at a price which enabled the paper to be paid out over a comparatively short number of years." Richardson was only one of many young wildcatters he bankrolled. The dividends Marsh wanted from his munificence were gratitude and deference: he wanted to be not only the patron but the seer; "He always had to be the pontificator, the center of attention," says Welly K. Hopkins, a former Texas state senator, adding, in words echoed by other men who knew Charles Marsh, "He was the most arrogant man I ever met."

Lyndon Johnson, meeting him for the first time in May of 1937, just after Johnson had arrived in Washington as a newly elected congressman, gave him what he wanted. Says Marsh's secretary: "The first thing I noticed about [Johnson] was his availability. Whenever [Marsh] would ask Lyndon to come by for a drink, no matter that Lyndon was a busy man, he would always come. He was always available—on short notice." The second thing she noticed was his acquiescence. If Marsh wanted to talk, Johnson—seemingly, at least—wanted to listen, to listen and to agree. Marsh liked to pontificate; Johnson drank in what he was saying, and told him how perceptive he was. Marsh liked to give advice; Johnson not only seemed to be accepting it, he asked for more. Marsh had become fascinated by politics; he wanted to feel he was on the inside of that exciting game. Johnson made him feel he was. Marsh may have been a genuine expert in some fields, but politics was not, in Johnson's opinion, one of them. Among themselves, he and his *real* political advisers laughed at Marsh as an amateur. But no one would have guessed Johnson's feelings from seeing him and Marsh together. He asked Marsh for advice on political strategy, asked him what he should say in speeches—let Marsh *write* speeches for him, and didn't let Marsh know that these speeches were usually not delivered. And, always, in soliciting and listening to Marsh's opinions, "he was," Marsh's secretary says, "very deferential. Very, *very* deferential. I saw a young man who wanted to be on good terms with an older man, and who was absolutely *determined* to be on good terms with him."

And he was. His first conversations with Marsh had tak-

en place in Marsh's Washington town house, or in the suite he used as an office in the Mayflower Hotel. Now Marsh invited the young congressman and his shy wife to his country home for the weekend, and in the autumn of 1937, Lyndon Johnson, accompanied by Lady Bird, drove for the first time to Longlea.

"LONGLEA," SET ON A THOUSAND ACRES IN THE northern Virginia hunt country, was named for the eighteenth-century Sussex manor house on which it was modeled, but it could have been named for its setting. The roads toward it, toward its blue-slate roof and its great chimneys that loomed above the soft Virginia hills, led across long, rolling meadows, and the meadows before it were nothing to the meadow behind it. The broad flagstone terrace at the rear of Longlea—a terrace 110 feet long—was bordered by a low stone parapet. Beyond the parapet the land dropped steeply down to a narrow river. And beyond the river, before the first of the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, a vast, empty meadow (or "lea") stretched on for miles. However appropriate the name, frequent visitors to the Charles Marsh estate did not refer to it by that name. They called it "Alice's place."

Alice Glass had been a twenty-year-old girl from the little town of Marlin, Texas, working in Austin as a legislator's secretary, when, six years before, Charles Marsh had met her, and had left his wife and children and brought her east, where, in New York and Washington, men stared at her as they had stared at her in Austin.

She stood, graceful and slender, just a shade under six feet tall in her bare feet, and despite her height, her features were delicate, her creamy white face dominated by big, sparkling blue eyes and framed in glorious hair. "It was blonde, with a red overlay," says Frank C. Oltorf, Brown & Root's Washington lobbyist. "Usually it was long enough so that she could sit on it, and it shimmered and gleamed like nothing you ever saw."

Bearing as well as beauty drew the stares. "There was something about the way she walked and sat that was elegant and aloof," says another man who knew her. "And with her height and that creamy white skin and that incredible hair, she looked like a Viking princess." She had a flair for dressing, and Marsh had lavished jewels upon her—not only a quarter-of-a-million-dollar necklace of perfect emeralds but earrings of emeralds and diamonds and rubies. "The first time she came back to Marlin and walked down the street in her New York clothes and her jewels, women came running out of the shops to stare at her," recalls her best friend, Welly Hopkins's wife, Alice, who was also from Marlin. "Austin," says one state legislator, "had never seen anything like her." Marlin was a little country town, and Austin a provincial capital, but in Washington, too, men—and women—stared at Alice Glass. "She was larger than life," says one. "She looked like an absolutely perfect creature."

Robert A. Caro is the author of *The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York*, which won the 1975 Pulitzer Prize for Biography. This article is drawn from the first volume of Caro's biography of Lyndon Johnson, which will be published this month by Knopf.

And Longlea *was* her place. She had designed it, asking the architects to model it on the Sussex country home she had seen when Marsh had taken her to England, working with the architects herself for months to modify its design—for example, softening the massiveness of the long stone structure by setting one wing at a slight angle away from the front, enlarging the windows because she loved sunlight, insisting that the house be faced entirely in the native Virginia beige fieldstone of which she could see outcroppings in the meadows below; told that there were no longer stonemasons of sufficient skill to handle the detail work she wanted, she scoured small, isolated towns in the Blue Ridge Mountains until she found two elderly master masons, long retired, who agreed to take on one last job. She furnished the house herself, with Monets and Renoirs and a forty-foot-long Aubusson rug that cost Marsh, even at a Depression bargain price, \$75,000. And she had designed life at Longlea, which was, because she loved the outdoors, an outdoors life. She organized a hunt—the Hazelmere Hunt, named after Longlea's river, the Hazel—and even on weekends on which no hunt was held, horses were always ready in Longlea's stable, and there would be morning gallops; as Alice took the fences ("The only thing Texas about Alice was her riding," a friend says. "She could *really* ride!"), the little black derby she wore while riding would sometimes fall off, and the hair pinned beneath it would stream out behind her, a bright red-gold banner in the soft green Virginia hills. Warm afternoons would be spent around a pool—built, since Alice liked to swim in a natural setting and in clear, cold water, entirely out of native stone in a tree-shaded hollow below the house, and fed by water pumped from the crystal-clear Hazel—while her guests would try to keep from staring too obviously, as Alice sat in her bathing suit with her hair, wet and glistening, falling behind her, at her long, slender legs.

Magnificent as was the interior of the manor house, the focus of life at Longlea was not the house but the terrace behind it. Breakfast would be served on that broad, long expanse of flagstone, as the morning sun slowly burned away the mist from the great meadow and the mountains behind it. In the evenings, after dinner, it was on the terrace that guests would sit, watching the mist form and the mountains turn purple in the twilight. Life at Longlea was as elegant as its designer. Champagne was her favorite drink, and champagne was served with breakfast—champagne breakfasts with that incredible view—and, always, with dessert at dinner, dinners under glittering chandeliers imported from France. Served by her favorite waiter; the most distinguished of the Stork Club's headwaiters was a former Prussian cavalryman, Rudolf Kollinger; at Alice's request, Marsh had hired him to be majordomo at Longlea—even though, to entice Kollinger to private service, Marsh had to hire also not only his wife but his mistress. Witty herself, Alice loved brilliant talk, and at Longlea the talk was as sparkling as the champagne, for

she filled the house with professors and politicians and journalists—Walter Lippmann and Helen Fuller and Henry Wallace, and Wallace's burly, brilliant assistant, Harold Young—who met her high standards for conversation. She had wanted to create her own world at Longlea—she had wanted a thousand acres, she said, because she "didn't want any neighbors in hearing distance"—and she had succeeded. Arnold Genthe, the noted New York society photographer, who came regularly to Longlea for years, first as a guest, and then to practice his profession—to spend day after day taking pictures of Alice because, he said, she was the "most beautiful woman" he had ever seen—asked that his ashes be buried at Longlea after he died because it was the "most beautiful place" he had ever seen.

IF ALICE GLASS RESEMBLED A SOUTHERN BELLE—AN exceptionally tall and lovely southern belle—her friends knew that appearances were deceiving.

"She was a free spirit—very independent—in an era when women weren't that way," says her sister, Mary Louise. She didn't believe in marriage, and she had refused to marry Marsh, even though she had borne him two children. (Her sole concession to convention was made to spare the feelings of her parents, in Marlin. She wrote them that she had married an English nobleman named Manners; visitors from Texas would be told that "Lord Manners" was "away" in England on business; she would finally announce that he had been killed fighting for the Loyalists in Spain, and would thereby become a respectable "widow.") And, possessed of brains as well as beauty, she did not, like many southern girls, try to hide the fact that she was as intelligent as the men she was talking to. She expected them to listen to her opinions as she listened to theirs—and if one was reluctant to do so, she could make him regret that reluctance. A New York concert pianist who had monopolized dinner conversation one evening at Longlea was gratified, after dinner, to hear one of his recordings playing on the terrace phonograph. As the guests sat there listening, however, Alice suddenly walked over and switched off the machine. "That's the nice thing about having someone on a record," she said. "You can turn him off." Men who listened to her opinions found them worth listening to; Wallace liked to try out his more visionary proposals on Alice, because, he said, "She seems to be the only person with enough imagination to know what I'm talking about." And men with a more political turn of mind found Alice worth talking politics with (Herman Brown was moved to say she had "quite a bit of horse sense—for a girl"), except that her politics contained what to practical men was a rather unfortunate streak of idealism.

"Above everything else," says her sister, "Alice was an idealist." She admired politicians who, in her view, tried to "help people," and thoroughly detested those who were interested solely in their own advancement, or, worse, in us-

ing public office to make money. She herself wanted very badly to help people. "She had a very particular view of the kind of place the world should be," her sister says, "and she was willing to do anything she had to do to make things come out right for people who were in trouble. She was the kind of person who understood very well that she couldn't do much to help—Alice could be very realistic—but she was also the kind of person who wasn't willing not to do anything because she couldn't do it all. She felt you had to try."

It was Alice's "idealism"—her desire to "help people"—that first drew her to Lyndon Johnson. In 1937, people in trouble included European Jews. Attending the Salzburg Festival that year, she and Charles had made a side trip to hear a speech by Adolf Hitler—and they had thereafter understood, earlier than most Americans, how serious a threat he was. When she returned, she began making money available to help Jews and other refugees who were fleeing Hitler, and she made Longlea a way station for the refugees when they arrived in the United States; guests sat entranced on the great terrace listening to the stories of their escapes. Max Graf, who at the time of his escape had been one of Vienna's leading music critics and a professor at the Vienna Conservatory, told one evening how he had been afraid to make his true feelings known until his last day in Vienna. On that day, however, he was leaving his office for the last time, his visa and other necessary papers safely in his breast pocket, when a colleague gave him the Nazi salute and said, "Heil, Hitler!" "Heil, Beethoven!" Graf replied.

One of these refugees was a promising young conductor from Vienna, twenty-five-year-old Erich Leinsdorf, whom they had met in Europe; Leinsdorf was to recall vividly, in his autobiography, *Cadenza*, his first meeting with the towering, "immensely rich" couple—the "impressive man" and his consort, "she too quite tall and very handsome." After he had completed an engagement with the Metropolitan Opera in 1938, they invited him to "spend as much time as I wanted" at Longlea, "a large farm, dominated by a magnificent house . . . a great house with eighteen servants, over whom a German butler and his wife, a superlative cook, held sway." Leinsdorf was relaxing there ("There was a constant stream of guests. . . . The accents were new, the lavish and easy life with martinis served at eleven in the morning was new. . . . the eighteen black servants were new—I just sat goggle-eyed") when, he recalls, on Saturday, April 30, he suddenly remembered, "with a terrific shock," that he had "received no reply" to his application, submitted months before, for an extension of his temporary visa—and that the visa would expire in just eight days.

When he told his host his problem, Alice, who had met Johnson only a few times, suggested that Charles have the young congressman from Austin try to help.

The next day—a Sunday—Marsh drove Leinsdorf to Washington and they went to Marsh's suite at the May-

flower, to which Johnson had been summoned ("A lanky young man appeared. He treated Charles with the informal courtesy behooving a youngster toward an older man to whom he is in debt"). He listened "impassively" to Leinsdorf's problem, but on Monday telephoned to say he had begun solving it. The Immigration Department had in fact rejected Leinsdorf's application, he told the conductor, but due to some clerical oversight the rejection had not been mailed—and this oversight had allowed him to obtain what Leinsdorf describes as "welcome breathing space." Leinsdorf recalls Johnson saying that he had "exerted his pressure to have the customary phrase 'you have seven days to leave the United States' changed to 'you have six months.'"

The next step, Johnson explained, was to have Leinsdorf's status changed to "permanent resident"—a change that could be accomplished only if he went abroad and returned as a regular immigrant. Johnson arranged for him to go to Cuba, and provided all the necessary documents for his return to the United States. To ensure that there would be no slip-up, he even telephoned the United States consul in Havana to make certain that his quota of Austrian immigrants had not yet been exhausted, and that Leinsdorf would be included in it. "It all went like clockwork," Leinsdorf says.

Marsh was impressed by Johnson's efficiency. Alice was impressed by another aspect of the episode. The young congressman had brought Leinsdorf's documents to Longlea personally, and had brought with him also a letter to the consul in Havana. The letter said, Leinsdorf recalls (no copy has been found), "that the United States had a holy mission to provide a peaceful haven for musical geniuses nervously exhausted from persecution"; it was, he says, a "moving piece." It had been written by a member of Johnson's staff (probably the gifted Gene Latimer) but it was Johnson who, without mentioning that fact, read it—in a quiet, eloquent voice—that evening on the terrace. The listeners, including Alice, were touched.

As Johnson began coming to Longlea more frequently, she was touched also by other manifestations of what she considered the same spirit.

Johnson's stories about the poverty of the people from whom he came, the people of the Texas Hill Country—those stories, told so eloquently, that could bring a hush even to a Washington dinner party—were dramatic indeed told in the stillness of a Longlea evening, and so was his determination to help his people, to bring them the dams and federal programs that would change their lives. Alice Glass shared the same desire. She believed that he was unlike the other politicians who came to Longlea, whose conversation revealed, before a weekend was over, that their only interest was personal advancement, that they were constantly scheming on behalf of their ambition. She believed that she had finally met a politician whose ambition was for others rather than for himself. Listening to his stories of how he was getting the dams built and the pro-

grams installed, she came to believe, moreover, that he possessed not only the desire but the ability to help people. She told her sister that she felt the young congressman had limitless potential; recalls Mary Louise: "She thought he was a young man who was going to save the world." And she admired also what she considered his indifference not only to political but to financial advancement. The talk surrounding the immensely wealthy man with whom she lived dealt largely with money, particularly when their guests were close friends such as Herman and George Brown. "She was just sick of money, money, money," her sister says. Johnson, with his seeming total lack of interest in the subject, was a refreshing change.

AT FIRST, ALICE'S RELATIONSHIP TO JOHNSON WAS that of patroness to protégé. Although he was three years older than she—at the time of the Leinsdorf episode, he was twenty-nine, Alice twenty-six—she, so widely traveled and read, so sophisticated in dress and taste, seemed much more worldly than this man from Texas. He fostered this impression. "He was always asking her for advice," her sister says. She had such perfect taste in clothes, he said; he wanted to ask her what to do about the way his long, skinny wrists stuck out of his sleeves; she told him that he should have his shirts custom-made, and should wear French cuffs so that if attention was drawn to his wrists, they would look elegant rather than awkward; it was at this time that his lifelong fascination with cuff links began. He told her he didn't like the way he looked in photographs; she noticed that one side of his face—the left—photographed much better than the other; for the rest of his life he would try to allow only the left side to show in photographs. He said he knew he didn't know anything about literature and wanted to learn; she read him poetry. "Her favorite was Edna St. Vincent Millay," her sister says; "when she read Millay, you could see Alice in the poetry." She tried to improve his table manners—for a while, he stopped gulping down his food. She proved his patroness—a very useful patroness—even in politics. When Johnson and Herman Brown, who wanted Johnson to push the \$27 million Marshall Ford Dam, seemed on a "collision course" over the condemnation of Brown's real estate for Johnson's proposed public-housing project, it was she who said to Marsh one night: "Why don't you fix things up between them? Why don't you suggest that they compromise—give Herman the dam and let Lyndon have the land?"—thereby suggesting the compromise that ended a grave threat to Johnson's political career.

But the relationship changed. Her closest friend was a cousin, also named Alice, with whom she had grown up in Marlin, and who was now married to Welly Hopkins and living in Washington. Sometime in late 1938 or early 1939, Alice Glass told her cousin that she and Lyndon were lovers, and had been for some months. When her sister,

Mary Louise, arrived in Washington, later in 1939, to become one of Marsh's secretaries, Alice told her, too. More and more, Lyndon and Alice were together at Longlea. On some of his visits to Longlea, Johnson came with Lady Bird, but frequently he would come alone; "he would leave her on weekends, weekend after weekend . . .," Mary Louise says. "Sometimes Charles would be there—and sometimes Charles wouldn't be there." He had become very much at home at the estate; alone among the guests, he would take off his shirt in the sun on the terrace—"He had this very white skin, but he was always sunning," Mary Louise says—would lead the horseplay at the swimming pool with seemingly boundless enthusiasm, and, on the long terrace in the evenings, when the far-off mountains began to vanish in the purple mist and Alice put records on the phonograph, he was always the first to jump up and dance. ("He fancied himself as a dancer," Mary Louise says, although, she says, he was awkward when he danced; "he was jerky, but he loved to do it.")

Attempting to analyze why Alice was attracted to Lyndon Johnson, the best friend and the sister who were her confidantes say that Johnson's "idealism"—the beliefs and selflessness that he expressed to her—was only part of the attraction. Marsh, Mary Louise says, was "much older" than Alice—he had turned fifty in 1938, when Alice was twenty-six—and, she says, "that was part of the problem." They felt that Johnson, for all his physical awkwardness and social gaucheries, his outsized ears and nose, was a very attractive man, because of what Alice Hopkins calls his "coloring," that "very beautiful" white skin, because of his eyes, which were, she says, "very expressive," because of his hands—demonstrating, with her own hands, how Johnson was always touching, hugging, patting, she says, "His hands were very loving"—and, most of all, because of the fierce, dynamic energy he exuded. "It was," she concludes, "his animation that made him good-looking." Whatever the combination of reasons, the attraction, they say, was deep. Mrs. Hopkins says, "Lyndon was the love of Alice's life."

Alice Glass felt that her passion was reciprocated, and there is evidence that, in some degree at least, it was. The handful of men and women who knew of her relationship with Johnson—her sister; her best friend; Oltorf, who became in later years her friend and confidant; Harold Young; and others who asked not to be quoted by name—agree that this relationship was different from other extramarital affairs in which Johnson was to be a participant. One of them, watching Lyndon and Alice together for the first time, could hardly believe what he was seeing. As Alice sat reading Millay in her quiet, throaty voice, he recalls, Johnson sat silent, not saying a word, just drinking in the beautiful woman with the book in her hands. "I don't believe that Lyndon ever held still for listening to poetry from anyone else," he says. Moreover, although Johnson generally ate, even at Washington dinner parties, as he had always eaten—scooping up heaping forkfuls of food

and cramming them into his wide-open mouth—at Longlea he made an effort to eat in a more normal manner.

There were, moreover, other telling proofs of the power of Lyndon Johnson's passion for Alice Glass. One is the fact that his love affair with her juts out of the landscape of his life as one of the few episodes—perhaps the only one—that threatened his personal ambition. Charles Marsh, as owner of the only district-wide organ of public opinion, was perhaps the individual in Johnson's congressional district most important to his continuation in office. Johnson's love affair with Marsh's paramour was, in the words of one man familiar with the relationship, "taking one hell of a chance." And, he adds, "Knowing Lyndon, I could hardly believe he was taking a chance like that. It just didn't fit in with the Lyndon Johnson I knew. That was the only time—the only time—in Lyndon Johnson's whole life that he was pulled off the course he had set for himself."

Another proof was Johnson's silence about the physical side of their relationship.

In later years, such delicacy would not be one of his more striking characteristics. He would show no reticence whatever about the most intimate details of his extramarital relationships. His descriptions of his amours were not only exhibitionistic but boastful; he would seem almost to need to make other men believe in his sexual prowess. There was, seemingly, no aspect of a relationship that he did not consider grist for his vivid storytelling capacity.

About the sexual aspect of his relationship with Alice Glass, he spoke not at all. About her, he was as reticent as a young man in love.

BUT IF HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH ALICE GLASS in some respects "didn't fit in" with the rest of Lyndon Johnson's life, in other respects it fit in snugly—emphasizing familiar traits.

His gift for secrecy, for one, had never been more strikingly displayed.

Charles Marsh had not learned of the affair; the lord of Longlea was deeply in love with the woman for whom he had built it, and was more anxious than ever to marry her. "He was asking her and asking her and asking her to marry him," her sister says. But whereas her resistance to the proposal had seemed once to be weakening, now it was adamant. "She wouldn't marry Marsh after she met Lyndon," Mary Louise says. "She wanted to marry Lyndon." Those of the regulars at Longlea who did know dreaded the day when Marsh would discover the truth. And they felt that discovery was inevitable. "They were very discreet," Mary Louise says. "They went to great lengths to deceive him. It was all so undercover. But sometimes I would be sitting there when the three of them [Charles, Alice, and Lyndon] were together, and I would just be"—and here Mary Louise covers her ears with her hands to demonstrate the way she was inwardly bracing herself for the explosion she was sure must come.

But it didn't come. So guardedly did they act that even Alice's best friend had not known the truth until Alice told her. "They were unbelievably discreet," Alice Hopkins says. "They were never seen together" in public, and when they were together at Longlea, they were so discreet that, she says, no one could have guessed that they were lovers. "I had seen them both many times at Longlea, and I never knew." Says Mary Louise: "Nothing showed. Nothing at all."

What did "show," in fact, would have tended to disarm even the most suspicious of men. If during his weekends at Longlea Lyndon Johnson displayed his gift for secrecy, he displayed also another gift: his capacity for the cultivation of an older man who was important to him, with utter disregard of his true feelings.

He was still at Marsh's beck and call; on scores of occasions like the Sunday on which Marsh brought Leinsdorf to Washington, all Marsh had to do was summon him, and he was there—willing, anxious, eager to be of service. He still agreed fulsomely with Marsh's political analyses and prognostications on world affairs, and was the first to point out that Marsh had been right again on some prediction. He still asked Marsh for advice, not only on political but on personal matters—and was so grateful when Marsh gave it that the older man gave more and more. Harold Young, who had watched Johnson "play" many an older man, felt he had never played one better than he did Charles Marsh; never, he felt, had Johnson been more "humble," more the "great flatterer."

Marsh had to be away from Washington frequently on business, but these trips did not interrupt the courtship of the older man by the younger, for he continued it by telegram, wiring Marsh in New York or Chicago or Baltimore to ask for advice: "Need visit with you. Wire where can reach you or call me at home tonight," he wired Marsh on one occasion; on another, when Johnson was planning to go to Texas, he wrote Marsh, "I do hope you will be back this way before we leave. I need the inspiration and stimulant that a couple of hours with you always gives me." Or he would wire him to tender congratulations on the older man's perspicacity: on December 15, 1939, for example, while Marsh was checking on business investments in New York, he received a telegram from Johnson in Washington that stated: "Some interesting and rather amusing development here yesterday which confirmed a prediction you made in August."

Marsh's response was all Johnson could have wished. To his telegrams requesting advice came back telegrams giving it—advice on how to place an ad in country newspapers so that it would receive prominent display, for example ("Merely enclose a check for \$20.00 . . . I do not think you will find that any of them will return the change . . ."). When Marsh felt that Johnson needed advice in more detail than was feasible for a telegram, an "Extra Rush!" wire would tell the Congressman: "Suggest you telephone collect . . . tonight." And sometimes, he felt

Johnson needed advice in person—"Arrive Washington seven forty-five Tuesday morning if plane on time would be pleased have breakfast with you Mayflower Hotel." Some of the advice reveals not only the paternal feeling Marsh had toward Johnson but his total ignorance of the relationship between Johnson and Alice. On April 9, 1940, during a period when the affair between Lyndon and Alice was at its most torrid, Marsh, who had left Longlea the previous evening on a business trip, telegraphed Johnson: "I did not like the way you looked last night. You were not well shaved. Play as much golf as possible with Alice. . . ."

Marsh became, in fact, more and more fond of the young man he considered his protégé. Sometimes, lonely on his travels around the country, he would be moved to telegraph Johnson his affection; from the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, he wired Johnson on September 16, 1940: "Dear Lyndon: Waking up this morning with a great distaste for Mid-West Senators, I found it more pleasant to write you a note."

As Marsh became more and more fond of Johnson, this aspect of the situation disturbed Alice increasingly; her own inclination would have been to reveal the truth to Marsh; she had agreed to wait until the time was ripe, but she felt there was something more dishonorable than she had bargained for in the situation as it was evolving. But the situation did not disturb Johnson. He seemed to find it completely feasible to have the relationship he wanted not only with the man but with the woman the man loved.

And, in fact, he was right. During the years in which he was making love to the woman Marsh loved, Marsh was giving him more than advice and affection.

He was concerned about Johnson's financial future, because he had noticed that despite his \$10,000-a-year congressman's salary, Johnson was always short of cash; as he had always done, he was spending everything he made, and more. Marsh saw that Johnson was worried about money, and he didn't want Johnson to worry about money; a great future lay ahead of him, he felt, and he should be freed from sordid cares. In 1939, therefore, Marsh took his first step toward placing Johnson on a sounder financial footing. With his gift for making money on a vast scale, he had seen several years before how to make it in Austin. Standing on a hill above the little, but growing, city, he had forecast the direction in which most of its growth would occur, and had promptly purchased vast tracts of land there. Now the land was worth considerably more than he had paid for it, but Marsh said he would sell Johnson a nineteen-acre tract for the same price he had paid for it: \$12,000. "It was a marvelous buy, and we knew it," Lady Bird says. She paid for it, Brown & Root chipped in by building a road out to the land and grading and landscaping it ("The street-improvement project on the Johnson Estate," George Brown called it in a joking letter to Johnson that year)—and for the first time the Johnsons owned property.

The older man helped the younger man not only financially but politically. Although he owned so many newspapers, Marsh's interest in them was financial rather than journalistic. "Charles just had newspapers to make money with them," says Mary Louise, who was his secretary. "Making money did not require editorial quality, and there was no concern with that." On the rare occasions on which some local issue or individual captured Marsh's interest, and led him to formulate a position, he wanted the position expressed not only on the editorial page but—without regard to journalistic ethics—in the news columns. And he left no doubt as to the precise nature of the position he wished taken; making a rare call to the paper's editor—he usually talked only to "the business people," Mary Louise says—he would bark unequivocal instructions over the telephone. And after Lyndon Johnson became his protégé, the instructions to Charles E. Green, executive editor of the *Austin American-Statesman*, often concerned Lyndon Johnson. In 1938, the paper became hotly partisan—in Johnson's behalf. The theme was expressed in editorials and articles (many written by Marsh himself; says Mary Louise, "He would call up Charlie Green and say, 'I want a box on the front page!' and he'd dictate something for Johnson").

THE REACTION OF OBSERVERS TO THE DRAMA, THE drama that Mary Louise calls "Charles and Alice and Lyndon," being played out before them, month after month, against the beautiful setting of Longlea (without, of course, the knowledge of one of the three leads), varies from person to person, and their reactions are colored by their attachment to one or another of the participants.

An unequivocal opinion is obtainable only from another observer, who has asked not to be quoted by name. She had reason to be keenly aware, more keenly aware than the other watchers, of a detail seldom mentioned by the others: the fact that not only the principals but two little children of whom Charles Marsh was very fond, and who were very much attached to their father, would be affected by the drama's denouement.

Watching Lyndon Johnson fawn over the children's father when he was present, knowing all the time that Johnson was sleeping with their mother when he was absent; watching Johnson simper and praise the older man to his face, knowing all the time that behind his back he was taking from him the woman he loved so much; seeing how unshakably deferential, how utterly humble, he was in playing upon Marsh's affections and thereby gaining his ends, this observer, a lover of Charles Dickens, was reminded forcefully of one of the Dickens characters in *David Copperfield*—a character who, she felt, lacked only a southern drawl to be Lyndon Johnson in the flesh. "Every time I looked at Lyndon," she says, "I saw a Uriah Heep from Texas."

AND WHAT OF THE OTHER PERSON WHO HAD A stake in the drama—a person so lightly regarded by the spectators that most of them all but ignore her when they talk of it?

Lady Bird's husband insisted that she wear makeup and high heels, and, more and more, she did so, but he could not, except for rare occasions, force her to wear dresses of any but the duller colors, and her appearance was still drab. And nothing, it seemed, could ease her terrible shyness.

During her husband's campaign for Congress, she had been, as always, gracious and uncomplaining in serving hot meals to him and his aides at all hours of the night; men who worked for him had come to accept as a matter of course a warm, welcoming smile at the door no matter when they arrived. But when, occasionally, someone—someone who didn't know her well—raised, however gingerly, the possibility that she might campaign herself, the very suggestion that she might have to face an audience and speak brought such panic to the face of this woman who had once prayed for smallpox so that she wouldn't have to speak at her high school graduation ceremony that the suggestion was always quickly dropped. Following the campaign, an Austin women's organization had held a party in honor of the wife of the new congressman, and while she had not been able to avoid standing in a receiving line, and while she had shaken hands and chatted with the strangers filing by, she had done it with so obvious an ef-

fort that it made friends wince inwardly to watch her; the bright smile on her face had been as rigid as if it had been set in stone. At Longlea, with so many brilliant raconteurs only too anxious to hold the stage, no such effort was required; she was able to sit for hours, just listening, absolutely silent. And, of course, often Lady Bird was not at Longlea. As 1938 became 1939 and 1939 became 1940, with increasing frequency Lyndon Johnson would arrive alone, having left Lady Bird back in Washington. (Or having dispatched her to Texas: it was necessary for the Johnsons' car, filled with household possessions, to be driven back and forth at the start and finish of each congressional session—"For years," Lady Bird would say, "my idea of being rich was having enough linens and pots and pans to have a set in each place, and not have to lug them back and forth"—and, often, Johnson had her make the 1,600-mile trip accompanied by the wife of one of his aides, saying he had to stay behind in Washington on business; later, he would fly down.) The attitude of the Longlea "regulars" was, of course, influenced by the attitude her husband displayed toward her: the brusqueness of the orders he gave her, insisting they be instantly obeyed; the short shrift he accorded her infrequent, timid comments. Seeing that, in her relationship with Lyndon, her opinion didn't count, they gave it little consideration themselves. Marsh, in fact, seems to have been in some doubt as to her name; he was constantly referring to her as "Lyndon's wife." To Alice's adoring sister and her best friend, moreover, Lady



RECYCLINGS

I

You send us your used weather, the gray serge
Of clouds, hand-me-down rain that has picked up
Its acid comment in transit through Ohio,
Second-hand blizzards, waves of isobars
That thunder eastward in an aerial surf.
Stuff the Salvation Army wouldn't touch!
Soiled, threadbare, obsolete, your record lows
(Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
And on jammed airwaves in a voice of doom
By gloomy weathercasters) blunder in
And let us have it, and of which we plain
In plaintive plainsong and the plainest terms
That the Great Plains and Hoagy Carmichael
Provide: "You've Come A Long Way From St. Louis."

II

We send you our used daylight, mildewed dawns,
Rusted sunset finales that have seen
Better days, wasted afternoons as stale,
Flat and unprofitable as *The New York Sun*,
Drypoint editions of New England dusk,
Ghostly crepuscules straight from the photo morgue.
Shrunk by inflation, our diminished savings
Of late November light, like little hairless
Chihuahuas, seem doll-house versions of the Dog Days.
And finally, the soft night having arrived,
Scented with sweetgrass, garrulous with crickets,
The sky Columbian Blue, you lift your eyes,
And what do we hand you but "The Great White Way,"
Our name in lights, somewhat the worse for where.

—Anthony Hecht

Bird was an obstacle to Alice's happiness, and when they did discuss her, there was more than a hint of mockery in their voices. Says Alice Hopkins, "Everybody was just trying to be nice to her, but she was just . . . out of place." And the attitude of the regulars was influenced also by the attitude she displayed; Lady Bird Johnson herself appears to have felt that she was out of place at Longlea. Decades later, describing the estate to the author, she said: "My eyes were just out on stems. They would have interesting people from the world of art and literature and politics. It was the closest I ever came to a salon in my life . . . There was a dinner table with ever so much crystal and silver . . ." She appears to have felt herself that she had little to contribute to the scintillating conversation there; she felt that her host, for example, not only "looked like a Roman emperor" but was "one of the most fascinating men I have ever met. He knew all sorts of things. He went all over Europe, he went to Salzburg and places like that . . . He was the first one who introduced Lyndon to the danger of Hitler . . . I think he saw a Nazi rally. He made my blood run cold. But he also made us see why the German people would be for him—that they would be respected and all." She appears, in fact, to have felt keenly the contrast between her and her hostess: "I remember Alice in a series of long and elegant dresses, and me in—well, much less elegant," she says. In a tone with a note of heroine worship, she notes that they had known each other slightly years before in Austin, when she was a University of Texas undergraduate and Alice was working in the capitol, and even then, Lady Bird says, "she was quite an intellectual girl, and, you felt, destined for more exciting things than being a legislator's secretary." And then, when "we saw them again in Washington, she was even prettier, and just dressed so beautifully. She was very tall, and elegant—really beautiful, in a sort of Amazonian way." Once, when Marsh was discoursing on the danger of Hitler, her admiration for Alice moved her to a rare attempt at a witticism—"Maybe Alice can help us fight him," she said. "She's so tall and blonde she looks like a Valkyrie"—an attempt that was, of course, ignored.

Had they been particularly observant, however, the Longlea regulars might have noticed qualities in her, too. During the loud arguments to which she sat quietly listening, books would be mentioned; Lady Bird would, on her return to Washington, check those books out of the public library—check them out and read them. Because of Marsh's preoccupation with Hitler, she checked out a copy of *Mein Kampf*, checked it out, read it—and learned it. "I still remember his chapter on propaganda—which is worth re-reading." She never attempted to talk about it at Longlea, even though when Hitler's theories were discussed thereafter, she was aware that, while Marsh knew what he

was talking about, no one else in the room did—except her. And she read other books, too; one summer is still remembered by the Longlea regulars as "the summer Lady Bird read *War and Peace*." They snickered at the way she carried the big book with her everywhere—even though, by the end of the summer, she had finished it.

And there were other qualities—which the regulars note even though they do not realize the significance of what they are saying. Alice Hopkins, while saying that "she was just . . . out of place," says immediately thereafter that "if everyone was just trying to be nice to her," she would be nice right back, calm and gracious—"She was self-contained." Even Alice Glass's sister noticed that there was something "quite remarkable in her self-discipline—the things she made herself do. She was forever working not only on her reading but on her figure, and on her weight"—now the extra weight came off, and stayed off.

And some of the Longlea regulars even began, after a while, to wonder if there were not even greater depths to the "self-discipline" of Lady Bird Johnson.

"Of course" Lady Bird must have known of her husband's affair with Alice Glass, Frank Oltorf says. "Oh, I'm sure she did." Why else, they point out, would she think that her husband was going—without her—on so many weekends to Longlea when, as she could have easily determined, Charles Marsh was not at home? Mary Louise says: "The thing I could never understand was how she stood it. He would leave her on weekends, weekend after weekend, and leave her home. I wouldn't have stood it for a minute."

But while Mary Louise could not understand how Lady Bird "stood it," stand it she did. "We were all together a lot," Mary Louise says. "And Lady Bird never said a word. She showed nothing, nothing at all."

THE PASSION EVENTUALLY FADED FROM JOHNSON'S relationship with Alice Glass. She married Charles Marsh, but quickly divorced him, and married several times thereafter. "She never got over Lyndon," Alice Hopkins says. But the relationship itself survived; even when he was a senator, Lyndon Johnson would still occasionally dismiss his chauffeur for the day and drive his huge limousine the ninety miles to Longlea; the friendship was ended only by the Vietnam War, which Alice considered one of history's horrors. By 1967, she referred to Johnson, in a letter she wrote to Oltorf, in bitter terms. And later she told friends that she had burned love letters that Johnson had written to her—because she didn't want her granddaughter to know she had ever been associated with the man she considered responsible for Vietnam. □

STILL IN REMEDIAL BAYONETING

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM LULEVITCH

WE NOW KNOW, of course, that it is poppycock to assume that anything so simplistic and sexistically conceived as the H-Y antigen accounts for both the formation of testes and the tendency in inbred mice for females to reject skin grafts from otherwise genetically identical males. Dr. Veva Labonne-Schaum, of the Einander Institute, discovered the fallacy of the H-Y hypothesis-hype when a colleague (myself) brought her, flippantly, two male mice that had given birth to tiny capsules of L'eggs hosiery.

Flippantly, because in those days I was in league with Dr. Chucky McArdle, whom I now see through.

"There are two subjects that should never be discussed in mixed company," McArdle would say. "'Men,' and 'Women.'" That's the way he and I used to talk. We'd click our choppers at the giggly, halter-topped pipette girls ("lablollies," we called them), and cut our eyes over at our women colleagues and make cracks.

"No, three subjects," McArdle would go on. "Add 'Men and Women.'" In the first place, he would say, he could "argue till the . . . cattle come home" that he had put "Men" first for purely counter-chivalric or alphabetical reasons, "and I would just be digging myself a deeper hole."

What he was saying implicitly, of course, was that *men* dig holes. I did dig a series of holes when I was nine, out in the side yard, for no reason except cultural compulsion. It was my father who fell into one of them and sent me away to military school, where I was forced to wear a shako and stand rigid for hours on end, but it was societal expectations that made me hack fruitlessly into the earth rather than aspire to the caring

personhood of a John Derek, whose now-ex-wife Linda Evans has recalled: "It was the most wonderful life I can imagine any woman having. He would spend months handcrafting a vest or boots for me. Then he would wait for me to come home and have champagne and grapes individually dusted with sugar next to a fur bed he had laid by the fireplace."

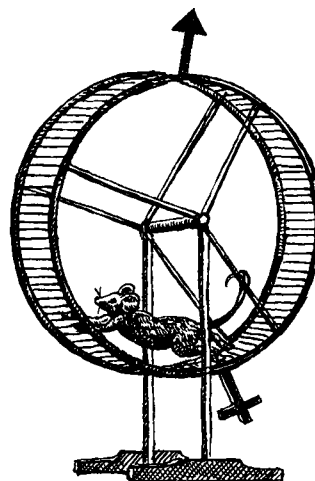
McArdle and I never asked ourselves how a Derek managed to escape the traps this society lays for male children. McArdle maintained that Derek had been reared by Persian cats.

My father was a machinist. After grimly machining all one late-spring day and male-bonding into the night, he had slipped under cover of darkness into our side yard to plant a rhododendron—something green, something alive . . . One of my senseless excavations brought him down headlong on top of the flowering shrub in his arms. Its crushed white blossoms flushed with mauve clung to his Valvoline-ingrained skin. He screamed.

He had won the rhododendron in a poker game. But he had been touched by its beauty, and it tortured him to admit that, even to himself. For years afterward he clawed at those petals in his sleep, my mother later told me in (yes, a woman's) tears. When I was twelve—still in remedial bayoneting—my father left for Alaska and a life of oiling and rigging oil rigs and baiting Kodiak bears.

We never again saw, as he would have put it, hide nor hair of him.

My father's and my emotions at the time of his accident went deep, but we didn't share them. My father screeched, for all the neighborhood to hear, when his role (as he must have seen it) was to bellow. That, I believe, was what caused him to pack me off. To Colonel Cobb's



Weapons Pool and School: drill and ceremonies, drill and ceremonies, and grenade-lobbing. It was not enough that we cadets be required to lob grenades. We had also, since they were duds brought back by Colonel Cobb from Tarawa, to make (our only aesthetic exercise) the sounds: "FOOOM-KA!" "H'WUMPF!" "BAROOOMP!" We loved it. So we told ourselves.

I stopped telling myself those things the day I, in totally the wrong spirit, brought Dr. Labonne-Schaum the *Freimäuse*.

It was McArdle who discovered the L'eggs capsules. It was I who brought them and the mice to her, on the assumption that she would be flustered, might even weep. It was she who, after fixing me with her litmus-blue eyes, perceived that the mice were not "male" but just, triumphantly, *Freimäuse*, or free mice.

I don't know whether it was the discovery or the look she gave me (in my mind, the two are inseparable), but at that moment my nature began to demand different things. McArdle had been wrong to call the *Freimäuse* "mice who've learned they can do any goddamn thing around this place and get attention." These were new mice. Mice who were ahead, in a real sense, of McArdle and me. Mice whose X and Y chromosomes had reoriented into the less binding W and Z.

AND SO: HUMANITY will be able to start again from scratch. From a new scratch.

We have been feeling just as faded (in the sense of pallor, and in the sense that someone is betting against us) as our genes. We need fresh—clean—genes, and we can have them. The new genetics has already made major strides. (It was Major Matt Strides who shared Colonel Cobb's kampong. At night we could hear them bellowing.) We will be able by the end of the decade to be fitted in the womb or a barber's chair with the neutral W and Z, produced synthetically in pursuance of Dr. Labonne-Schaum's vision. The essential chromosomal material is a jelly (*Glück*), neither butch nor nellie, but simply rife. The rifeness is all.

I wish my father could be here to see what is coming. He lies in the ice, a mastodon. And Colonel Cobb died in the infamous Recoilless Rifle disco fire. History may forgive them. It will not for-

give us, if we fail to grasp the new genetic moment.

Should there be two sexes? Should there be *only* two? The recombinance Dr. Labonne-Schaum projects would retain duality, but a duality reconceived. The two kinds of person would be "is" (*wasist*) and "err" (*istlos*). An err would embody the atom's flux, an is its essentiality. An is would be into being, an err into wandering.

Would an err's sole domestic contribution then be "Honey, I'm home"? No. An is would depend for is (the possessive form, significantly, would be the same as the nominative) sense of being somewhere upon an err. An err would derive err sense of *having been* somewhere from an is. Either without the other would be nowhere, hollow (*waslos*).

An is would have the mellower voice, an err reach more octaves. But either, on is or err own, could openly cherish a rhododendron. Either could be bushy-faced. If anyone felt like feeling like a frond, anyone could feel like one: a frond rooted (is) or a frond on the wind (err).

Would there be romance? How about periodic mutual dissolving dips into not just a pool but a gene lagoon? From which almost anything might emerge. Dripping. Sound kind of . . . mushy? Ah.

All of this opens up ahead of us now—thanks to a person the fine tracery of whose exhaustive research, the almost sensuous turn of whose thought, the permeating property of whose birdsong voice . . .

"That Chucky McArdle is a child. He put a rubber lipid in my retort."

. . . the fine beads of literal brow-sweat, the lips full . . . chewy (she chews them) . . .

"Yesterday, he brought me coffee in one of those cups with the frog on the bottom."

. . . the kind of person, I tell her, who opens a person up, who causes a person's thinking to dip and dart . . .

"Of course you didn't notice. I wonder if you notice anything."

. . . who can make a person feel for a flash like a naked infant, feel for a flash like a naked woman must, feel like a bucket brigade.

"For a flash?"

She is so sharp, though, it sometimes seems a person can't say anything . . . Especially, it seems, when I am most open. Dr. Labonne-Schaum! *Ich bin keine Maus!* □

MUSIC

JAZZ TURNS NEOCLASSICAL

BY GARY GIDDINS



PERIODICALLY, WE HEAR talk of a resurgence of jazz. Musically, the signs are unmistakable; nevertheless, jazz remains nearly subterranean, a thing apart, a private cultural zone. Its state of alienation is frequently blamed on the Hydra that is variously known as the avant-garde, the new thing, the new wave, and free jazz—that is, the contemporary post-modernist jazz of the past twenty-five years. Avant-gardists are depicted, not always inappropriately, as musical Jackson Pollocks spewing sounds into the air without benefit of formal or narrative guidelines. Their music is considered esoteric when it isn't impenetrable, and erstwhile jazz fans, now repulsed by the gladiatorial anarchy that used to attract them, ask accusatory questions: where's the beat, the melody, the beauty? Musicians and critics continue to wonder when free jazz (allowing the supposition that free jazz *is* jazz—the debate here is unceasing) will be assimilated into the mainstream. In other words, when will Joyce become Dickens, and Bartók Mozart?

As I see it, the avant-garde has been studiously aligning itself with mainstream jazz for some time. The resurgence of jazz means in large measure the resurgence of swing, melody, and beauty, as well as other vintage jazz qualities such as virtuosity, wit, and structure—not that they've ever been entirely absent. If jazz, like other fine arts, had to be relearned in a period of avant-garde extremism, it has long since—and with a vengeance—turned neoclassical. Musicians weaned on the free jazz of the sixties now sift twenties classicism, thirties swing, forties bop, and fifties soul for repertoire and expressive wisdom. They are, in effect, going home again.

From 1960 to 1975, adventurous jazz often meant indulgences on the order of twenty-minute solos, or freely improvised polyphony, or endlessly repeated ostinatos layered over a single scale. Though the great figures of that period—John Coltrane, Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, Albert Ayler, and a few

others—could bring off the most demanding improvisational conceits, at least as far as the knowing, sympathetic, and determined listener was concerned, they spawned imitators who mistook freedom for license and justified excess with apocalyptic rhetoric. A backlash was inevitable. Not only were many listeners yearning for restraint but a younger generation of jazz musicians, many of them trained in conservatories, expressed horror that formalism appeared to be vanishing. Jazz has always been a dialectic between improviser and composer: when the improviser gets out of hand, the composer emerges with new guidelines, sometimes borrowed from the distant past.

Last semester, while teaching at a university, I found—for the first time—a way to kindle students' interest in the new jazz players (they don't need much encouragement to appreciate classic players). The course began with a survey of such jazz precursors as spirituals, marches, blues, and ragtime; I simply provided symmetry by concluding the course with treatments of those precursors by avant-garde musicians, including Arthur Blythe's version of "Just a Closer Walk with Thee," Anthony Braxton's march from *Creative Orchestra Music 1976*, "Blues," by Leroy Jenkins and Muhal Richard Abrams, and Air's arrangement of Scott Joplin's "Weeping Willow Rag." Nor was it necessary to stop there. Having traced the evolution of jazz from the beginnings to the present, I might have retraced it with modernistic but idiomatically satisfying interpretations—all recorded since 1975—of nearly every school and style. Indeed, I might have brought the course full circle by playing the Art Ensemble of Chicago's avant-garde parodies of the avant-garde. Jazz is so eclectic these days that you can find in it almost anything you please.

Jazz modernists rarely investigated the music's past before the avant-garde blew the old jazz truths out of the water. The composers and players of the era immediately following World War II ignored the traditional repertoire, and when they did pay homage to the ancients (ragtimers and New Orleans-style players), whatever regard they may have felt was often soured by condescen-

sion. Modernism, after all, was a rallying point, and a political movement—a transformation of mere entertainment into art. The genius-leaders of the movement—Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Thelonious Monk—knew better, of course; the traditions live in even their most volatile experiments, whereas their disciples, more obsessed with the propaganda of the new, were inclined to dismiss as passé the sweetness of Johnny Hodges or the showboating of Louis Armstrong. Still, what both the geniuses and their disciples propagated *was* new. By comparison, the neoclassicists of the 1980s may seem to be offering, at worst, nothing more than half-baked historicism or, at best, an inven-

period of national tumult are people willing to listen to music for the pleasure of being battered and tested. The avant-garde, by definition, has no right to an audience larger than its true believers. Besides, the violent expressionism of the 1960s made the current wave of neoclassicism possible; it freed the present generation to look on the jazz tradition with agnostic curiosity. And this generation—virtuosic, ambitious, and disarmingly unpretentious—has no axes to grind about the claims of art over entertainment or of freedom over form, except for the conviction, apparently widespread, that the future of jazz lies in a rapprochement between those putative opposites.



tive reappraisal of the jazz repertoire. In this regard, it's useful to remember that one saving grace of neoclassicism is its impatience with nostalgia. Whereas a modernist of thirty years ago might have used a plunger mute to demonstrate bemused affection for an outmoded style, a neoclassicist of today uses the mute because he knows that it can convey singular and immediate passions.

When all the post-modernist styles—expressionist and neoclassicist alike—are considered "avant-garde" (as, rightly or wrongly, they often are), they constitute an enduring sub-genre in jazz, one that dates back over twenty-five years. It has its own thesis ("the new wave") and antithesis ("the jazz tradition"). The distinction was made frustratingly clear to me by my students, who were enchanted by contemporary restatements of classic styles, but resisted the unsettling innovations (works by Taylor, Coleman, etc.) of the 1960s. I'm almost resigned to this response. Maybe only in a

THE FUTURE LOOKED splendid at the 1982 Kool Jazz Festival, in New York, where more than two dozen of the best young players were included, most of them for the first time, in the largely mainstream series of concerts arranged by the impresario George Wein. At one concert, the World Saxophone Quartet, a neoclassical collective in its fifth year, opened for the Four Brothers, a reunion of star saxophonists who first became famous in Woody Herman's orchestra in the late 1940s. The insurgents—Hamiet Bluiett, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, and David Murray—took the stage in tuxedos, juggled a variety of saxophones, clarinets, and flutes through a program of original pieces that were either entirely notated or mostly improvised, and stole the show. There were lurching free passages that settled into fastidious, generally romantic melodies; earthy rhythm-and-blues ostinatos; and contrapuntal mazes. Individually, the soloists conjured up five decades of jazz

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saxophone, from the sweetness and light of Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter to the banshee cries of Albert Ayler and Eric Dolphy. They were funny and sure, outrageous and suave. The part of the audience that came to hear the Herman alumni—Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and Jimmy Giuffrè—must have been puzzled and delighted. I don't think they could have realized how impressive the saxophonists were until the veterans, dressed in motley and accompanied by an inchoate rhythm section, finished their familiar if occasionally inspired set. Many of those who came to hear the modernists of the 1940s must have gone home thinking about the eclectics of the 1980s.



At another concert, seventeen musicians billed as The Young Lions presented compositions that ranged in instrumentation from solo to full orchestra. Most of the stylistic options open to the jazz neoclassicist seemed to meld in a pastiche of received and modified influences, including tailgate trombone smears, swing-band dynamics, bop's harmonic labyrinths, modal simplicity, and avant-garde chaos, with frequent allusions to African and European music, as well as to American pop. The balance between avant-gardism and influences from the mainstream resulted in a kind of show-and-tell, as musician after musician demonstrated what he had heard and what he could do with it. Craig Harris relied on African rhythms and repetitions to buoy an orchestration called "Nigerian Sunset," which employed voicings for oboe, cello, and wordless singing, in addition to the usual big-band instruments, and provided solo space for such noteworthy young players as the

pianist Anthony Davis and the flutist James Newton. The climax was Harris's trombone solo: its barrelhouse energies were derived almost solely from the pre-modernist rips, snorts, and glissandi of swing trombonists such as J. C. Higginbotham and Dickie Wells. African music also permeated a hypnotic recital by Jay Hoggard, who played recurrent pentatonic riffs on a balaphon (a mallet instrument with wooden bars and hollow resonance) while seated cross-legged on the floor, and then moved to the vibraphone, where he developed them into lush melodies. John Purcell, who plays all the reed instruments and flutes with conservatory precision, conducted an orchestra work that combined traditional big-band

voicings, free episodes, Latin rhythms, improvised polyphony, rubato, and vocal grunts; he called the piece "It's a Joy," and much of it was.

But if any one of these young lions shows off most of the replenished energies in jazz, it is Wynton Marsalis, a twenty-one-year-old trumpet virtuoso from New Orleans. He is the first major trumpeter raised in that city since King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Henry Red Allen, and other trumpet kings of the twenties. Other jazz musicians have played and recorded the classical repertoire, but Marsalis is the first ever recruited by a major record company (Columbia) as a jazz player and as a classical player. At fourteen, he performed the Haydn Trumpet Concerto with the New Orleans Symphony, and at seventeen he was cited as the Outstanding Brass Player at the Berkshire Music Festival in Tanglewood, where he auditioned with Bach's Second Brandenburg Concerto. ("Do you really want to try that?" the

conductor Gunther Schuller asked him. Schuller says he "soared right through it and didn't miss a note.") A year later he was studying at Juilliard, subbing in a Broadway pit band, and touring with Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers.

Wynton's father is the distinguished New Orleans pianist Ellis Marsalis, and he impressed on Wynton and his brother, Branford (a superb tenor saxophonist, older by one year), the necessity for complete instrumental mastery, reverence for the complexities of jazz improvisation, and sartorial elegance on the bandstand. These lessons, almost incredibly, have had a chastening influence on some older musicians, too. The pride that animates Wynton's music is reflected in candid interviews that make clear his preference for jazz and his familiarity with its history; his advocacy is a welcome response to the jazzmen who have complained bitterly of the demeaning implications of the word "jazz." The fastidiously tailored Marsalis even looks like a performer from jazz's glory days. With his husky arms supporting the trumpet at about 30 degrees short of a right angle and slightly right of center, his stance resembles that of the legendary King Oliver.

MARSALIS HASN'T FOUND his own style, but his instincts are astonishingly mature. For one thing, his solos have poise: he phrases in an unhurried, thoughtful manner, and is not afraid—as young musicians often seem to be—of using long rests. For another, he rarely falls back on his virtuosity as a substitute for sound thinking. At recent concerts, including the evening of Young Lions, he used dynamics ingeniously, allowing long phrases to sink almost inaudibly beneath the volume of the rhythm section and then emerge with blinding brilliance. His projection is so sure that he can change tone mid-stream, suggesting a flugelhorn one moment and a trumpet-with-straight-mute the next. Like Rex Stewart, he is proficient at snarling, half-valved effects, and like Miles Davis, he favors angular, fragmented phrases shot against the rhythm. Davis's playing is an obvious influence, but Marsalis affects little of its pain and mystery, preferring a more robust and rounded attack. There are areas for improvement: his music is almost cubistic in its preponderance of aggressive attack and driving rhythms, and his ballad playing is occasionally

awkward and given to preening. (Mastery of ballads invariably comes late in the lives of jazz musicians.)

His first record as a leader, *Wynton Marsalis*, though issued recently, was recorded before he turned twenty. It's impressive, if uneven, and not the least impressive aspect is the fact that Marsalis's original compositions are far more invigorating and imaginative than the pieces written by Herbie Hancock (a tiresome pastel) and Tony Williams (chichi funk). One of the best selections is "Hesitation," which, notwithstanding its 4/4 meter and "I Got Rhythm" harmonies, is a homage to Ornette Coleman, complete with a five-note Coleman lick for a coda; the meat of the performance is a series of galvanizing exchanges between the Marsalis brothers. The brothers' dramatic duet against a rousing bass/drums figure on "Twilight" and the smears, register-hopping, and decaying notes of Wynton's solo on "Father Time" are equally memorable. His playing isn't always as relaxed here as it was with Art Blakey, a fact that bespeaks the perils of being a bandleader. Next spring, Columbia will release two new Marsalis albums—a record by his quintet and one in which he debuts as guest soloist with the Prague Chamber Orchestra, and the conjunction is unprecedented.

As eagerly as I anticipate watching the careers of Marsalis and his contemporaries develop, I don't expect much in the way of innovation. My intuition tells me that innovation isn't this generation's fate. After the turbulence of the past twenty years, however, with the avant-garde rooting out clichés only to be followed by fusion mercenaries and their middlebrow posturing, the neoclassicists have a task no less valuable than innovation: sustenance. Not unlike the popularizers of swing in the 1930s and soul in the 1950s, musicians such as Marsalis are needed to restore order, replenish melody, revitalize the beat, loot the tradition for whatever works, and expand the audience. That way we'll be all the hungrier for the next incursion of genuine avant-gardists, whose business is to rile the mainstream and keep it honest. Until then, a conscientious neoclassicism that revitalizes the jazz tradition and makes it accessible to a new audience should be seized greedily.

A note on records: The most representative of the three World Saxophone Quartet albums is the most recent,



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W.S.Q. (Black Saint BSR 0046). Craig Harris and John Purcell have yet to record their compositions, but they can be heard as soloists, respectively, on Dollar Brand's *African Marketplace* (Elektra 6E-252) and Jack DeJohnette's *Tin Can Alley* (ECM-1-1189). Jay Hoggard's African-inspired work is best captured on *Mystic Winds, Tropic Breezes* (India Navigation IN 1049), which also features the ingenious young pianist Anthony Davis, and one of the most versatile drummers of the past decade, Billy Hart. Wynton Marsalis's best work with Art Blakey is on *Album of the Year* (Timeless SJP 155). His own album is Columbia FC 37574. He is heard with his father and brother on side one of *Fathers and Sons* (Columbia FC 37972); side two is given over to another young firebrand, the reed player Chico Freeman, and his father, the tenor saxophonist Von Freeman. Wynton and Chico perform together on the latter's *Destiny's Dance* (Contemporary 14008). Early next year, excerpts from The Young Lions concert will be released by Elektra/Musician. □

HOW TO HEAR WAGNER

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN



OF ALL GREAT COMPOSERS, the most difficult to take seriously is Wagner—largely because he took himself so seriously. His seven mature operas—*Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, the tetralogy *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and *Parsifal*—are enormously long, elaborately pretentious, filled with seemingly unmusical declamation, and relatively short on dramatic action. In addition, most of them are musically and dramatically flawed. Even if one disregards the Nazi connection, which still puts many people off, there is quite enough in Wagner to put anyone off. Yet all these seven operas are great works, central to our understanding of nineteenth-century culture and, hence, of ourselves, and learning to take them seriously is an important part of anyone's musical education.

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In a way, learning to do that is more difficult today than it was forty years ago, when I first began listening to Wagner. We now have several complete recordings of each of his operas—a situation inconceivable back then, in pre-LP times—and, of course, the fidelity with which these recordings reproduce his music was undreamt of then. Moreover, the level of orchestral playing that a Karajan or a Solti now routinely exacts from the Berlin or Vienna Philharmonic is far higher than that of almost all the playing one heard on records in those days. Yet despite the great importance of the orchestra in Wagner, it is still by the singers that he finally stands or falls, for it is they who make his extraordinarily improbable and long-winded characters seem interesting, important, and real. Even the most widely acclaimed singers of Wagner today, taken either individually or as a group, do that far less effectively than those of the period between the two world wars. Therefore, a present-day listener, if he is to gain a sympathetic—which is not to say an uncritical—appreciation of Wagner, must supplement the lavish complete recordings of today with the often frustratingly short snippets recorded during that earlier period.

The greatest of these earlier singers were the sopranos Frida Leider, Kirsten Flagstad, and Lotte Lehmann, the tenor Lauritz Melchior, and the baritone Friedrich Schorr. They all had beautiful voices, distinct musical personalities, and a thorough psychological understanding of the characters in Wagner that they portrayed. Leider, whose name is virtually unknown today except among record collectors, was the greatest and most versatile of the sopranos, without equal as Isolde and Brünnhilde and Kundry, yet also capable of a softer role such as Sieglinde. Dazzling throughout her entire range, Leider was able to move effortlessly from her solid and impressive low register to her brilliant high one. Flagstad, most famous as Isolde, brought to the role an elemental, almost maternal solidity and opulence quite different from Leider's flexibility and youthful brilliance. Yet Flagstad could also be splendid as Brünnhilde and Kundry. Lehmann, who more often sang such early roles in Wagner as Elisabeth and Elsa, was less directly forceful and imposing than the other two, more vulnerable and touching. She was a great Sieglinde and Eva, but it is hard to imag-

ine her as Brünnhilde (let alone as the tormented and seductive Kundry). Melchior sang all of Wagner's *Heldentenor* roles, early and late, better than anyone else of his time. Though he was often careless about rhythm, he was almost never unmusical, and his splendidly ringing voice and enormous personal vitality made him especially unforgettable as Tristan and Siegfried. Schorr's great roles were Sachs and Wotan, to which he brought great sensitivity of nuance and a superb intelligence that more than compensated for the fact that he did not have quite so beautiful a natural voice as some of his contemporaries.

The principal foreign labels on which recordings by these singers may be found are EMI-Electrola, Deutsche Grammophon, and Acanta (German), Pearl and Rubini (English), and Preiser (Austrian). Pearl records may be ordered from Qualiton Imports, Ltd., 39-28 Crescent Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101; the rest may be ordered from German News Company, 220 East 86th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028, which can also furnish a catalogue of its own stock, a catalogue of all records currently available in Germany, and a Preiser catalogue that lists the selections included on each record. There are a few domestic reissues on Seraphim, Odyssey, and RCA, but the major American companies have never taken much interest in this area and are taking less all the time. Most of these reissues, both foreign and domestic, are collections listed under the names of the individual singers, but there are also two valuable omnibus collections: Acanta set HB 22.863 (four discs), and Telefunken set 6.48016 (two discs). Two other such collections, Deutsche Grammophon sets 2721 109 and 2721 110 (two discs each), have recently gone out of print but may still be found in record stores.

The best way to get an idea of Leider's special quality is from her three recorded excerpts from *Tristan und Isolde*. Her severely abridged 1929 version of the Act II love duet, with Melchior, is most conveniently available on Seraphim IB-6086. Always ardent and rhythmically alive, this version of the love duet, unlike so many others, never dissolves into a nerveless trance. During the initial meeting of the lovers, Leider floats thrillingly over both Melchior and the orchestra, which is propelled forward at a very fast tempo by conductor Albert Coates; during the later portion ("O sink

hernieder"), with which most recordings begin, she shapes each phrase with grace and intimacy, then rises gradually and effortlessly to the final climax. Throughout, Melchior is the perfect partner. Flagstad, by contrast, sings the duet with less tonal inflection and a more uniform sumptuousness, a nobility that is awesome but, after Leider, a little inflexible and impersonal. On Flagstad's 1939 version with Melchior (RCA VIC-1681), he sounds tired and listless—perhaps in response to the flaccid conducting of Edwin McArthur, Flagstad's ever-faithful recital accompanist. Set Svanholm is a better partner on their version of about a decade later (EMI-Electrola 147-01491/2). I also find Leider a shade more convincing than Flagstad on the other two excerpts, Isolde's Act I narrative and her concluding "Liebestod" (both on EMI-Electrola 147-30785/6). But Flagstad is superb, both in the narrative (EMI-Electrola 147-01491/2) and in her earliest "Liebestod" (RCA VIC-1455), recorded in 1935, when her voice was in full bloom. When Flagstad finally recorded a complete *Tristan*, in 1952, under Wilhelm Furtwängler's direction (EMI-Electrola 147-00899/903), her voice had lost a great deal but was still very impressive. Lehmann, so far as I know, never sang Isolde on the stage, but she did record a characteristically intimate and personal "Liebestod" (Seraphim 60274).

The old *Meistersinger* recordings are dominated by Schorr, whose sensitivity and gentle wit defined Sachs for two generations of listeners. Several solo and ensemble excerpts that he recorded between 1927 and 1931 are collected on Seraphim 60189, the high point of which is a breathtakingly beautiful Act III quintet, in which he is joined by Melchior and the great Elisabeth Schumann. Earlier versions of several of these excerpts, recorded in 1921 and 1922, when Schorr's voice was fresher, are on Preiser LV-23-II. There is also a very interesting set of extended selections from all three acts, recorded during a Berlin stage performance of 1928, with Schorr, Leo Schützendorf (Beckmesser), Robert Hutt (Walther), and Elfriede Marherr-Wagner (Eva). These are available on Discocorp set IGI-298, distributed by German News. (Discocorp has also issued several fine recordings of other operas by Wagner; these are now out of print, but will soon be reissued, and are worth watching for.) Though Melchior

was not so closely connected with Walther as with Wagner's other *Helden-tenor* roles, he recorded a fine prize-song (Preiser LV-124). Tantalizing hints of what Lehmann's Eva must have been like can be gained from her recordings of the Act II Eva-Sachs duet, "Gut'n Abend, Meister" (with Michael Bohnen), and Eva's Act III outburst of gratitude, "O Sachs, mein Freund!" both on Rubini RDA 003. One wishes there were more.

THE BEST OPPORTUNITY to hear our five singers in ensemble work is offered by the extensive excerpts from *Die Walküre*, always the most popular of the



four *Ring* operas. A 1935 complete Act I, surely one of the greatest of all operatic recordings, has Melchior as Siegmund, Lehmann as Sieglinde, the fine bass Emanuel List as Hunding, and the great Bruno Walter conducting the Vienna Philharmonic (Seraphim 60190). Lehmann is absolutely perfect: initially lost and somewhat tremulous, she steadily becomes more passionate and self-assured as she moves toward the final love scene. Melchior is very fine, but his voice was even more beautiful a decade earlier, when he and Leider recorded the Act I excerpts that are now on Pearl GEMM 228/9. By 1941, when he and Helen Traubel, Flagstad's almost worthy successor at the Met, broadcast the concluding scene of Act I with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony (RCA VIC-1316), Melchior's voice was still impres-

sive but was showing signs of wear. Traubel, however, is in top form, and Toscanini shapes and paces the music even more excitingly and effectively than Walter.

An almost complete Act II was recorded in 1937–1938, again with Melchior and Lehmann, but this is now available only in mutilated form, on Turnabout THS-65163. Even better are the opening Wotan-Brünnhilde scene, recorded in 1927 by Schorr and Leider (EMI-Electrola 147-30785/6), the 1932 Wotan-Fricka scene with Schorr and Emmi Leisner (Preiser LV-125), and the Wotan-Brünnhilde scene that follows, also done in 1927 by Schorr and Leider (Preiser LV-125). The Siegmund-Sieglinde scene, thrillingly sung by Melchior and Lehmann in a 1936 San Francisco stage performance conducted by Fritz Reiner, is on Pearl GEMM 228/9. Preiser LV-155 has an early version of the "Todesverkündigung" scene, in which Brünnhilde tells Siegmund of his impending death, with Leider and the feeble tenor Fritz Soot; preferable is the Flagstad-Melchior version from the 1936 San Francisco performance, also on Pearl GEMM 228/9.

Act III was not recorded complete until 1945, when it was done by Traubel and Herbert Janssen (Odyssey 32260018). Once again, the 1927 Schorr-Leider excerpts are preferable (EMI-Electrola 147-30785/6 and Preiser LV-125). Wotan's concluding farewell to Brünnhilde, magnificently sung by Schorr, was once on Angel COLH-105, now out of print but worth hunting for in cut-out bins. A less eloquent, 1921 version is on Preiser LV-23-II. The Wotan-Brünnhilde and Wotan-Fricka scenes of Acts II and III are among the most important and the most difficult to make convincing in the whole *Ring*. Listening to the Schorr-Leider and Schorr-Leisner recordings, one is struck not only by the beautiful singing of the directly appealing music but also by the thoroughly musical, serenely unhurried way in which the long passages of declamation are handled. There is none of the nervous, attention-getting over-acting found in most modern performances, but instead a sublime confidence that Wagner, even when he was not writing especially tuneful music, knew exactly what he was doing.

Of the other *Ring* operas, *Das Rheingold* was represented on 78s only by the concluding entry of the gods into Valhal-

la, recorded in 1927 with Schorr as Wotan; this seems now to be unavailable. There were extensive recorded excerpts from both *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*, however—many of them with Melchior as Siegfried. Some of the *Siegfried* selections are now on Pearl GEMM 228/9, Seraphim IB-6086, and Preiser LV-226. Schorr can be heard as the Wanderer (i.e., Wotan) on Preiser LV-125. The concluding Brünnhilde-Siegfried duet, with Leider and Rudolf Laubenthal, is on Preiser LV-30. Available *Götterdämmerung* excerpts include the opening Brünnhilde-Siegfried duet with Leider and the unfortunate Soot (Preiser LV-155); "Hast du, Gunther, ein Weib?" from Act I, with Melchior and Schorr, and

with Melchior of the whole Kundry-Parsifal scene from Act II (RCA VIC-1681). As in the *Tristan* excerpts, Flagstad is magnificent but a little inflexible and magisterial, especially for this sinuous and extremely chromatic music. The most important early *Parsifal* recording, a nearly complete Act III from 1928 (Preiser LV-100), includes none of our singers. Notable mainly for the clear and flowing conducting of the great Karl Muck, it also has a fine cast: Gotthelf Pistor as Parsifal, Ludwig Hofmann as Gurnemanz, and Cornelis Bronsgeest as Amfortas. Also interesting is a 1927 Bayreuth recording of the Act III Good Friday music (Preiser LV-37), usually excerpted without the singers' parts but

Fine tenors who worked in Melchior's shadow were Max Lorenz, Franz Völker, and Helge Roswaenge. The contraltos included Margarete Klose, who was the greatest of Brangänes, Sigrid Onégin, and Kerstin Thorborg. The finest of the sopranos, aside from the three I have discussed, were perhaps Göta Ljungberg and Maria Müller. All these singers, and others, may be heard not only on Preiser discs but also on the Acanta, Deutsche Grammophon, and Telefunken collections that I mentioned at the outset.

WHY DO SINGERS of Wagner today so rarely achieve the musical and dramatic authenticity and conviction regularly achieved by this large group of earlier singers? Certainly part of the answer is that nowadays singers learn more roles earlier, move around a great deal more, and do not have (or take) time for the sustained study needed to penetrate Wagner's characters. But I think that today's methods of producing Wagner are also at fault. Ever since the first postwar Bayreuth Festival, in 1951, the movement has been away from literal, faithful productions of Wagner and toward productions that were either highly abstract, like Wieland Wagner's at Bayreuth, or else relentlessly gimmicky, inspired by misguided efforts to make Wagner "relevant." Things have come to such a pass that Andrew Porter, of *The New Yorker*, our most acute critic of opera, began a review of a recent, trendy *Meistersinger* by breathing a sigh of relief: "At least the action is not transferred to the moon or to Manchuria; the Masters do not wear dinner jackets or diving suits."

Most opera directors today seem rather like that clever B-minus sophomore found in every beginning literature class, who quickly decides that reading books is all a matter of finding hidden meanings: once the phallic symbol or Christ figure has been unearthed, then a whole complex work may be interpreted in light of it. Wagner's *Ring* is, as Shaw and everyone else have pointed out, concerned with nineteenth-century capitalism. But that does not mean that Wotan should be costumed as a robber baron and the Nibelungs as Dickensian beggars—as they were by Patrice Chéreau in his Bayreuth productions of recent years. Under such circumstances, it must be all but impossible for the singers to take seriously Wagner's words, which



"Mime hiess ein mürrischer Zwerg," from Act III, with Melchior and Otto Helgers (both on Seraphim IB-6086); a long section of Act II, recorded during a Covent Garden performance of 1938, conducted by Furtwängler and featuring Melchior, Leider, and Janssen (Acanta HB 22.863); and the Leider and Flagstad versions of Brünnhilde's concluding immolation scene (EMI-Electrola 147-30785/6 and 147-01491/2, respectively).

Wagner's last opera, *Parsifal*—not easily excerpted and never especially popular (outside of Bayreuth) until recently—is the one least represented on 78s and the only one with which none of our five singers was very closely linked. Leider, however, made two fine recordings of Kundry's Act II "Ich sah das Kind," one in 1925 (Preiser LV-155) and the other in 1931 (EMI-Electrola 147-30785/6). For beauty of tone and subtlety of inflection, Leider's later version remains unmatched, even by Flagstad's, which is included in her 1940 recording

here heard with Fritz Wolff (Parsifal) and the great Alexander Kipnis (Gurnemanz).

Kipnis is only one of a large number of fine singers whom I omitted from my initial list of five in compiling this very hasty survey of the fine recordings of Wagner made between the two world wars. Other baritones and basses include Ivar Andréson (a famous King Marke) and Michael Bohnen, Rudolf Bockelmann, and Hans Hermann Nissen (three excellent Sachs). Their Preiser records contain a good sampling of their work in these roles, and Nissen is also the Sachs on Toscanini's magnificent 1937 Salzburg *Meistersinger* (Melodram set 12), available from German News. The sound is somewhat dim, but this set is very much worth having, because it is the only surviving Toscanini recording of a complete opera by Wagner. It proves that he was not only the twentieth century's greatest all-round conductor but also its greatest conductor of Wagner.

to a large extent govern the way they will phrase and project his music. If the director has rigged his production to make it clear to everyone that *Tristan* is really about incest or that *Parsifal* is really about pederasty, how can a singer possibly respond appropriately to what Wagner has given him or her to sing?

We do not need to have Fricka's chariot drawn by two real rams in Act II of *Die Walküre*, nor, perhaps, does Brünnhilde need to have a real steed at the end of *Götterdämmerung*. But most of what Wagner asked for seems not only possible but also reasonable and, in fact, necessary, if his dramas are to create the effect he intended. And a director who does not trust them to create that effect has no business directing Wagner. Of course, there is plenty of scope for directorial imagination, but it must operate within the general frame that Wagner has supplied. If a director cannot contrive a production that will make his singers feel natural wearing bearskins and carrying spears, moving about a stage furnished with the objects that Wagner specified, and pulling swords out of trees or forging them on anvils, then the chances are great that those singers will not be able to sing Wagner with conviction and authority. There is no more need to make Wagner "relevant" by presenting his works as they have usually been presented recently than there is to update Homer by translating him into black English or some other current vernacular. What makes Wagner's characters more difficult to bring to life than those of other operatic composers is precisely that although they are drawn from a fantasy world of myth and legend, they discourse at length and with great subtlety about power, love, freedom, and other issues that bear directly on the ways in which we choose to conduct our lives in the modern world. The "relevance" is there, but it must be allowed to express itself in a visual language that does not radically violate Wagner's intentions. Otherwise, it will probably not get expressed at all.

To take Wagner seriously in such a way as to make audiences take him seriously is surely one of the greatest challenges the theater presents to directors and singers alike; if it is not successfully met, an important part of our cultural heritage is either distorted or lost altogether. □

BOOKS

MARGINS OF ERROR

BY JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

by Nicholas Faith. Viking, \$14.95.



BANKS, IT HAS been widely noticed, no longer have bad debts. In the greatly improved language of our time, they have only nonperforming loans, that being how mistakes are characterized if they are large enough. The question that recent events have brought increasingly to mind is whether bankers are similarly characterized by nonperforming intelligence. A few months ago, the Chase Manhattan Bank found itself committed in a nonperforming way to an exiguous operator in government securities called Drysdale Government Securities Inc. for a loss of \$285 million. A loan of half a million to the firm in question, considering its minuscule net worth and the credit experience available, would have been extravagant. But, as I will note presently, a loan of that size probably would not have been made.

A few weeks later, to the loss-prone Chase Manhattan, in a more ample way to Chicago's Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company, and to the Seafirst (banking) Corporation of Seattle came the Penn Square Bank affair. This superbly denominated enterprise in Oklahoma City had passed about \$2 billion in bad gas and oil loans to its unsuspecting friends and gulls—big metropolitan banks from the West Coast to the East, with a special \$220 million attention to Chicago. Where gas and oil were involved, an insignificant and, it appears, none-too-scrupulous operator down near the fields in Oklahoma could not be wrong.

As it would not be kind, so it would not be wholly accurate to say that the bankers involved were stupid. The problem is more complex. There is, first, the reputation for exceptional wisdom that resides with bankers, a case of intelligence by association. People so intimately connected with so many assets cannot be entirely dumb in the ordinary way. Thus the surprise when some are. Also,

most people see their bankers only when in the role of a supplicant; a man or, more rarely, a woman listens to your story and assesses your need and prospects, all, ostensibly, out of a higher wisdom. There are practical reasons for conceding the wisdom: it is hardly good for a person appealing for a loan to give the impression, even harbor the thought, that he is dealing with a dope.

In all banking, supervision and the resulting exercise of collective intelligence diminish as one gets closer to the top. Loans of everyday size to everyday customers are closely watched and extensively checked. That is because they are made by bank officers who expect such attention. But when one gets up to the Drysdale or Penn Square heights—the \$100 million and upward range—the power of decision passes into the hands of magnates who cannot be second-guessed. They are much too important; *their word goes*. Accordingly, and with many exceptions, the larger the sum, the less care and intelligence brought to bear. The best personal strategy at such altitudes is to let the boss believe that he is a financial genius, that no one else could have detected the truly great promise in that chap Drysdale.

Finally, there is the luminous impact of hard times. When the gross national product is booming, nearly all loans look good; Chrysler, International Harvester, and Pan Am, as well as those gas and oil outfits, are lifted on the tide. It is only when things turn bad that the moment of inconvenient truth comes. Then the world learns how a leading bank became committed to some act of fiscal insanity, and, neglecting such tedious details as managerial quality and competence in their corporate customers, all the others rushed to get aboard. One has to strain a bit to find good in Ronald Reagan's economic policy, but it has been excellent for revealing imaginative incompetence in the banking business.

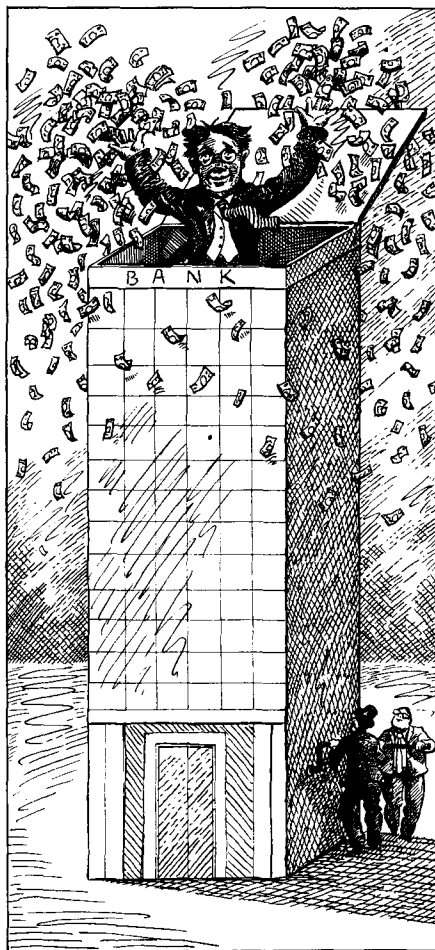
One question that comes to mind in contemplating this fiduciary aberration is why our banks are so vulnerable. Why

John Kenneth Galbraith's latest volume is *A Life in Our Times*. He is now at work on a book about the anatomy of power.

can't we have the same financial wisdom that one finds in, say, Switzerland? The answer has been given by Nicholas Faith in a studiously researched book on the subject, *Safety in Numbers*. He shows that over the years, the Swiss bankers have, generally speaking, been about the same. A very large number of Swiss banks have come into being under laws (or their absence) that have allowed almost anyone to call himself a banker. And, in consequence of external circumstance, individual error, fraud, speculation, or the herd instinct for disaster, a substantial number have gone into oblivion along with the money entrusted to their care. The difference between Switzerland and the United States is a considerably lower depth of concern for those so taken to the cleaners; the Swiss assume, on the whole rightly, that many so victimized deserved to lose.

The point should not be carried too far, or perhaps not as far as Mr. Faith, a compulsive debunker, seeks to carry it. In Zurich and Geneva, there has long been a solid core of enterprises, including a handful of private banking firms, that operate with care, caution, and good sense. Voltaire may have overstated the case when he said, "If you see a Geneva banker jump out of the window, follow him, for there is sure to be money where he lands." But it cannot be doubted that in Geneva, as in Zurich, some banks have survived for centuries by combining sound fiscal instinct with a worthy caution. Nor is there reason to question the care with which the publicly owned cantonal banks are now managed, or, in general, the big commercial banks.

But there are exceptions. Mr. Faith tells in impressive detail of the operations of the late Ernst Kuhrmeier on behalf of *Crédit Suisse*, one of the Swiss Big Three. Kuhrmeier was the manager of an important branch in the tiny border town of Chiasso in the Ticino, some fifteen miles south of Lugano. Here, in the sixties and early seventies, his branch was the recipient of large Italian deposits in flight from the perils and uncertainties of the Italian political economy. These deposits Herr Kuhrmeier, in what must have been an all-time record for the delegation of responsibility, channeled into a holding company called Texon, which was registered in Liechtenstein. Well over a billion dollars at current rates of exchange was so diverted without anyone of sufficient importance



seeming to notice. Those who did were not high up enough in the bank to challenge a man who operated with such casual magnificence. Once again, the diminishing care with the increasing size of the operation. The money in the holding company, now duly the responsibility of *Crédit Suisse*, was then, in a neighborly act, invested right back in Italy, in hotels, textile firms, a large wine-merchandising operation, and much else. A good half or more was lost. Let it be noted once more that all this prestidigitation was by a branch; when Chase Manhattan drops money in this magnitude, it at least has the decency to do it through the head office.

Somewhat exceptionally, the Chiasso affair did create a certain stir in Switzerland, and *Crédit Suisse* called a special meeting of its shareholders to make a clean breast of the matter. It was able to write off the loss without undue embarrassment; in a reticent way, it had accumulated the requisite reserves, although one cannot suppose for quite this contingency. It is something to be able to take a half-billion-dollar loss in stride, and Mr. Faith entitles the final chapter on

the episode "The Astonishing Resilience of *Crédit Suisse*."

Mr. Faith is not an especially polished writer. He also has a tendency to labor his points, notably in showing that the Swiss bankers were not, as is often claimed, compulsively concerned about protecting the deposits of their German-Jewish clients in World War II; they were simply responding to Swiss legislation on secrecy and to their own traditions. He is dreary on the negotiations over German assets in Switzerland after the war, and he seems to me unduly indignant over what many would take to be the superior and more single-minded negotiating skills of the Swiss. But, in compensation, he has an interesting dossier on assorted bad judgment, chicane, and loose practice (in addition to the operations of Herr Kuhrmeier) to report.

And this brings me to a final point: That people who lend money will, on occasion, lose some of it is inevitable and inherent in the system. Judgment and foresight cannot be perfect. And occasional theft and embezzlement are also risks of the game. What cannot so easily be forgiven is the kind of high-level fecklessness that was responsible for the enormous losses in Drysdale, Penn Square, and Chiasso. If one can be glad that the incompetence isn't peculiarly American, one cannot take it less seriously for that reason. In the aftermath of the Chiasso misadventure, *Crédit Suisse* underwent a full-scale reorganization extending right to the top. (Kuhrmeier was given a jail sentence, but died before serving it.) In a more gentlemanly spirit of bureaucratic survival, the American banks took their errors pretty much in stride. Seafirst, in Seattle, accepted the resignation of a couple of officers, announced it would forgo its annual management bonuses, and sacked 400 lesser employees as an economy measure. Chase, said *The New York Times*, "reshuffled its senior management"; a handful of its near-infinity of vice presidents were let out or demoted. Continental Illinois had a similar shuffle. No one seems to have supposed that those at the very top should suffer.

One is forced back on the thought that a quarter of a billion isn't what it used to be. So the really important people must delegate; and if those dealing with such trifling sums get out of line, it certainly isn't the fault of the fellow ultimately in charge. He has other things on his mind. □

THE LAST DAYS OF CHRISTENDOM

BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

MONSIGNOR QUIXOTE
by Graham Greene.

Simon and Schuster, \$12.95.



GRAHAM GREENE'S CAREER as a writer spans well over half a century, with a wide range of works—successful novels such as *The Power and the Glory* and *The End of the Affair*, and films such as *The Third Man*, a classic in its genre, whose title has got into the language. Then there is that best of all espionage send-ups, *Our Man in Havana*, and several plays given West End and Broadway productions. One, *The Potting Shed*, I found particularly intriguing, because of its highly characteristic theme of a miracle occurring in a freethinking family, who are so ashamed that they go to all lengths to keep it secret. Also there are the travel books, and a volume of *Collected Essays*, one of which, "The Spy," is Greene's apologia for Kim Philby, his and my wartime MI6 boss, ingeniously devised, but to me unconvincing.

Like many another, Greene began his career as a writer in journalism; for several years, he was a sub-editor on *The Times*. Though he abandoned the profession for good and all when he took up his first contract with a publisher—Heinemann—it left its stamp upon him. His travels have been purposive; he has had a knack of turning up wherever trouble was brewing—of, as it were, keeping in the news by relating his narrative to contemporary happenings. Thus *The Quiet American* relates to the Vietnam War, *The Comedians* to Haiti and the carryings-on there of Papa Doc, and *A Burnt-Out Case* to Dr. Schweitzer, Lambaréné, and the Congo as it used to be. In a sense, it may be said that all his wanderings, physical and ideological, have been a quest for a valid political and religious stance—for a cause and a faith, the one leftist and the other Catholic.

Now, in his latest work, *Monsignor*

Quixote, he has brought the two strands together, by means of an ingenious and well-sustained version of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. Cervantes's masterpiece, subtitled "The Ingenious Gentleman," is one of the most delightful books ever written, and was included by Dr. Johnson in the only three books he had wished were longer (the other two were Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* and Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*). Cervantes's background is the end of the age of chivalry; Greene's, three and a half centuries later, is the end of Christendom. Whereas Cervantes's hero was a belated knight-errant wearing a cardboard helmet, carrying an improvised spear, and sweating inside a cumbersome, ill-fitting suit of armor, Greene's hero is a half-baked priest, recently and for no particular reason made a monsignor—more to his regret than satisfaction—wearing purple socks and, attached to his clerical collar, a purple *pechera*, or bib, but always ready to take them off.

What the two Quixotes, Cervantes's and Greene's, have in common is a sorrowful countenance; indeed, the Monsignor, convinced that he is a descendant of Cervantes's knight-errant, who was known as the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, deliberately seeks this appellation. The Monsignor never seems persuaded that since Don Quixote was a fictional character, he cannot have any descendants other than imaginary ones. Human beings, however, easily deceive themselves in such matters. For instance, visitors to the Holy Land are shown the inn on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho where the Good Samaritan took the injured man to be cared for, seemingly never remembering that this episode occurred only in a parable.

Temperamentally, the two Quixotes are very different. Cervantes's doggedly insists on seeing windmills as giants, inns as castles, chambermaids as princesses, and goes mad rather than face up to the fact that knights-errant are no longer held in respect or needed in the world. Midway through the book, he is taken home in a wooden cage, and put to bed to die; his two friends, the curate and the barber, have meanwhile gone through his library of books about chivalry and burnt what they consider to be the most dangerous volumes. In the end, he relinquishes his fantasies. Greene's Monsignor Quixote, on the other hand, under the tutelage of his Sancho Panza—actually a Communist and a

sometime mayor of El Toboso—is introduced to the contemporary scene, which he finds incomprehensible and largely disgusting, and dies after sleepwalking into a church, where he celebrates an invisible Latin mass, serving invisible worshippers. Don Quixote's lady, Dulcinea del Toboso, to whom he dedicates all his noble pursuits and aspirations, is an earthy peasant girl, unaware of her elevation in a knight-errant's estimation, whereas Monsignor Quixote's lady is Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, the Little Flower, whom he addresses as Señorita Martin.

The two Sancho Panzas, or squires, are likewise as different as they could be. Don Quixote's is respectfully disposed toward his master, and half believes in his fantasies of knight-errantry, buoyed by the hope that the Don's promise to procure the governorship of an island for him might somehow be realized. As for the Monsignor's Sancho Panza, the sometime Communist mayor—it is he who on their travels decides where they will stay and where they will go and what they will do. Only in the matter of what wine they will choose is the Monsignor's voice sometimes decisive. Together, they drink a great deal of wine, and are often tipsy, especially the Monsignor—unlike the original Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Instead of on the rickety horse Rocinante and Sancho Panza's ass, the Monsignor and the Mayor ride together in the Monsignor's ancient Seat car, also called Rocinante, which, like the horse, needs to be coaxed along, spluttering and groaning, and sometimes breaks down.

THE DIALOGUE BETWEEN the Monsignor and the Mayor as they travel along in Rocinante is the nub of Greene's book—to me somehow very touching and absorbing, because it is, in truth, Greene talking to himself. By way of documents, what the French police call *pièces justificatives*, they have with them the Monsignor's breviary and Marx's *Communist Manifesto*, from which they manage to extract an occasional transcendental reference; what must have been a most peculiar book on moral theology, by a Fr. Heribert Jone; and devotional works by Saint John of the Cross, Saint Teresa of Avila, and Saint Francis de Sales. What the Monsignor and the Mayor are really talking about is, however, not their contradictory faiths but the doubts they both entertain. I remember, from years ago,

Malcolm Muggeridge is the author most recently of *Things Past*, an autobiography, and *Like It Was: The Diaries of Malcolm Muggeridge*.

Greene telling me that his favorite of all texts was "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." It is, indeed, a very beautiful text, and the words, spoken by the father of a deranged child whom Jesus thereupon cured, have echoed in my mind ever since.

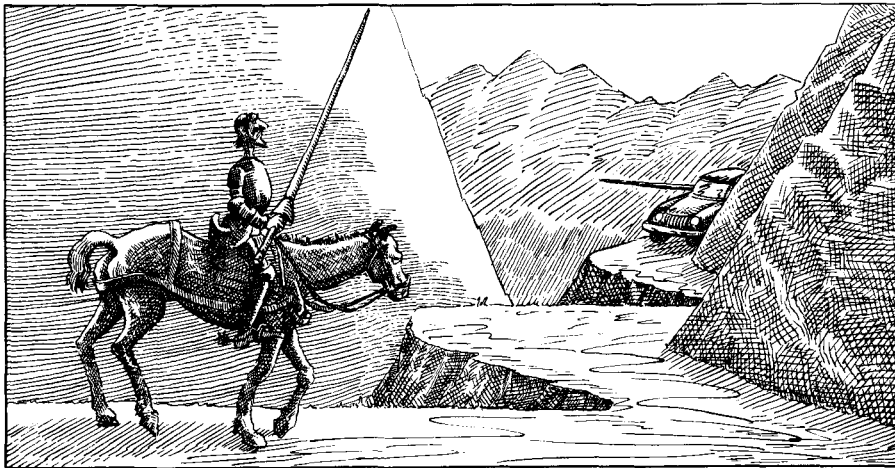
The Mayor says he was drawn to the Monsignor "because I thought you were a man without doubts. I was drawn to you, I suppose, in a way by envy." Clearly, his own Marxist certainties are fading; when Stalin killed his spiritual sons, the Mayor is ready to admit, "He very nearly killed Communism along with them," adding, by way of a solatium, "just as the Curia has killed the Catholic Church." The Monsignor, too, when he tells his old housekeeper, Teresa, that in Christian terms there can be

tation at "one Our Father and one Hail Mary." They go to a cinema, where a film called *A Maiden's Prayer* is being shown; it turns out to be pornographic. The Monsignor finds the waving legs and straining bodies quite ridiculous, and wants to laugh, later tormenting himself with the thought that he ought to have reacted in a more sexual way, and that not to have done so intimates a lack of humanity on his part. He even prays to be endowed with carnal longings—something most of us can manage all too easily—and displays a certain sangfroid by managing to hear a confession in a public lavatory, a typical Greene scene.

Another escapade of the Mayor and the Monsignor is to emulate Don Quixote's great feat of freeing some galley slaves, who, the moment they are liber-

wine, who complains bitterly of an invasion by Mexicans—noisy, rich men, given to wearing "startling" striped ties. It is Señor Diego who tells them about a ceremony nearby, now largely taken over by the Mexicans—who could easily be mistaken for Americans—in which the statue of the Virgin Mary gets covered with banknotes. When the Mayor and the Monsignor look in on this scene, the Monsignor is outraged, to the point at which he shouts out to an attendant priest: "How dare you clothe her like that in money? It would be better to carry her through the streets naked." His outburst looks as if it will create a riot, so the Mayor hustles him away, and they continue on their journey to Osera. Just as they reach the monastery, the Guardia manage to catch up with them, and fire at Rocinante's tires; there is an explosion, the Seat is blown to pieces, and the Monsignor is shattered. He never recovers his senses save, mystically, for that last sleepwalk to the altar, the mumbled Latin, and the invisible Blessed Sacrament. He and his Rocinante expire together.

Greene thus brings down the curtain on the world that came to pass after Cervantes brought the curtain down on the age of chivalry; but not as blithely, nor as humorously, as Cervantes did. The spectacle of the Monsignor bleakly looking at his first pornographic film is not nearly as rich in laughter as the confusion, at an inn where Don Quixote is staying, over the disposition of the innkeeper's servant, Maritornes. "I prefer Marx to mystery," the Mayor says; "You are in the hands of future history," the Monsignor tells the Mayor. "Have I complete belief?" the Mayor asks. "Sometimes I wonder . . . Who knows? Without this uncertainty how could we live?" "It's odd, [the Monsignor] thought, as he steered Rocinante with undue caution round a curve, how sharing a sense of doubt can bring men together perhaps even more than sharing a faith. The believer will fight another believer over a shade of difference; the doubter fights only with himself." So we stagger on from one thought to another, getting nowhere. The Mayor has a last look at the wrecked carcass of Rocinante, which would have so saddened the Monsignor, and is driven away. As he goes along, a thought sticks in his mind: Why is it that death brings hate to an end, but magnifies love? And, in so thinking, he is within reach of the answer to everything. □



no such thing as saying good-bye forever, finds himself muttering: "I believe it of course, but how is it that when I speak of belief, I become aware always of a shadow, the shadow of disbelief haunting my belief?" So, the Christian and the Marxist draw together, not through sympathy for each other's faith but in the doubts they share about their own. Standing between the two of them, I should suppose, is very much Greene's position today.

The Mayor's efforts to take the Monsignor on a conducted tour of Vanity Fair strike a more derisory note. For instance, at their hotel in Salamanca, the Monsignor is mystified by finding beside the Mayor's bed what looks to him, when blown up, like a child's toy balloon, and is in fact a contraceptive. They are staying not in a hotel at all but in a brothel—for the Monsignor, a distressing circumstance, but only to the point of assessing the Mayor's penance for such a frequen-

ated, turn on their liberator and start throwing stones at him—a parable for all time. The Monsignor provides a hiding place in Rocinante's trunk for an alleged murderer and robber with a false moustache, who is on the run. When it is safe to get out of the trunk and sit in the back of the car, the man, like the liberated galley slaves, attacks his liberator, forcing the Monsignor at the end of a gun to hand over his shoes and to drive to a spot where his passenger can make a getaway.

By this time, Rocinante is getting very groggy indeed, and the Mayor and the Monsignor decide to take refuge in a Trappist monastery at Osera, knowing that the Guardia will be after them for having hidden and facilitated the man's escape. The Mayor sees the Trappists as "the Stalinists of the Church"—not necessarily a high recommendation. On their way to Osera, they run into a certain Señor Diego, a great connoisseur of

THE HUBBUB IS THE LURE

BY V.S. PRITCHETT

THE LETTERS OF GUSTAVE
FLAUBERT, 1857-1880

*Edited and translated by Francis
Steegmüller. Harvard, \$15.00.*



FRANCIS STEEGMÜLLER, THAT limpid and saturated commentator on Flaubert's vast correspondence, has completed the second volume of *Letters*, which runs from 1857 until 1880, when the great novelist died suddenly of apoplexy, or possibly of the delayed effects of tertiary syphilis. Many have thought, rather lazily, that the correspondence is Flaubert's real masterpiece, simply because of its spontaneity and freedom from obsession with style. André Gide said that, for himself, the letters had taken the place of the Bible at his bedside, and had become "my reservoir of energy." One is indeed free in the letters of the tyranny of the cult of art, and liberated by the outbursts of confession, the dramatic groanings, and the contradictions of a running self-portrait of the man at work who breaks with his solitary slavery to the perfect sentence, and who reveals what he called "the eternal hubbub of Form and Ideas" in which he lives. Hubbub—what a *mot juste*! For us, the hubbub is the lure. We realize, as Mr. Steegmüller says, that the correspondence is not superior to the oeuvre but its rival.

Why is Flaubert one of the most inciting letter writers in French literature? Partly, perhaps, because he wanted to be an actor when he was young: the great letter writers come forward on an intimate stage where—having sized up the man or woman to whom they are writing—they project a capricious flow of personality. What a solid, tall, stout, red-faced, imprisoned dweller in his ivory tower this Norman gentleman is; how forthright yet steeped in reverie and what he called the Norman habit of never saying Yes or No, insisting on the stupidity of coming to conclusions even when he is doing so. What a slave to day-dreaming as he denounces it. Even when

talking of the supremacy of art over life, he calls the artist a "monstrosity," a mountebank, or, more genially—for he was a genial man—a troubadour. More genial than Thomas Mann, who picked up the image in the next generation. Flaubert says:

Still, how do I know? For I am one of those people always disgusted from one day to the next, always thinking of the future, always dreaming, or rather day-dreaming, surly, pestiferous, never knowing what they want, bored with themselves and boring to everybody else.

Loud in voice he certainly was, but boring never, not even in his compulsive documentation of archaeological or anthropological detail. His fascination as a letter writer is in his rival gift for reckless assertion. Yet he is as inquiring and as skeptical as Montaigne. Accused of being dissolute—which he sometimes was—he will boast of his beddings, yet declare that he is chaste out of cynicism. What fascinates him is his temperament, especially the mixture of romantic and realist, of the poetic and the exact. In short, he is projecting himself as an accurate myth.

In the first volume of this selection, we saw him sensually, even lyrically, elated in the well-known affair with the bluestocking Louise Colet, and watched him disentangling himself by calling himself the heir of history:

. . . deep in my soul is the Northern fog that I breathed at my birth. I carry with me the melancholy of the barbarians, with their instinct for migration and their innate disgust for life—which made them leave their own country as though by doing so they could take leave of themselves. They loved the sun, all those barbarians who went to Italy to die. . . . Alas! No, I am no man of antiquity.

His nerves, he admits, were sick, and no doubt they were, after the (Henry, Sr.) Jamesian "vastation," or fit of epileptic hallucination, he experienced as a youth. Later, in the second volume, doctor's son that he was, he attempts a physical analysis of the whole question of hallucination, optical vision, and memory, in a careful reply to a questionnaire from the great Hippolyte Taine, who was studying the mechanics of intelligence. At one point, Flaubert writes:

The characters I create drive me insane; they haunt me; or, rather, I

haunt them: I live in their skin. When I was writing about Madame Bovary taking poison, I had such a distinct taste of arsenic in my mouth, was poisoned so effectively myself, that I had two attacks of indigestion.

He had actually vomited, he said.

ON HIS SECOND JOURNEY to North Africa, after he had published *Madame Bovary*, he stopped being a man of the misty North, and prepared to write *Salammbô* and evoke the fall of Carthage. He had done with calculating, bourgeois Normandy. Years later, he wrote to the sixty-two-year-old George Sand, contrasting her view of history with his own. For her, history was the social crisis in France and its significance for the future: for him, it was the fierce, ancient past.

It seems to me, on the contrary, that I have always existed! And I am possessed by memories that go back to the Pharaohs. I see myself at different moments of history, very clearly, in various guises and occupations. . . . I was a boatman on the Nile, *leno* [procurer] in Rome at the time of the Punic Wars, then Greek rhetorician in Suburra, where I was devoured by bedbugs. I died, during the Crusades, from eating too many grapes on the beach in Syria.

How he wishes he could know his real genealogy.

On this African journey, which was rough and dangerous, he was all vigor, riding on mules or horseback fourteen hours a day, sleeping among dogs and chickens in the Bedouin huts, killing scorpions—"with a whip I killed a snake a yard or so long that was coiling itself around the leg of my horse"; listening to Jewish singers and watching, with his blunt delight in sexual extravagance, the puppet shows in which the puppet has a penis the size of a broad beam, with a bell ringing at the tip. (Mr. Steegmüller, who is excellent in his annotation, tells us that these puppet shows were in decline in Flaubert's time, but are now occasionally revived on television. How Flaubert would have enjoyed this evidence of the banal corruption of future technology.) He wrote in his notebook:

Oh, may I be suffused with all the energies of nature I have inhaled, and may they breathe forth in my book! Powers of artistic emotion, come to my aid! Help me! Beauty

V. S. Pritchett's *Collected Stories and The Turn of the Years* were published last May.

must guide my pen, but all must be living and true! Have pity on my purpose, oh God of all souls! Give me Strength—and Hope!

To one of his many intelligent woman friends—although, quoting Proudhon, he denounced women as the desolation of the righteous (because their intellects were at the mercy of the personal), he loved writing to them—he wrote eagerly about his nostalgia:

The melancholy of the antique world seems to me more profound than that of the moderns, all of whom more or less imply that beyond the dark void lies immortality. But for the ancients that “black hole” was

phants’ ears in ancient Carthage appeared to be or were actually painted blue:

Well, no, Monsieur, I did *not* “borrow all those details from the negroes of Senegambia.” I refer you . . . to the work by Armandi, page 256, and to the authorities he indicates, such as Florus, Diodorus, Ammianus Marcellinus, and other such Senegambian Negroes. . . . Monsieur: though you seem to be terrified of your own strength, and though you seriously think that you have “torn my book to shreds,” have no “fear”: set your mind at rest! For you have not been “cruel”: you have merely been—trivial.



infinity itself; their dreams loom and vanish against a background of immutable ebony. No crying out, no convulsions—nothing but the fixity of a pensive gaze. With the gods gone, and Christ not yet come, there was a unique moment, from Cicero to Marcus Aurelius, when man stood alone.

Salammbô was finished after years of work. Some writers taunted him about the leisure his private income gave him, and others reproached him either for his encyclopedic documentation or for the gaudiness of the operatic style of the book, because documented opera seemed to them a laborious miscarriage of art. One learned academic, named Froehner, attacked his scholarship in detail. Flaubert's reply is one of his longest and most Johnsonian counterattacks, and one of the best outbursts in the book. Take the question of whether ele-

The academic had not heard of art. Flaubert had done his homework, but he also saw himself in another light:

Among navigators there are some who discover worlds, who add new continents to the earth and new constellations. . . . I am the obscure and patient pearl-fisher who dives deep . . .

He entertains himself, he says, by plunging to the bottom in search of green or yellow shells. No one will want them, “so I’ll keep them for myself alone and use them to cover the walls of my hut.” And thereby detach himself from the boredom and the vulgarity of the ignorant, undignified, moralizing, bourgeois nineteenth century.

THIS RAISES THE question of the fundamental nature of Flaubert's case as a committed and irritable mandarin.

He was soon to prophesy that standardized manufacture—even engineering, such as the opening of the Suez Canal—would lead to war after war after war in which millions would be killed. The ruin of Carthage would be as nothing to it. He foresaw the collapse of civilization. One wonders what he would have said—perhaps he would have been pleased by it—of an introduction to a recent Penguin edition of *Salammbô*, which suggests that the book will come into its own now that contemporary taste has turned to violence, sadism, and horror. One thinks of the complexity of Flaubert's exotic Romantic realism: did it arise because he came too late for the heady sensations of the Napoleonic cult of glory? What had the Revolution done beyond installing the moralizing mediocrity of the middle class—and what would that lead to but a standardized mass society? Better the old despots than the new ones. He rejected the “delusions” of progress, democracy, the cult of the people, universal suffrage, and, above all, popular education. He had known the revolution of 1848; he was soon to see the war of 1870 and to have Prussians billeted in his house at Croisset; and after that, he would see and smell the corpses of the Commune.

About this time, he had become friends with George Sand, who had always been an “old Romantic and Red.” She was still a notoriously worried socialist. He had once called her, a little derisively, “la mère Sand,” but he had read with admiration her *Histoire de ma vie* and he now called her *chère maître*, using the feminine adjective with the masculine noun because, he said, he respected the man in her. Their long exchange of letters is the most engaging thing in this book. It is indeed what a correspondence should be, a prolonged conversation between people whose minds are more than half at variance. They both believed that to come to conclusions, even to agree, is stupid. They liked to say that the educated needed to be re-educated. The real bond was their passion for unceasing work. Her affection for him was maternal, and when she came to see him once or twice, his dear niece—who closely watched her uncle's household expenses and kept an eye on the amount of wine he drank—thought her a silly old beribboned coquette who kept him up all night talking and often used language as coarse as his own. He admired many of George Sand's novels,

but he complained that, womanlike, she poured too much of her personality into her writing and rose too readily to the skies and the ideal; for him, impersonality was the law of art, and his flights were to the savage past. She was useful to him when he was writing *L'Éducation sentimentale*, "the moral history of my time," telling him about 1848 and the lives of the "Red" leaders. She saw that he was lonely—so many great friends had died—and told him he ought to get married, but he said he had never been able to accommodate Venus with Apollo: "For me it has always been the one or the other—being, as I am, a creature of excess, given over entirely to whatever I'm engaged in." There were no ladies, anyway. His present form of excess, as the German invasion of 1870 approached and then the Commune, was lamentation and melancholy, plus all his fantasies about the futility of social betterment.

When the war did come, he, of course, became violently patriotic and joined the local volunteers. The Prussians inflicted their fake Kultur; they occupied his house but spared his sacred study, and stole nothing but a dressing case and a watch. At Nohant, George Sand became a nurse. After the defeat, Flaubert wanted revenge like everyone else. After the Commune, the cruelty he saw in the eyes of Parisians horrified him. He burst out again about the delusions of progress and Christian mercy—better the hard, pagan belief in fierce justice. These remarks were, of course, directed against his fellow troubadour's idealism:

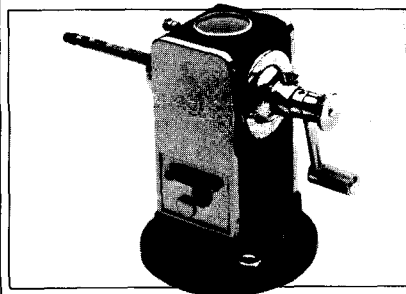
Ah! chère bon maître, if you could only hate! That is what you lack: Hate. Despite your great sphinx eyes, you have seen the world through a golden haze. . . . Cry out! Thunder! Take your great lyre and touch the brazen string.

And then, of course, he switched to resignation:

Our ignorance of history makes us slander our own times. Mankind has always been like this. . . . I too used to believe in the progressive "civilizing" of the human race. We must expunge that mistake and think no better of ourselves than people did in the age of Pericles or Shakespeare, dreadful periods in which great things were accomplished.

This was too much for her. She wrote and published—without naming him—a

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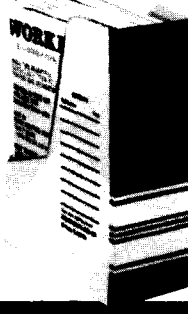
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letter, entitled *Reply to a Friend*, rejecting his views. The letter is one of her most eloquent and humane published statements. It is too long for quotation but appears in the appendix to this volume. Their friendship continued; their own troubles, and perhaps their tactful habit of calling each other "old troubadour," helped. He was, in fact, at the age of fifty, running into premature old age. The bankruptcy of his niece's husband—a man with a "flat forehead," always a bad sign according to phrenologists, he remarked—had impoverished him. Turgenev, and others he loved, intrigued for a state pension for him. His pride rose at the insult—he was a gentleman, a Norman country gentleman almost *à l'anglaise*—and he would agree to nothing but a sinecure. Sainte-Beuve had had one. In the end, he was forced to settle for a small pension, "but it must be secret."

Later on, he was urged to put himself forward as a candidate for the Academy. Submit to the vulgarity of election! He refused. He was not going through that humiliating process of seeking supporters in order to sit among the stupid. "When you are somebody, why wish to be something?" And he quoted, as Mr. Steegmuller says, the alleged motto of the Rohans: "King I cannot be, Prince I deign not to be, Rohan I am."

There are dozens of letters to Sainte-Beuve, the Goncourts, Hugo, and Maupassant that I have not discussed, and, notably, the exchanges between Turgenev and Flaubert. Among other things, Turgenev advised him not to make *Bouvard et Pécuchet* into one of his long encyclopedias of bourgeois stupidity and clichés. The joke must be short. But Flaubert was bent on an exhaustive documentation of his clerks in pursuit of ridiculous knowledge, and actually examined their subjects himself with a compulsion that suggests he was mythologizing the incurable in his own nature. Almost all the letters reveal his feeling for friendship, his joy in the robust. He may have bellowed, but in old age he was almost tender. He rarely failed in the fastidiousness of his manners and address.

Mr. Steegmuller's connecting narrative and his annotations make this second volume as rich and attaching as the first. And, for once, Flaubert is seen alive and enacting himself. No dubious academic analysis obscures the commentary. □

SHORT REVIEWS



MANTISSA by John Fowles. Little, Brown, \$13.95. The question is whether this book should be considered a peculiar novel or an eccentric essay. It has to do with fiction writing and the contradictory demands and desires that afflict the practitioners of that art, but it takes the form of an erotic squabble between an author and his muse. Erato is a refractory creature and a shape-changer to boot, which gives Mr. Fowles an excuse to parody various types of contemporary fiction and the heroines that infest them. The game is a bit slow in starting, but once it gathers speed it is clever and wickedly funny.

ROGUE'S MARCH by W. T. Tyler. Harper & Row, \$14.95. Mr. Tyler's novel can be read simply as a tale of wild intrigue in a new African nation. It can also be read as a fictionalized analysis of the difficulties, in such nations, of conducting diplomatic relations in the standard European-American manner. Either way, it is grimly interesting.

THE MONKEY PUZZLE by John Gribbin and Jeremy Cherfas. Pantheon, \$13.95. The authors point out that all the energetic and sometimes bitter debates among fossil-hunting scientists about the origins of the human race are based upon a collection of petrified bones that, if they were all brought together, could be displayed on a billiard table without crowding. Recently, scientists studying DNA molecules (which are available in larger and livelier quantities) have determined that humans and apes differ in their genetic patterns to no more than a minuscule degree. In addition, the molecular biologists have devised a "clock" that enables them to find the approximate date at which the difference occurred. Mr. Gribbin and Mr. Cherfas explain the process carefully and with kindly concern for the reader who is not a scientist (which does not mean that such a reader will find the going entirely easy), and conclude with a suggestion of their own that is unorthodox but not unreasonable. Their notion also provides, unintentionally, comfort for those who

dislike to acknowledge near kinship with chimpanzees. It is, after all, quite respectable to be embarrassed by feckless poor relations.

LORDS OF THE ARCTIC by Richard C. Davids with photographs by Dan Guravich. Macmillan, \$29.95. After five years of observation and research in the north, Mr. Davids positively adores polar bears for their beauty, efficiency, and resourcefulness. Their skin, under the shimmering fur, is black. They wash their faces and paws as fastidiously as cats. They are suspected of using rocks to spring snares set against them, but it has not yet occurred to any bear to leave a raided cabin through the same hole it came in by. Mr. Davids's text is full of such engaging detail, and Mr. Guravich's color photographs are splendid. Only a resolute ursophobe could fail to be charmed by their work, or to agree with their desire to see these bears adequately protected as human activity in the Arctic increases.

THE NOEL COWARD DIARIES edited by Graham Payn and Sheridan Morley. Little, Brown, \$22.50. Coward's diaries begin in 1941, when he was still trying to find some employment more useful, at least in his own opinion, than singing "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" on troop concert tours. They end in 1969 with the promise of the knighthood that he should have had long before. In between, Coward endured years of disappointments and frustrations because his kind of entertainment was considered old hat, then made a great success as a cabaret performer, and finally found himself recognized as the most remarkable theatrical worker of the century. His diaries report all this with wry aplomb. They also reveal a hardworking professional, passionately devoted to the theater, deeply fond of his innumerable and often distinguished friends, grateful for any success of his own, and generously admiring of the good work of others. He could be testy, even angry, if given a good cause, but seems to have been quite incapable of holding a grudge against anyone except drama critics, who deserved it, and Oscar Wilde, who could not be inconvenienced by it. His private slogan was "Rise above it," meaning, as one comes to realize, do not whine, quarrel, or bewail lost opportunities—just get on with the next job. His own job, viewed as a whole, was phenomenal.

THE SWALLOW AND THE TOM CAT by Jorge Amado. Delacorte, \$9.95. The crusty old cat falls in love with the flirtatious young bird, scandalizing all surrounding fauna. Their affair becomes a sad tale of star-crossed love, but readers who can tolerate Mr. Amado's gleefully brazen anthropomorphism may well find it diverting.

NANTUCKET by Stan Grossfeld. Globe Pequot, \$12.95. "The other season" on Nantucket brings out austere beauty and some tough, idiosyncratic islanders. Mr. Grossfeld effectively presents place and people in text and photographs.

THE LAST HOUSEPARTY by Peter Dickinson. Pantheon, \$12.95. There is a mystery-suspense plot in this novel, but since it would be transparent as air if the story were told chronologically, the author has fragmented it, scattering the pieces from past to present and shamelessly delaying revelation of the episode on which the whole narrative depends. However, one can forgive Mr. Dickinson's structural improprieties for the pleasure of his elegant prose and the skill with which he resurrects the notions and habits of English Society in the 1930s. He fairly stands the reader's hair on end with a croquet game.

STRAIGHT TALK ABOUT AMERICAN EDUCATION by Theodore M. Black. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$14.95. As former chancellor of the New York State Board of Regents, Mr. Black has firm ideas about the state of American education—in one word, bad—and about what should be done, a more complicated matter. Many of his proposals will be denounced as a call for return to antique conservatism, but as he convincingly demonstrates, modern liberalism is not producing sound education. Correction is needed. Mr. Black's exasperated analysis and clear proposals deserve attention.

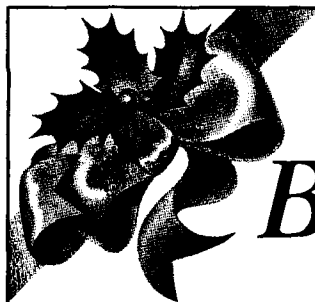
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16	O	17	L	18	I	19	E	20	L	21	L	22	I	23	O	24	T	25	I	26	R	27	D	28	D	29	D	30	D
18	D	19	A	20	T	21	E	22	L	23	E	24	S	25	S	26	B	27	A	28	S	29	I	30	L	31	L	32	L
20	S	21	H	22	O	23	N	24	E	25	R	26	T	27	M	28	A	29	T	30	O	31	N	32	E	33	E	34	E
22	A	23	R	24	S	25	B	26	N	27	E	28	P	29	A	30	L	31	S	32	S	33	G	34	S	35	S	36	S
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37	O	38	N	39	E	40	F	41	O	42	R	43	A	44	L	45	L	46	P	47	A	48	L	49	L	50	L	51	L
39	G	40	E	41	R	42	U	43	N	44	D	45	S	46	I	47	L	48	E	49	G	50	A	51	L	52	L	53	L
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Non-Display	1-time	3-times or more
15 words or less	\$35.00	\$30.00
Each additional word	\$1.75	\$1.60
Classified Display		
Per column inch	\$140.00	\$125.00
Minimum ad one column inch		

Classified Order Form

All advertisements must be accompanied by check or money order payable to The Atlantic and must be received by the 10th of the second month prior to issue; i.e. May 10th for July.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

TEL. NO. and AREA CODE _____

SIGNATURE _____

Please DO NOT send classified ads, payments or related correspondence to The Atlantic's publishing office in Boston. This causes needless delay and may result in missing an issue.

Mail this form, your ad copy and payment to:

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Classified Department
P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, Florida 33517
Toll-free 800-237-9851
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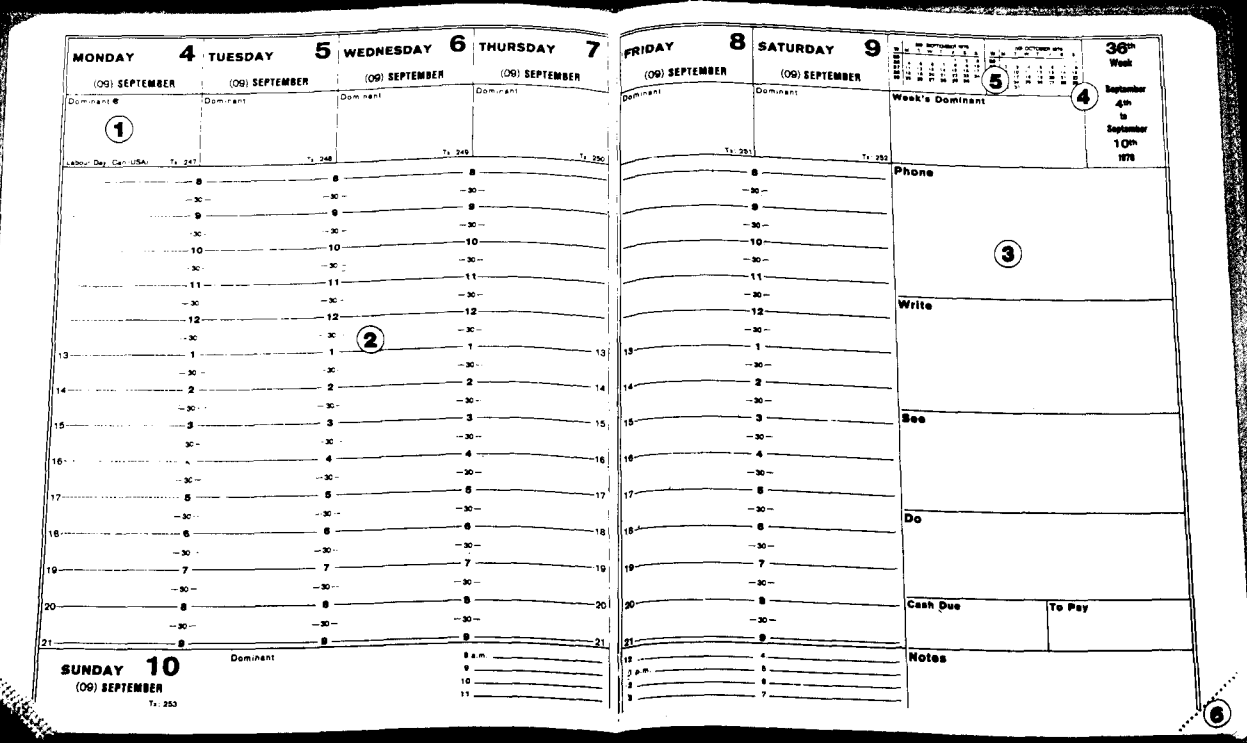
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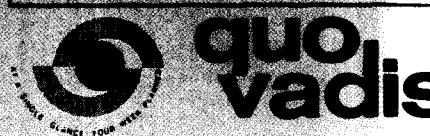
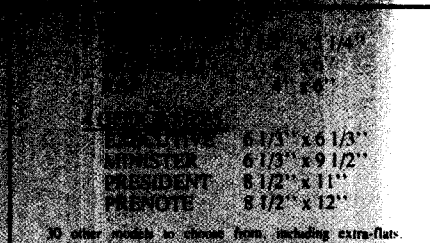
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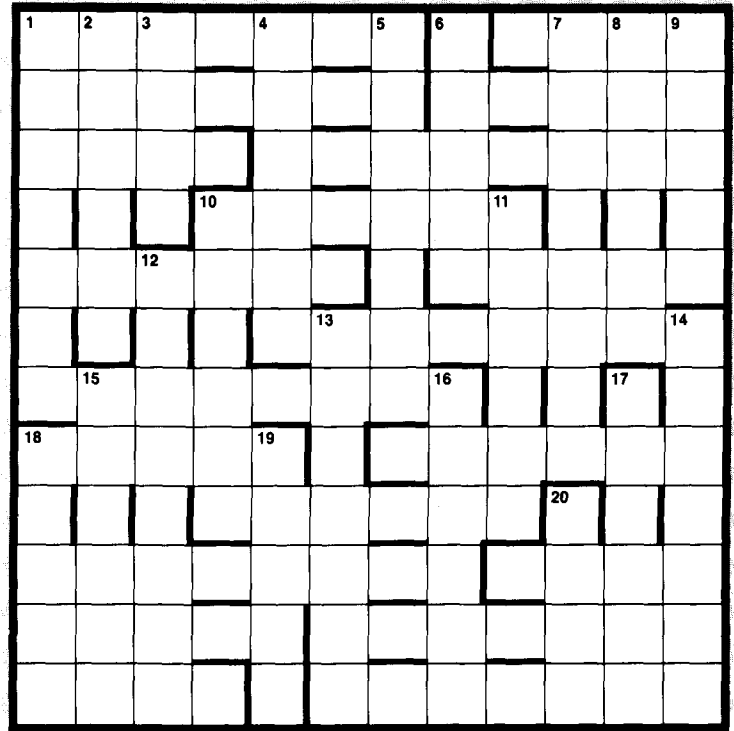
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

CLASSIFIED ADS

The listing below, which purports to show a selection from the classified ads of a newspaper, actually consists of the 20 Across clues to this month's puzzle. The clues are strung together in haphazard order; solvers must determine their placement in the diagram by using the Down answers as guides. Answers include three proper nouns. Punctuation, especially in the ads, may be used deceptively.

*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 171.*



ACROSS

WANTED

Gentleman involved in doing experimental test—must consume alcohol.
Quiet, drab Spanish man must have nose fixed.
Right college graduate needed for complex lab chore.
Psychic people—must have time to be guides.

FOUND

Speckled jewelry. Call after one: 100-1500.
Tart pie. Squashed.

LOST

Ape. Male. Isn't trained.

FOOD-ENTERTAINMENT

Great time will be had around Maine

Street, the 4th of November (Wednesday). Food prepared about break of day.

PERSONAL

Army man looks for curviness in dates.
If it's excitement you're looking for, try rolling in a cot.—Lois.
Wanton, dirty, 100, miss being intimate.—John.

TO RENT

Housing: one new barn east of dump halfway from city.

DOWN

1. Newspaper features ad penned by press cryptically (7)
2. Chief makes newspapers outspoken (6)
3. Love to write animal talk (4)

4. Bill's holding rings and bars (6)
5. Cleared out, say (7)
6. Firm up the woman's color (5)
7. Fall all over in thicket (8)
8. Lover that is betrayed internally (6)
9. Radical turned up near race (5)
10. Out of shape, dieter rowed (6)
11. Upset, emperor keeps composure (6)
12. Trolley track all around terminal (8)
13. Tavern in the capital of Denmark grew less rich (7)
14. Struggled with suds let loose (7)
15. Bird (e.g., teal) is flying (6)
16. Assist altering stagnation (6)
17. Queen has big hole in fur (6)
18. Face of grinning girl in mirror (5)
19. Parties in litigation contrived ruses (5)
20. Arab in space, rising (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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AVERAGE per cigarette by FTC Report DEC. '81. 100's: 9 mg. "tar",
0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

It whispers.

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